

GOLD
KEY

TOM and JERRY

NOVEMBER

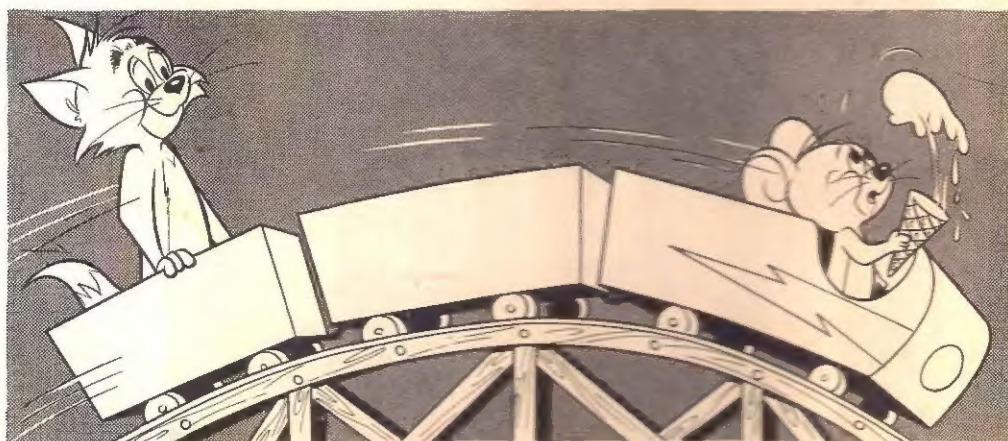
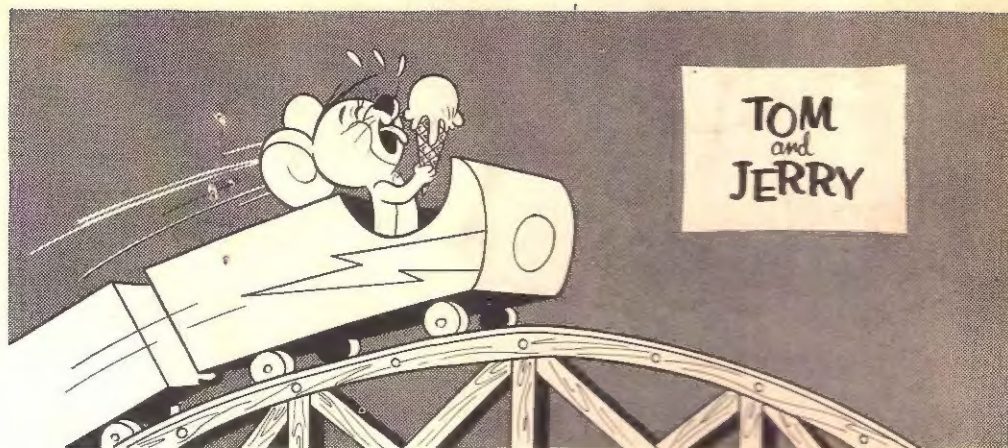
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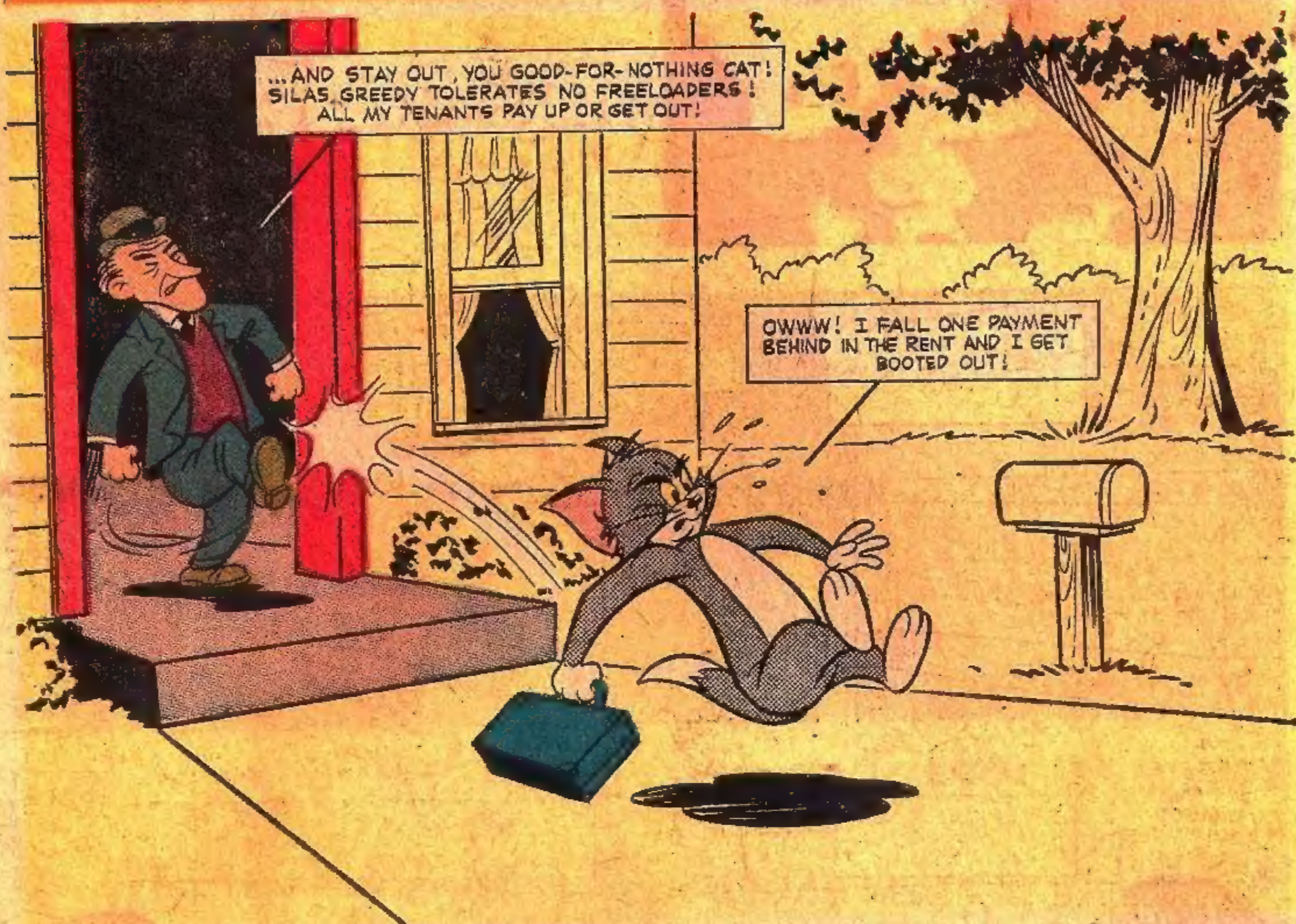
TOM and JERRY

FUNHOUSE



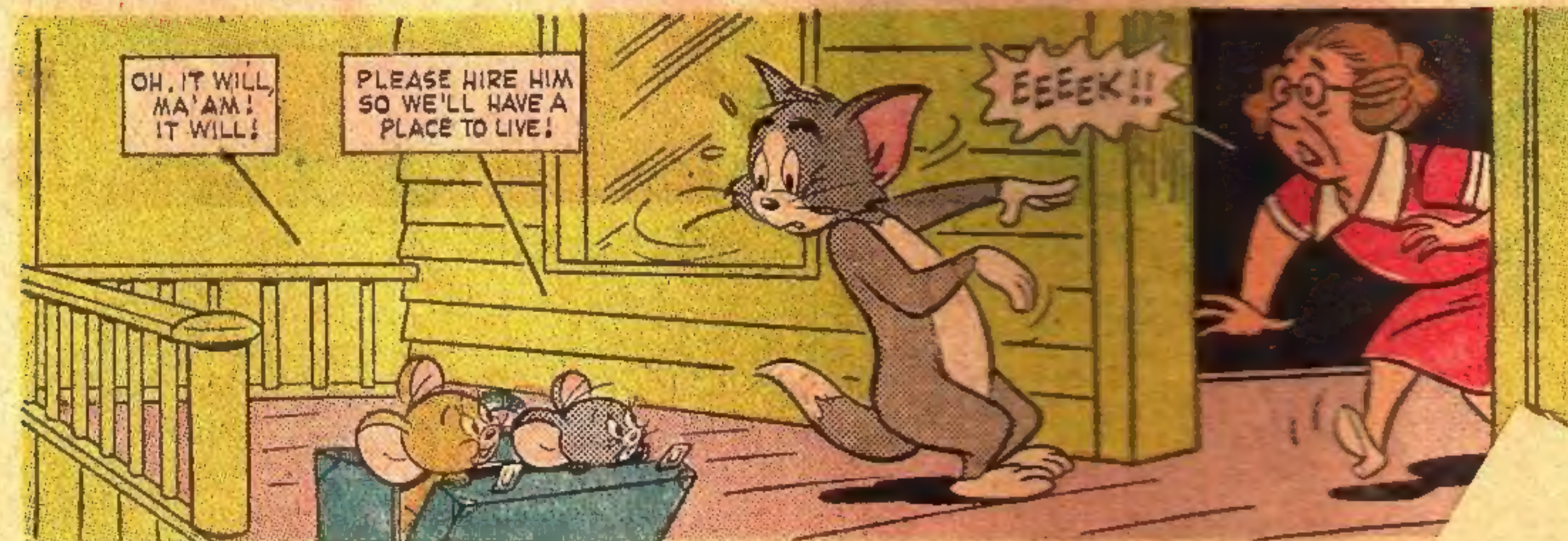
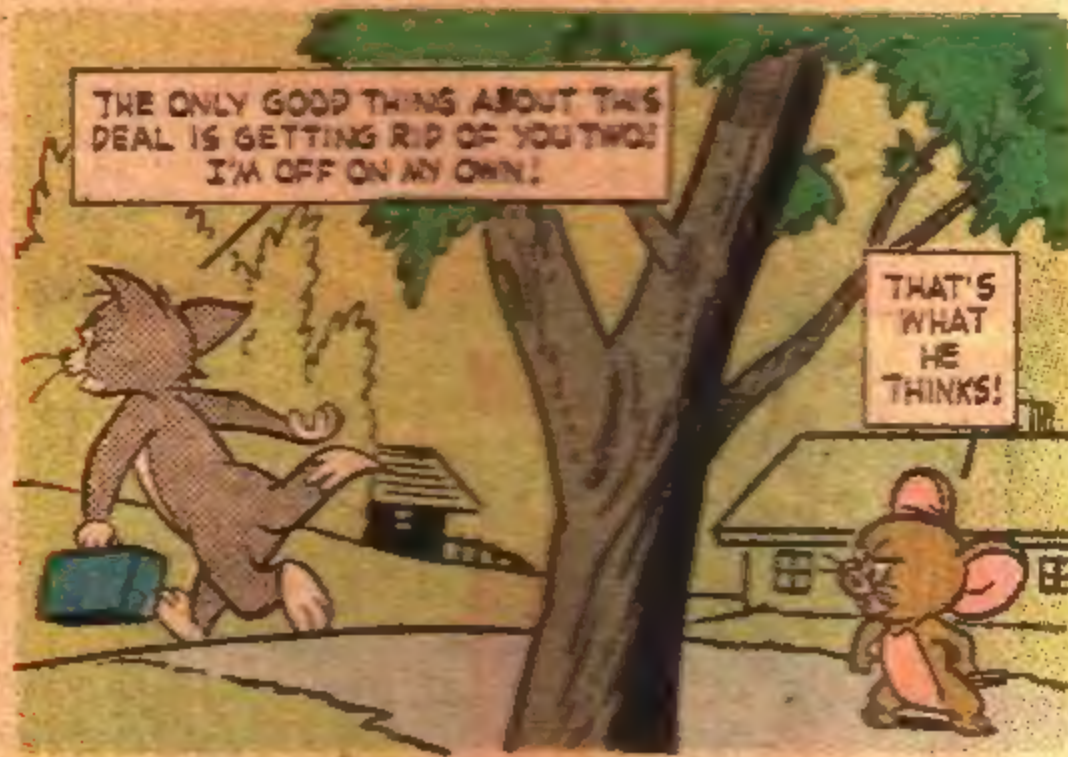


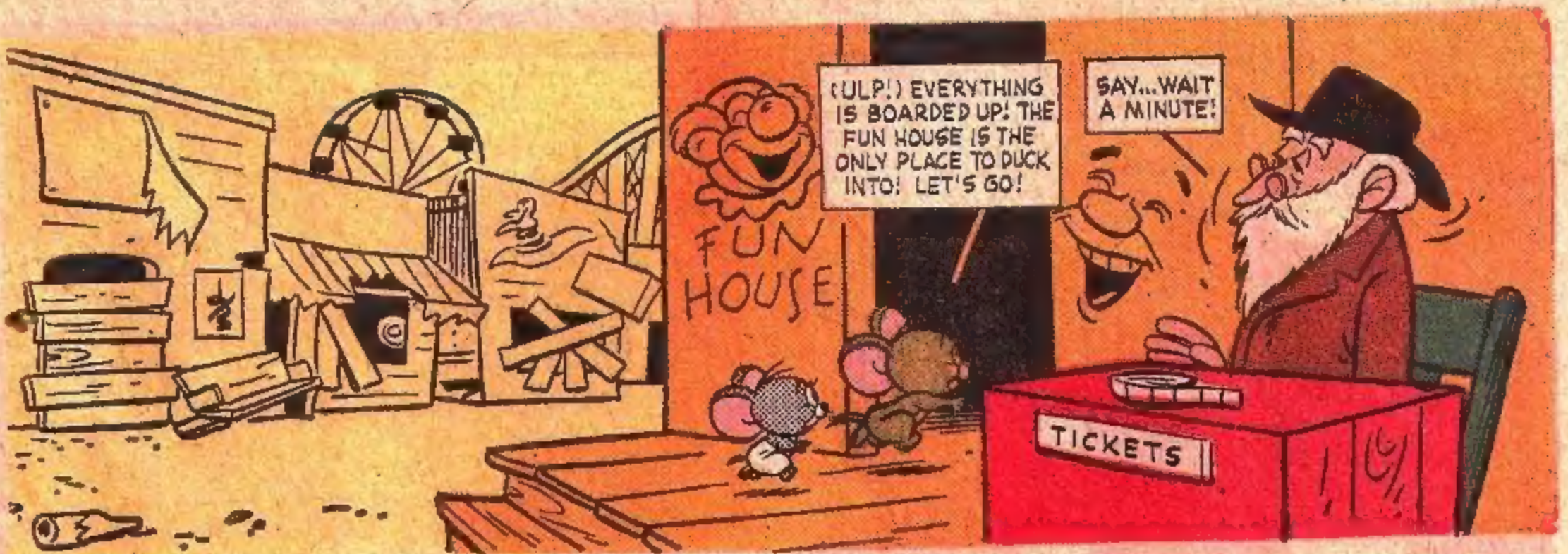
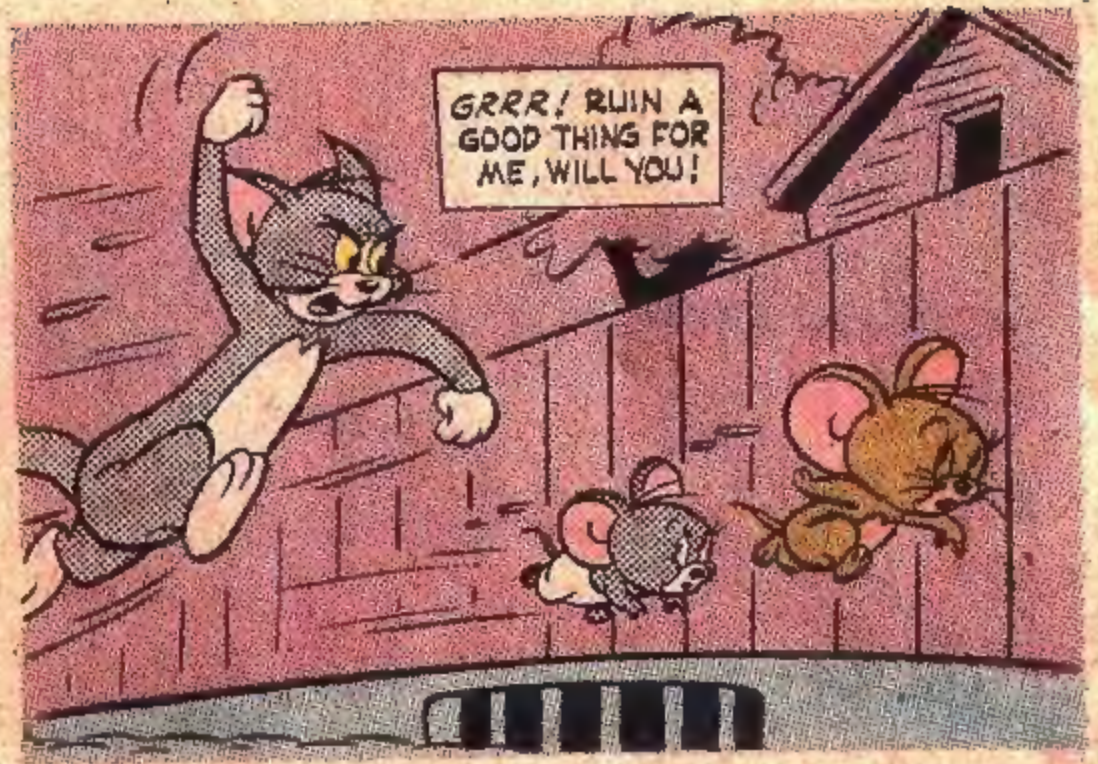
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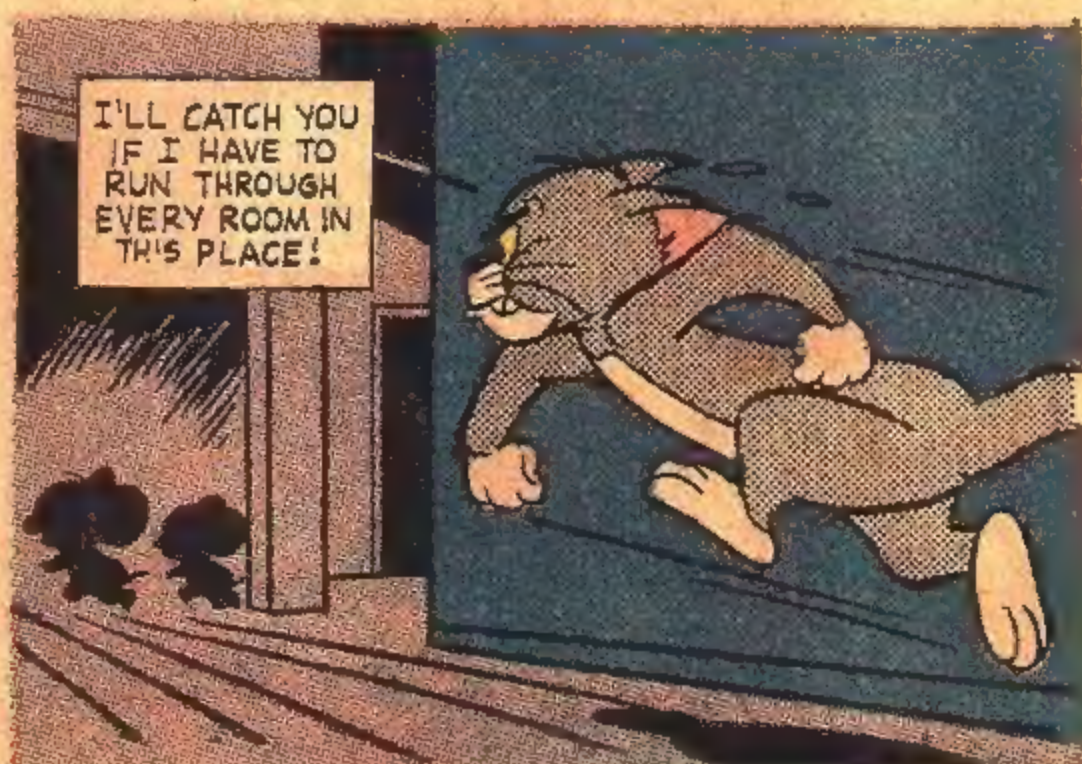
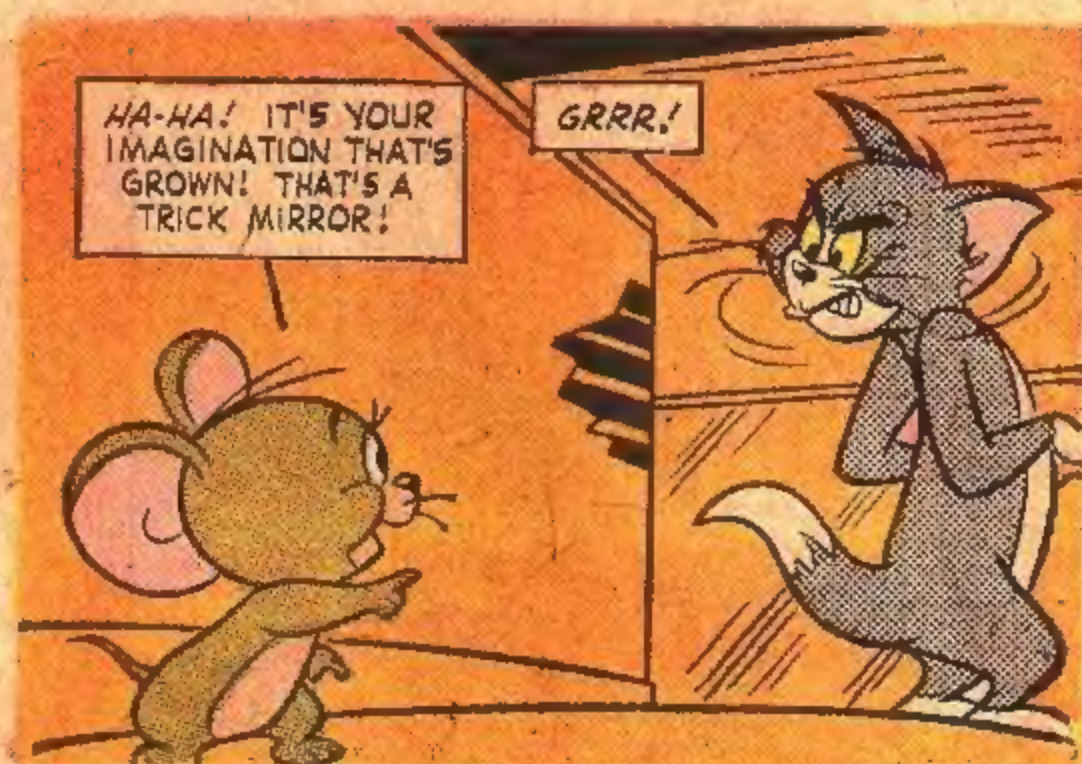
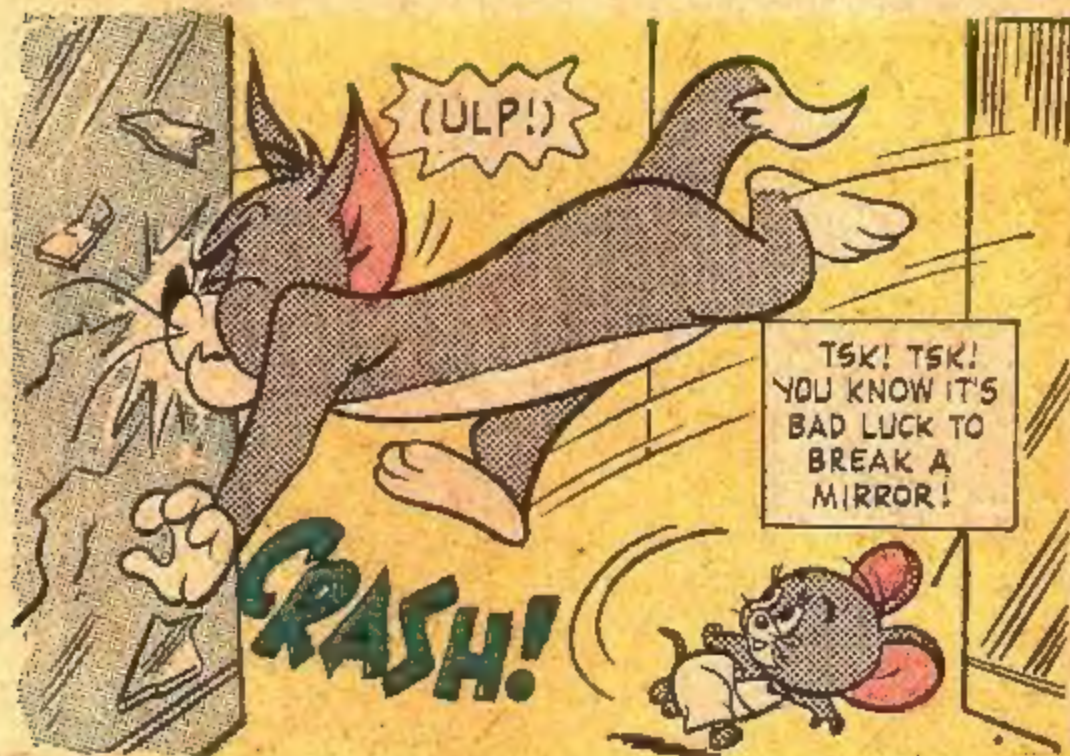
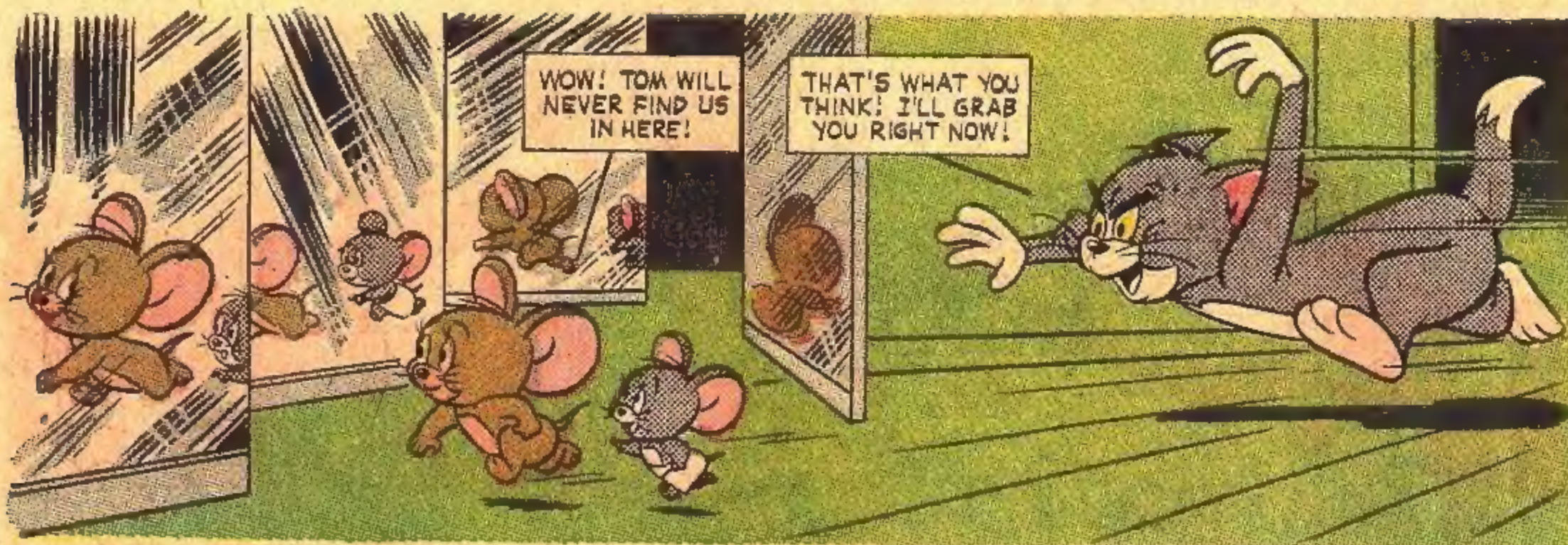


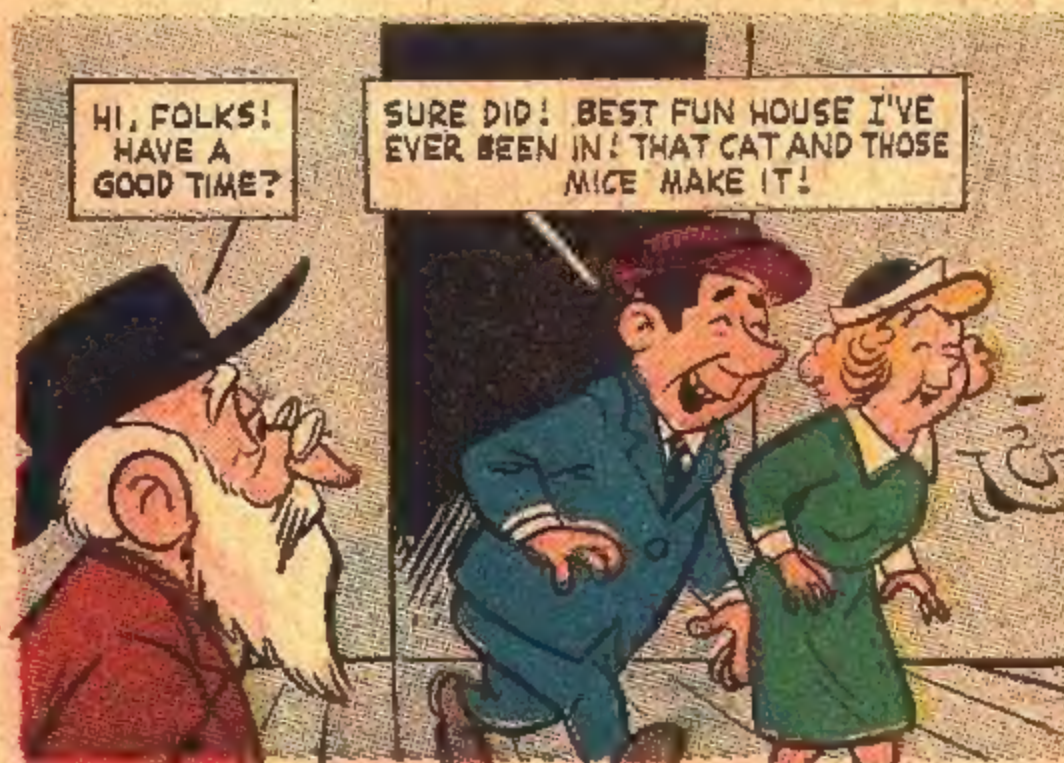
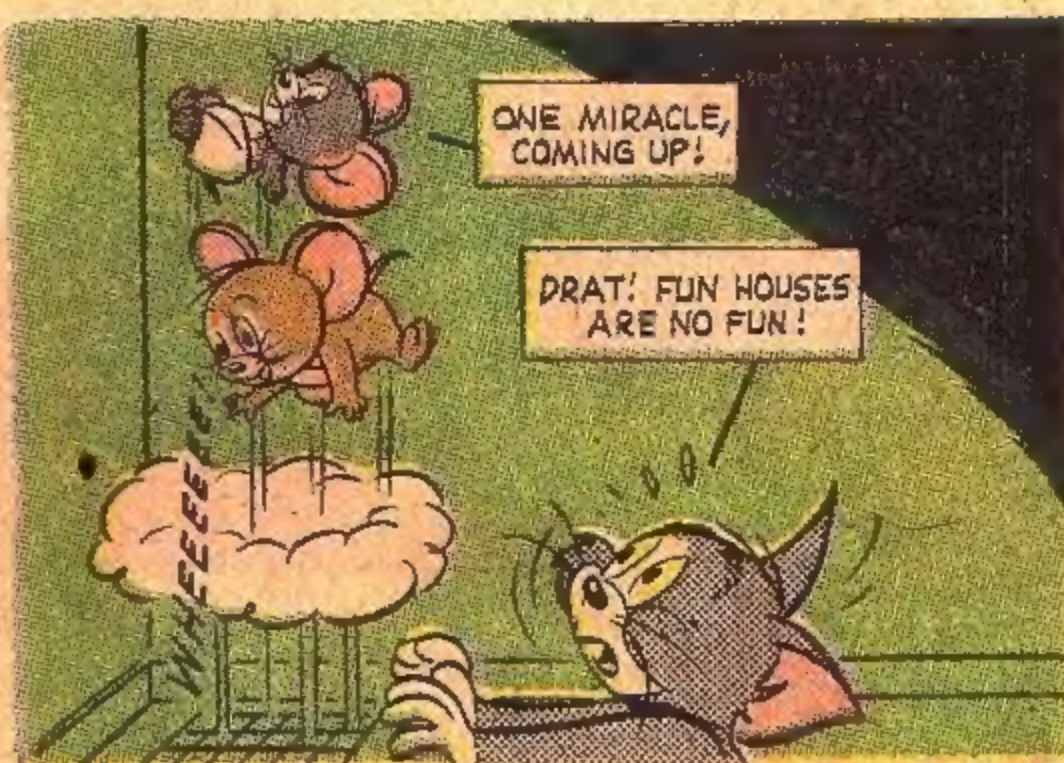
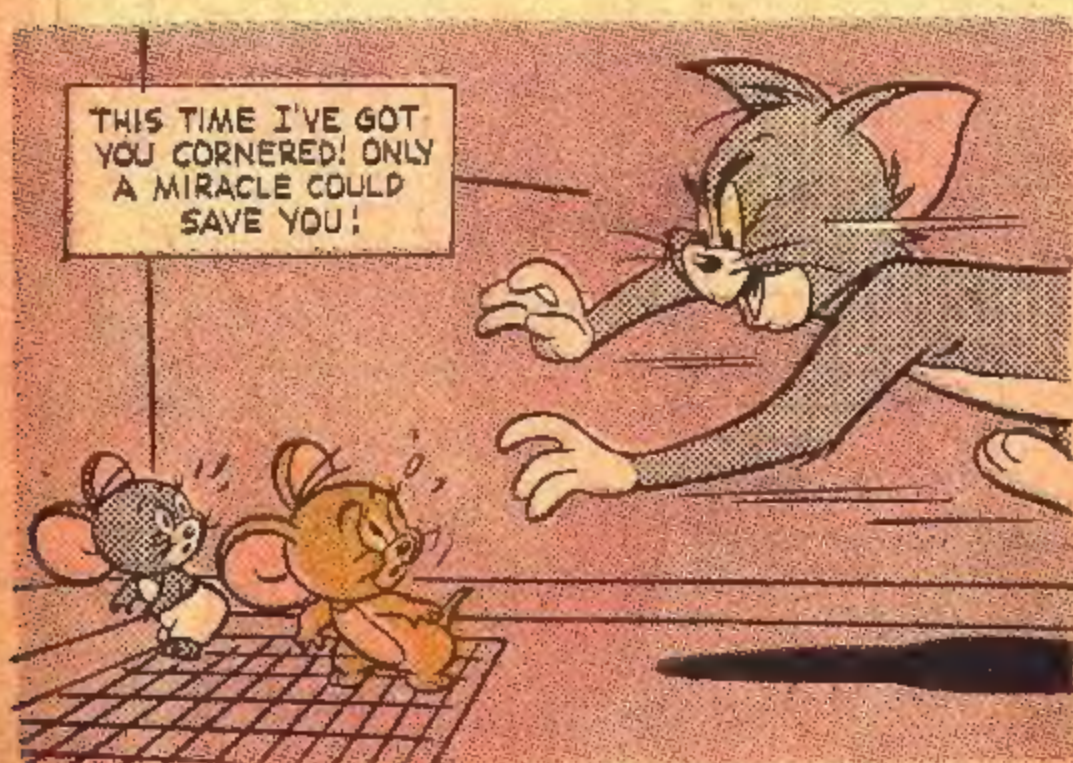
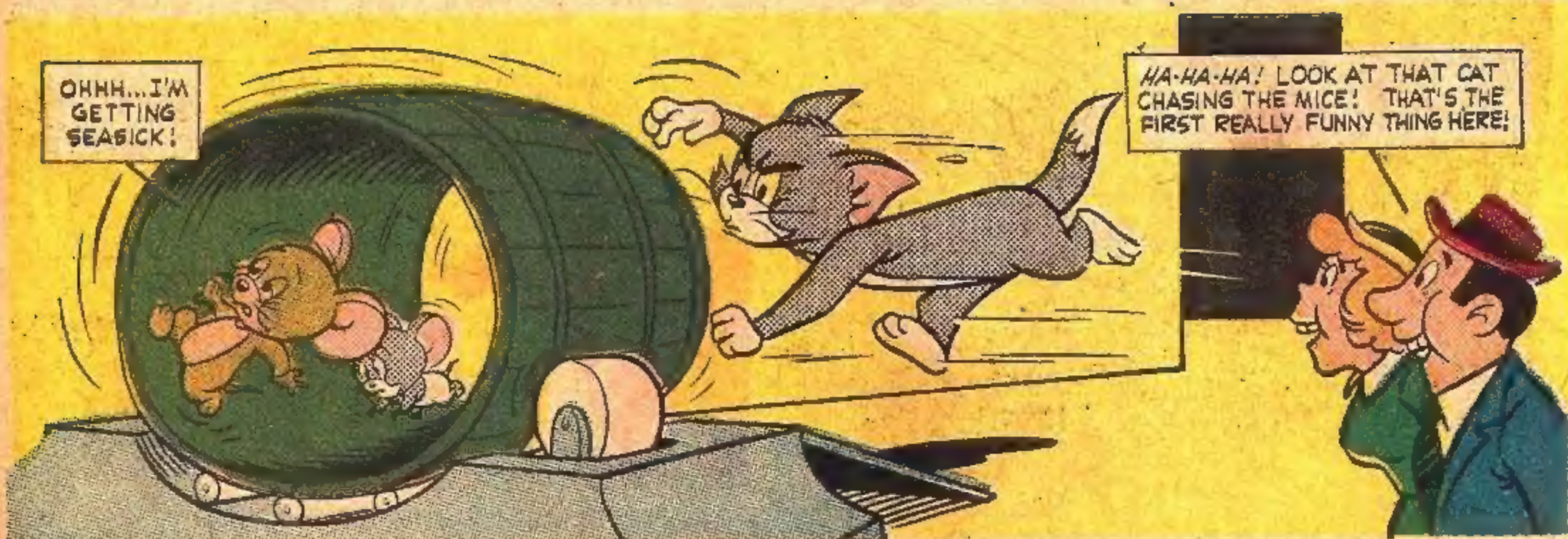
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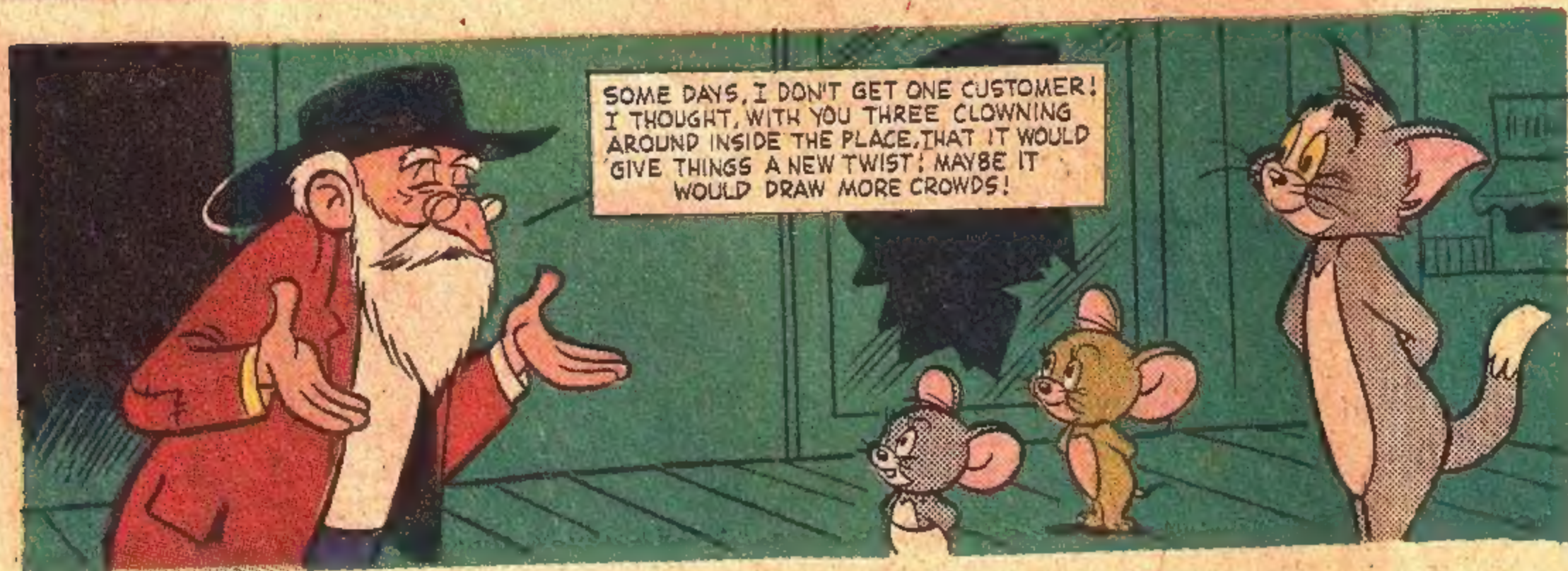
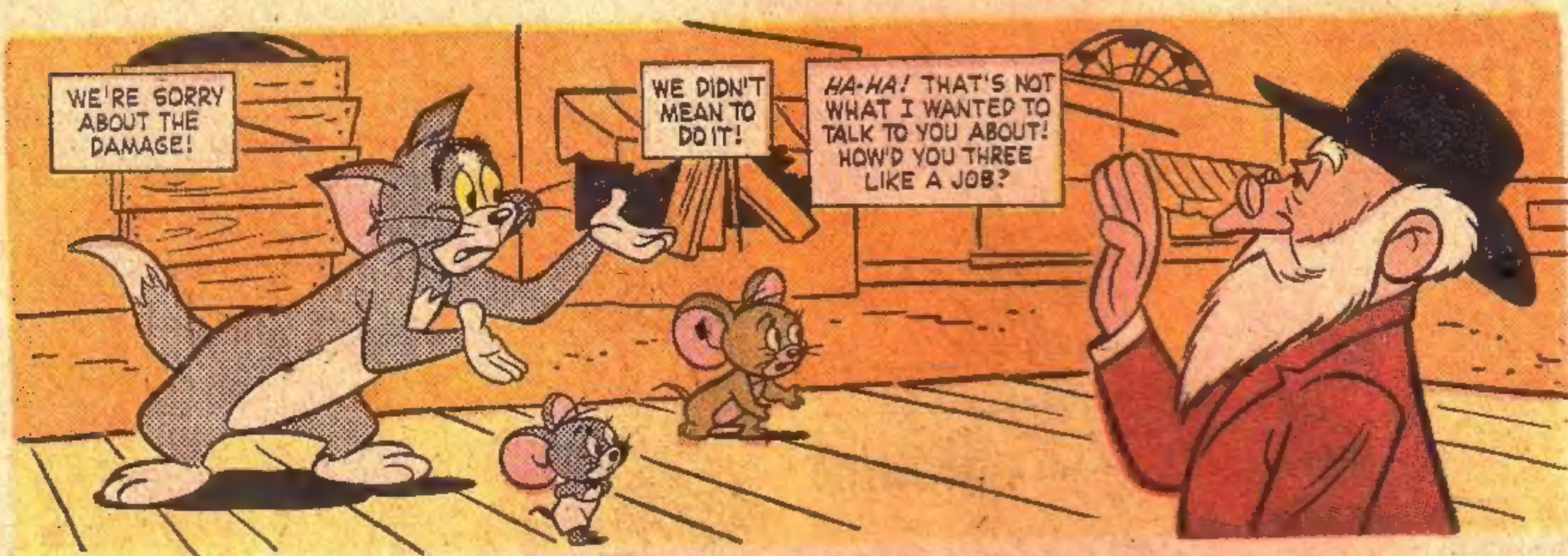
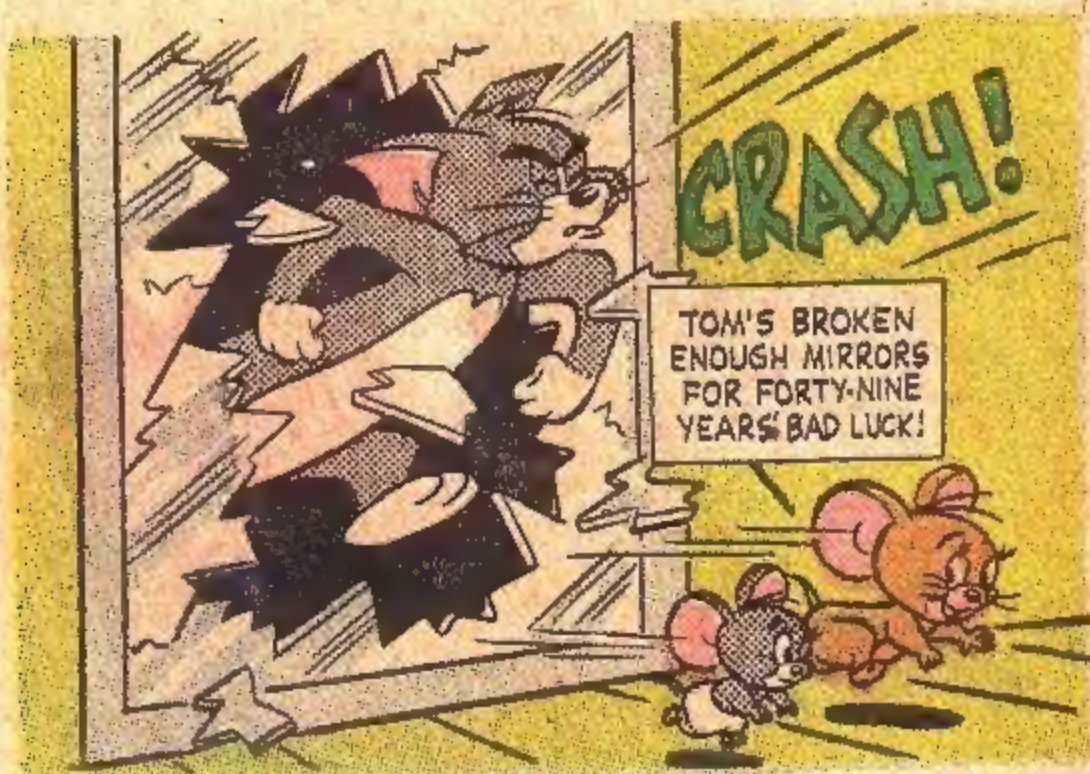
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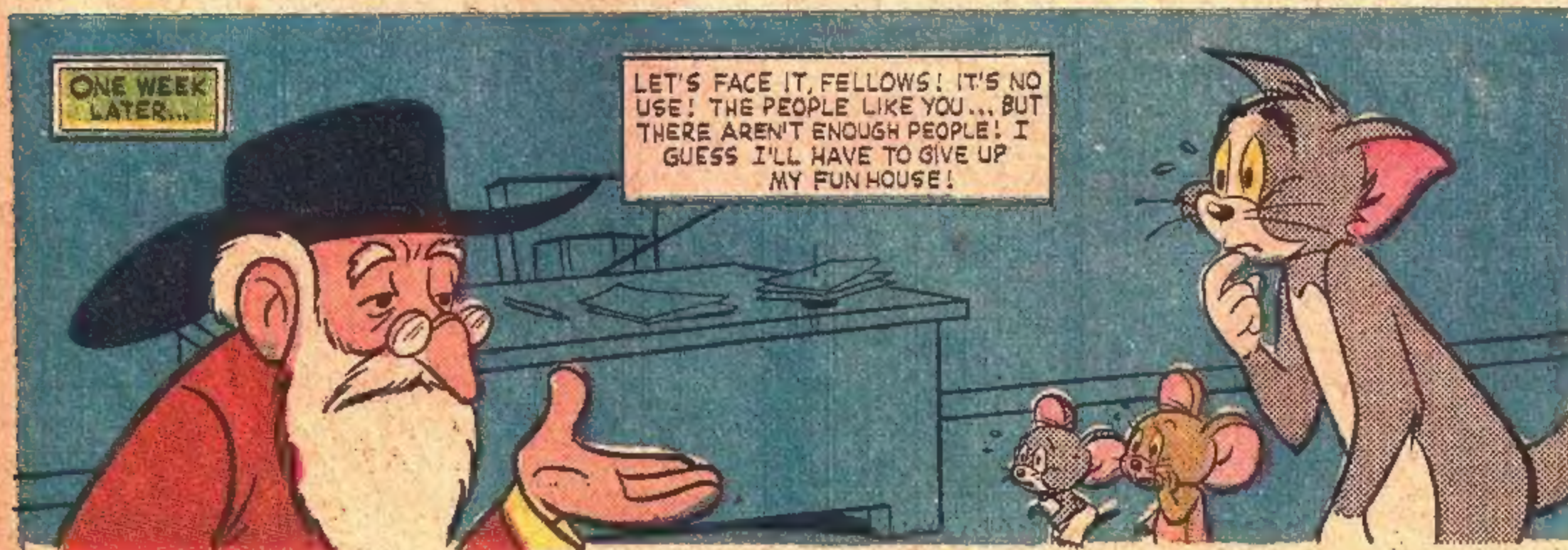
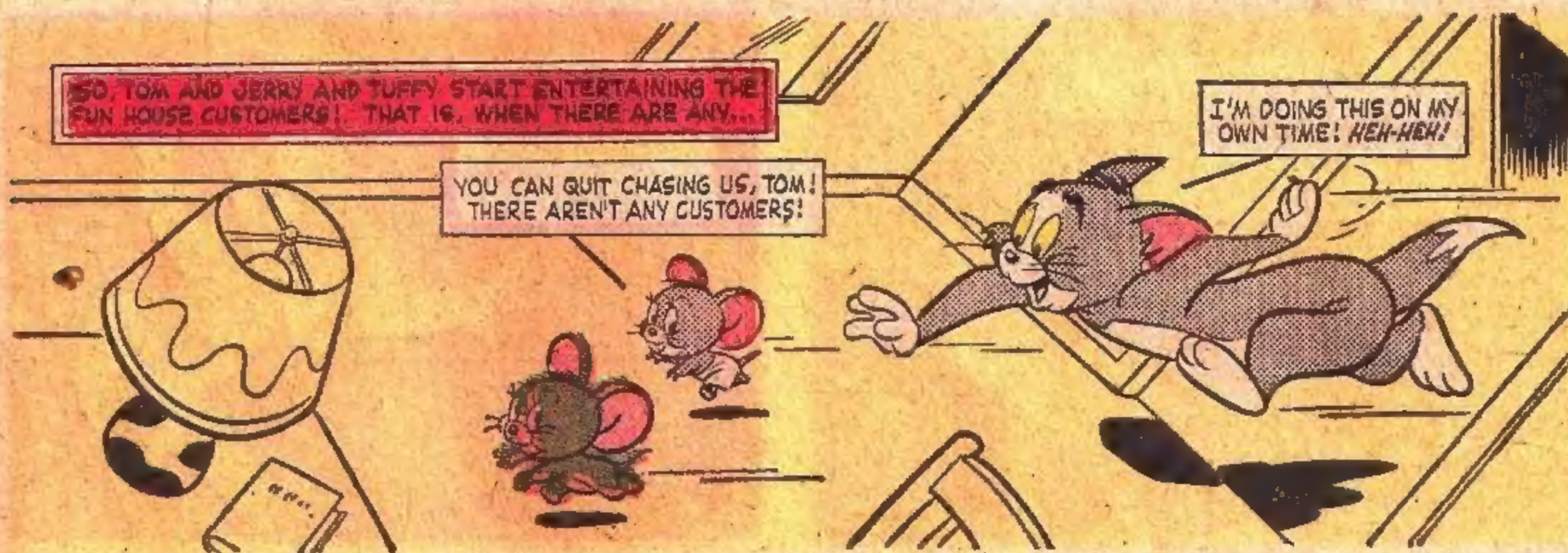
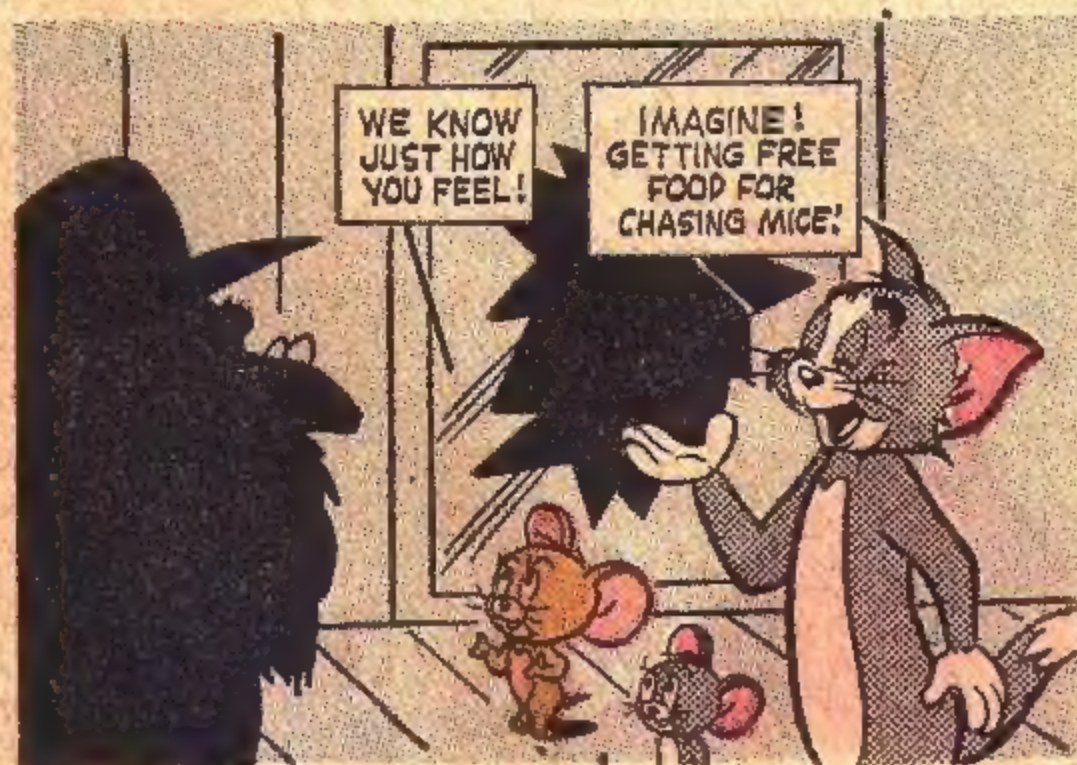


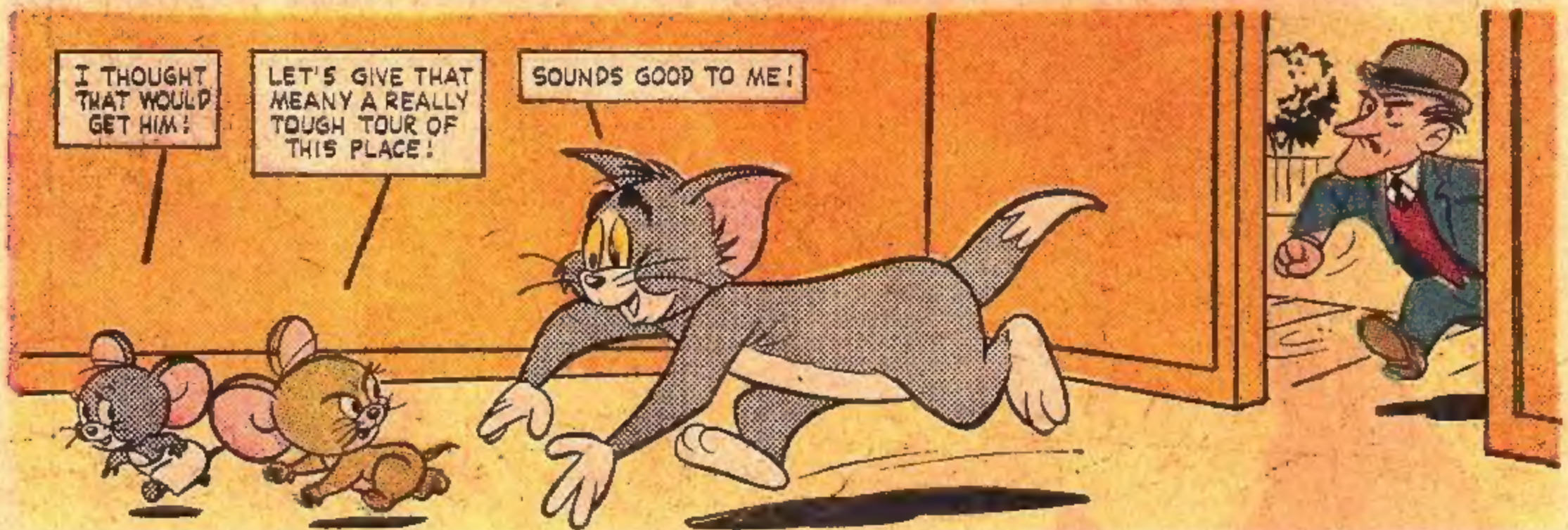
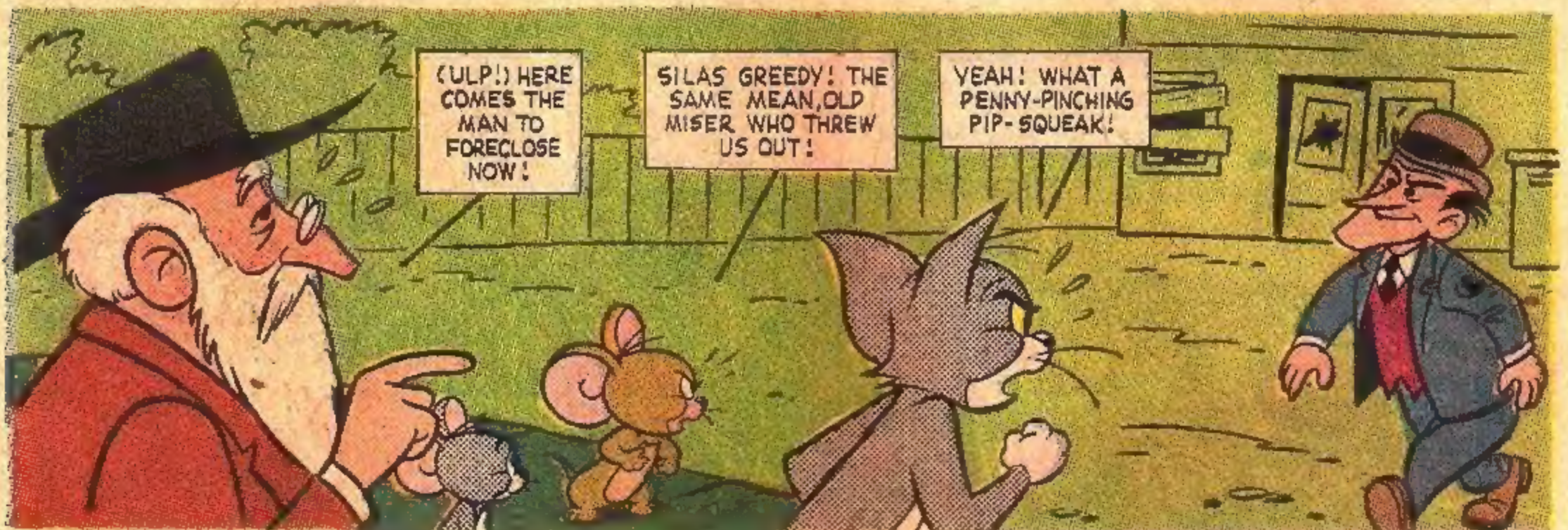
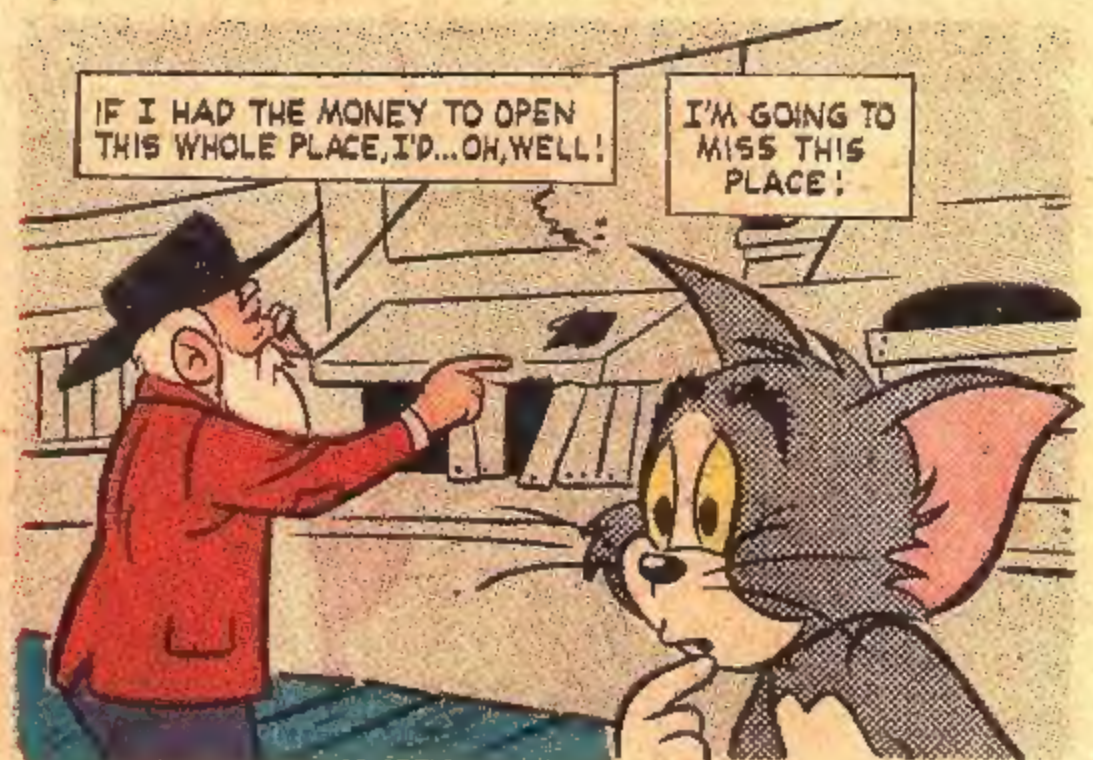


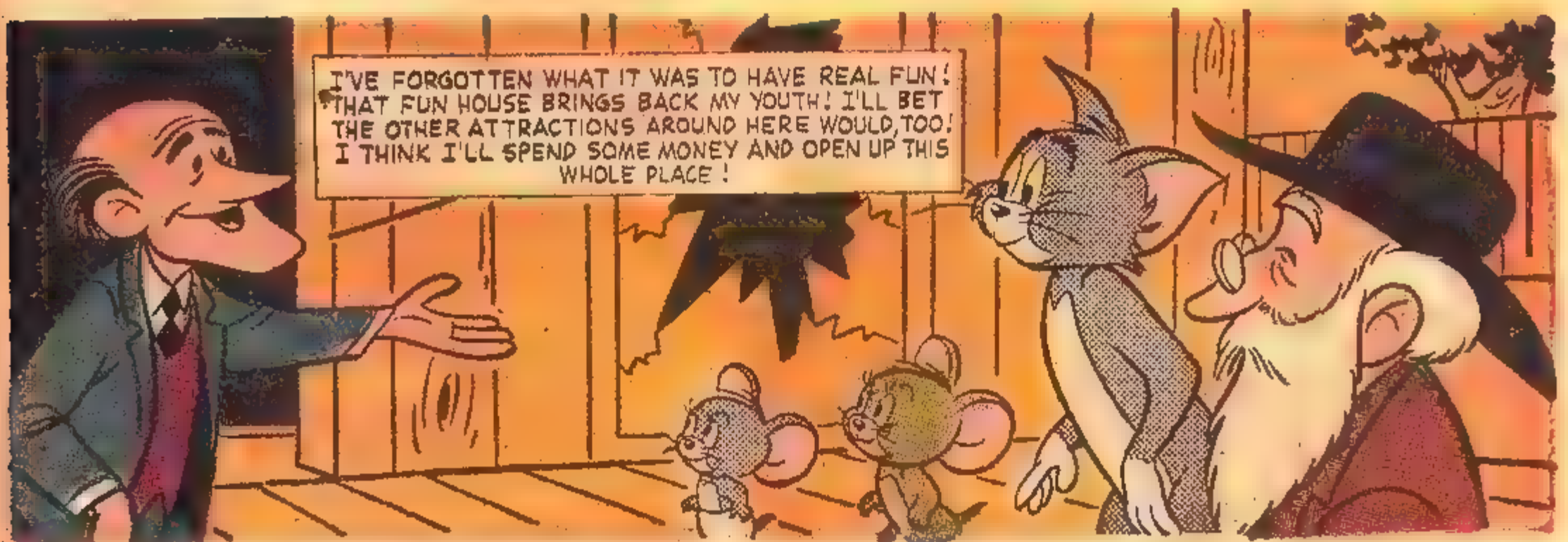
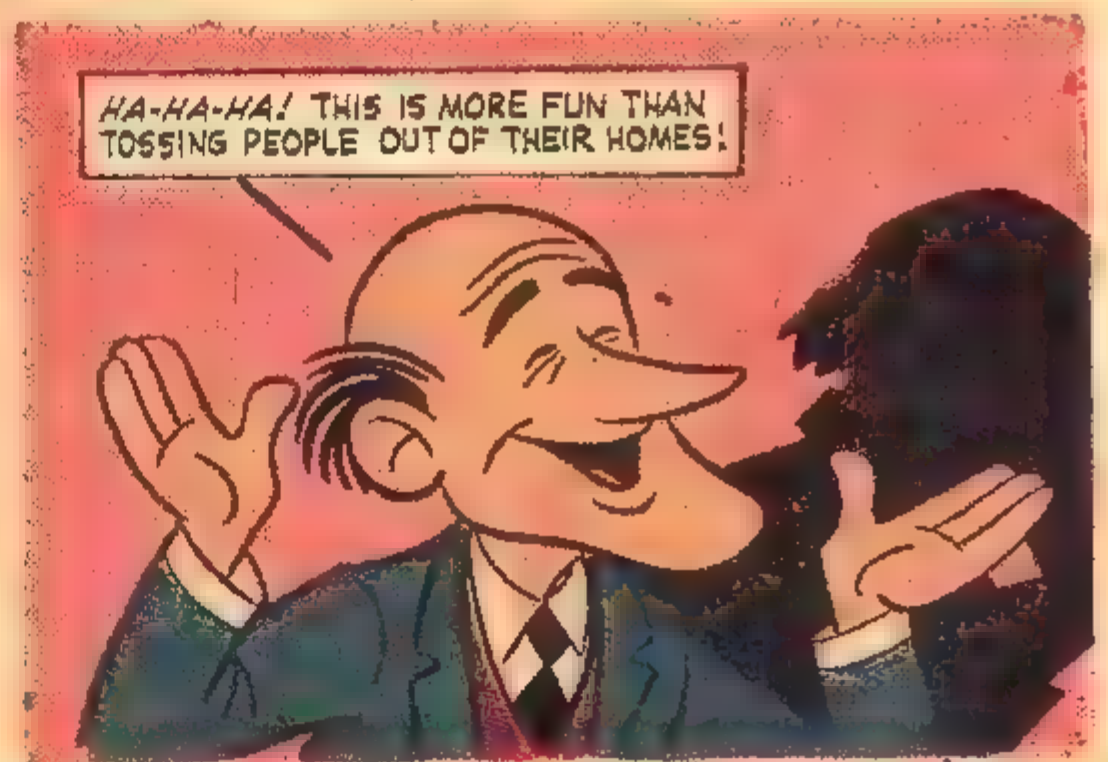
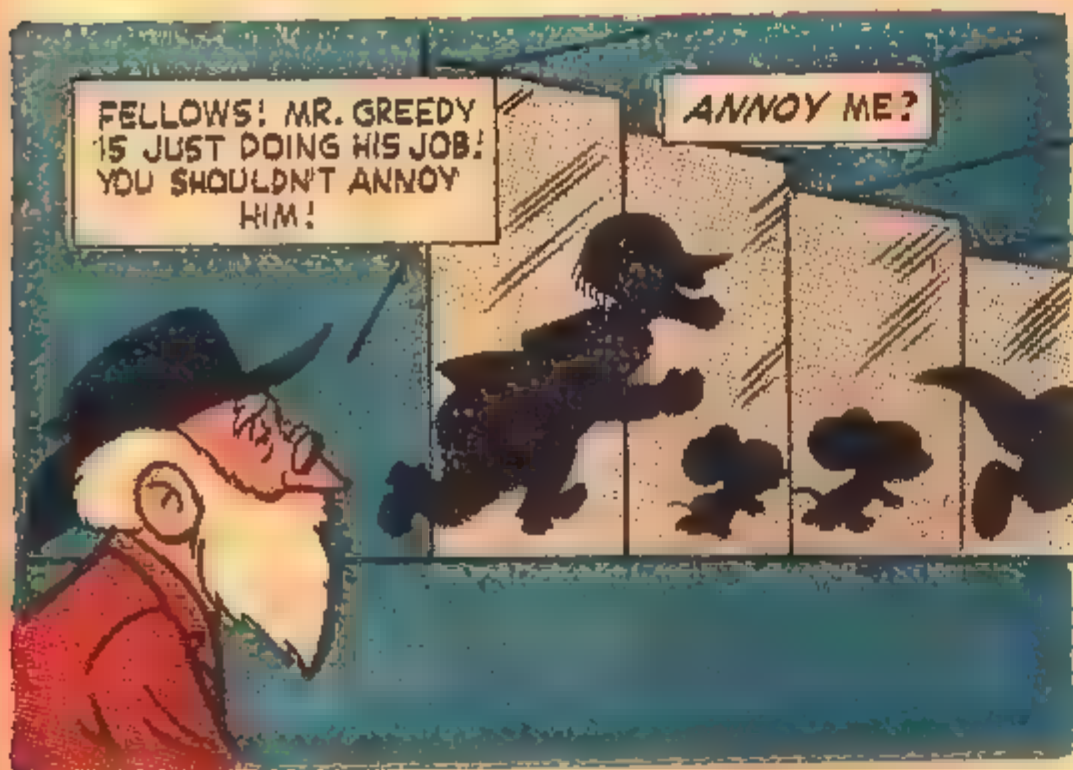
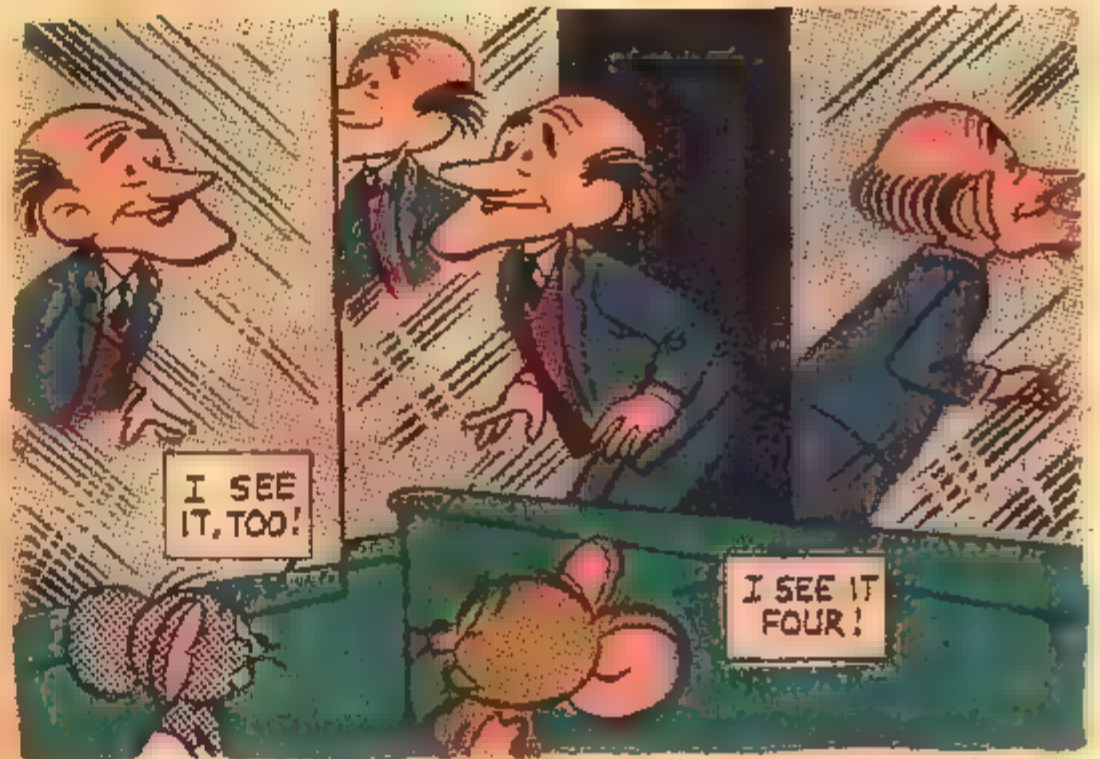
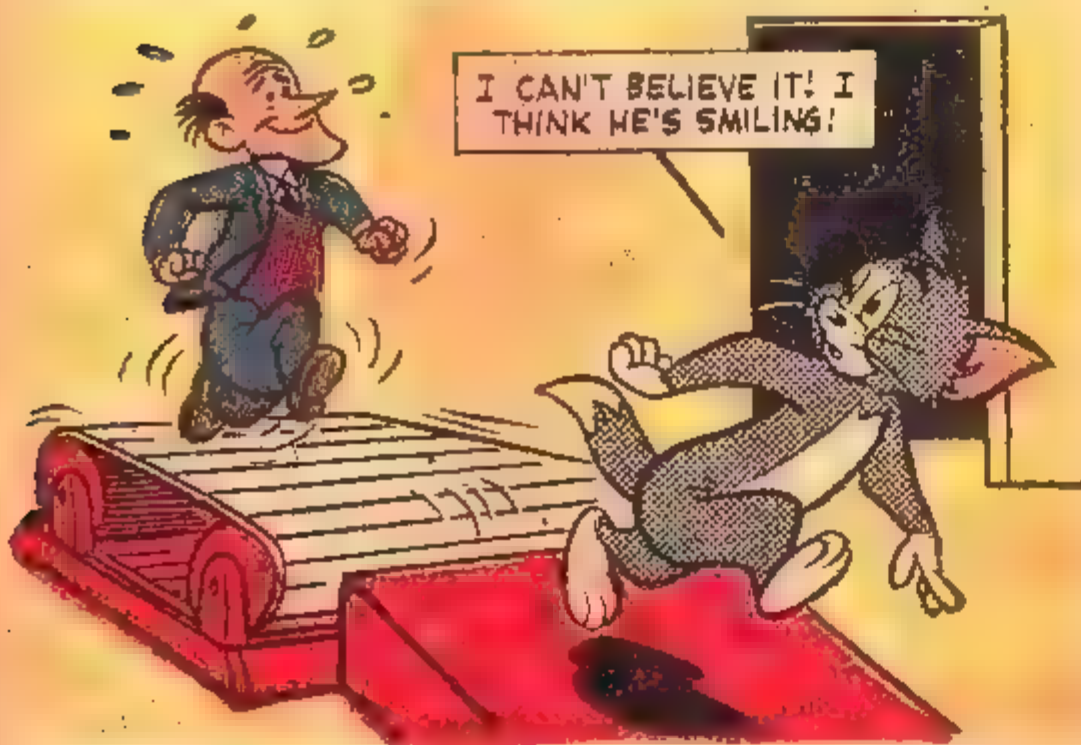
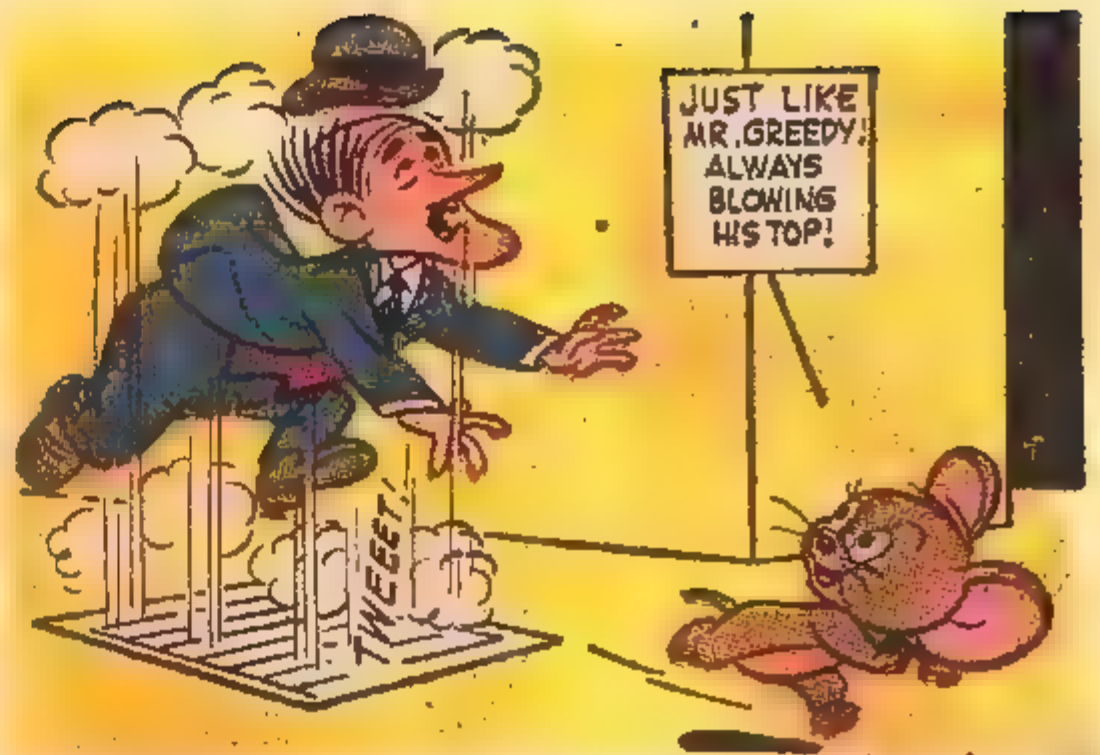
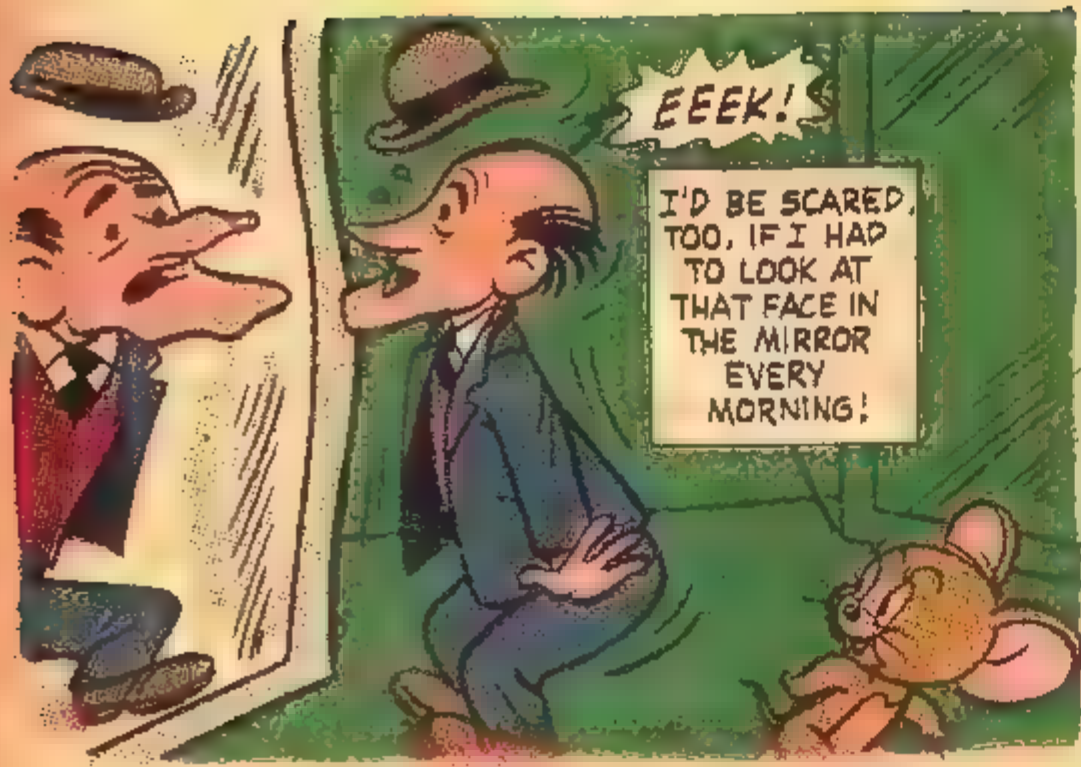


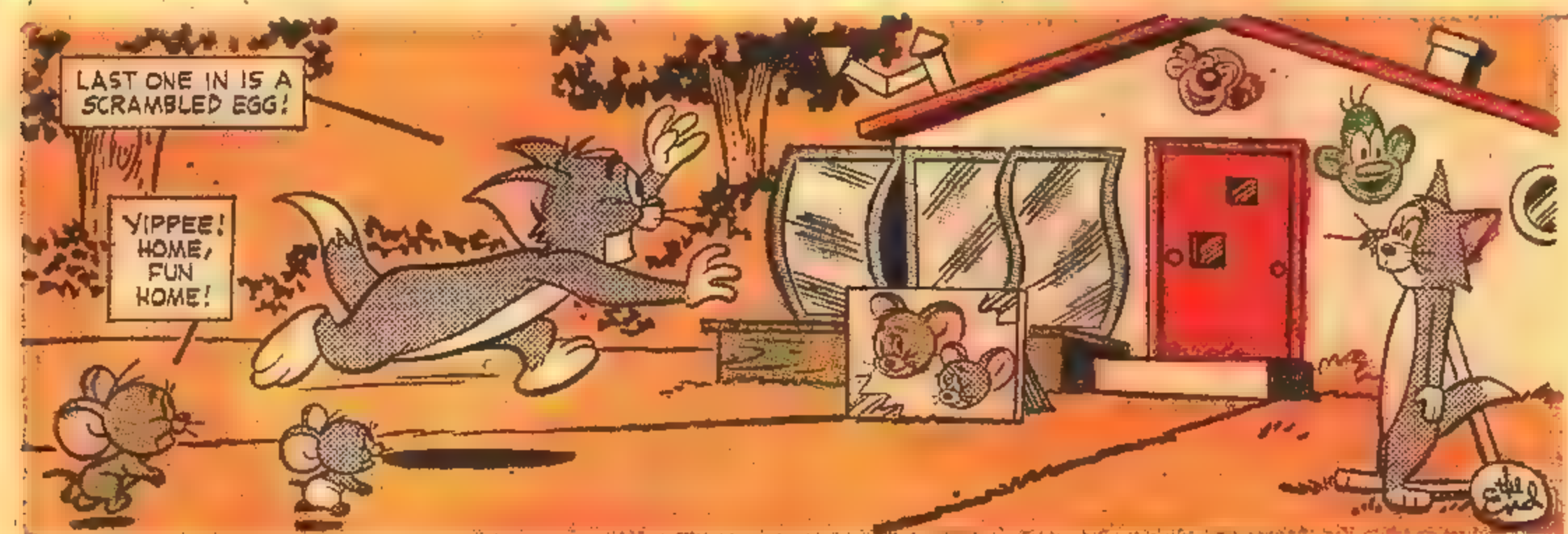
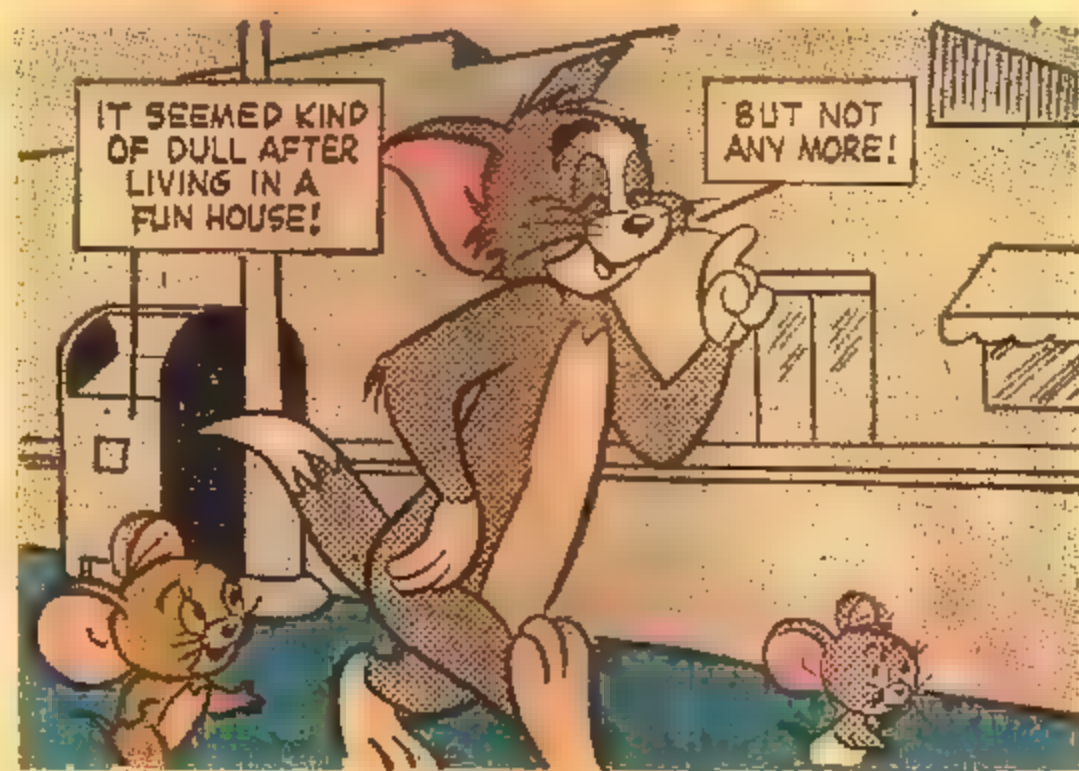
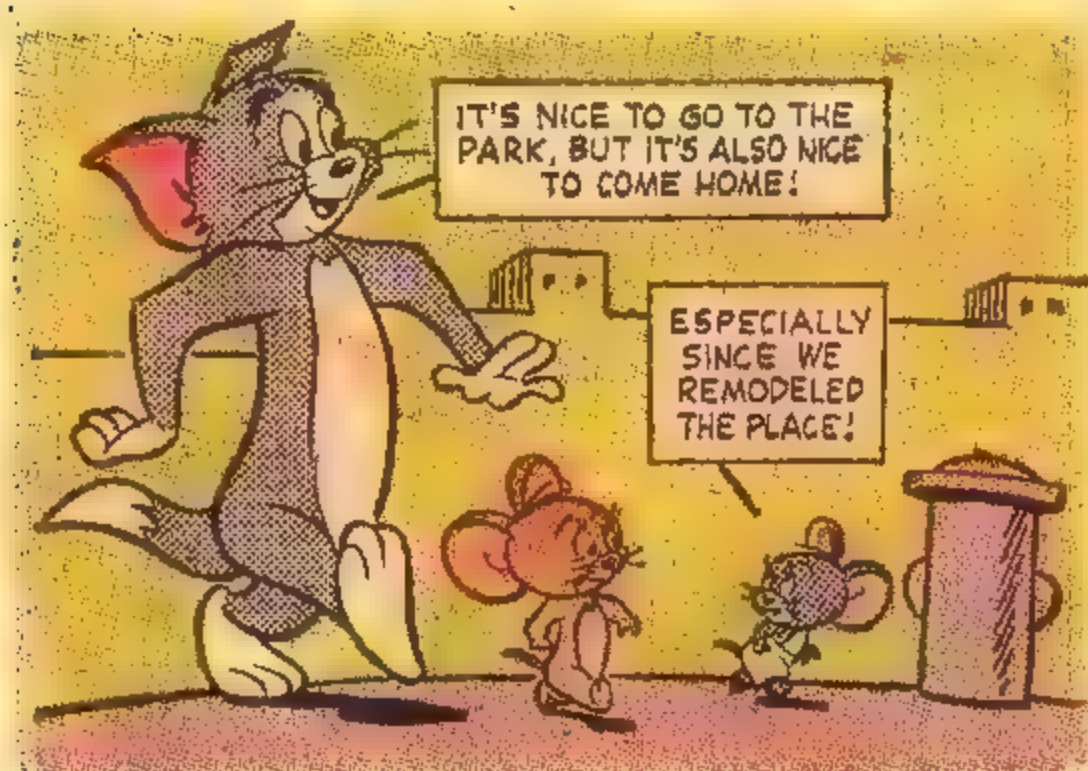
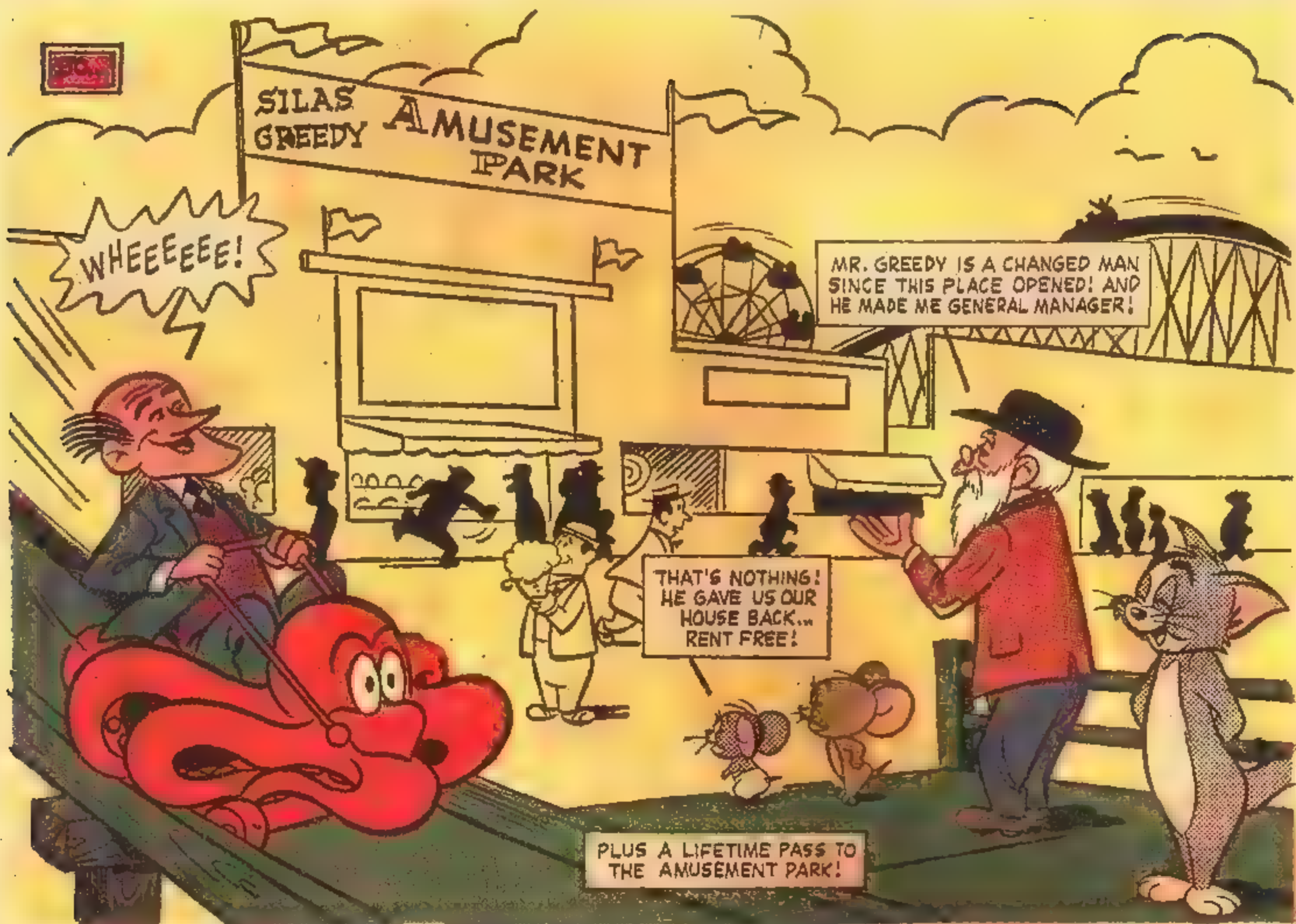












Droopy

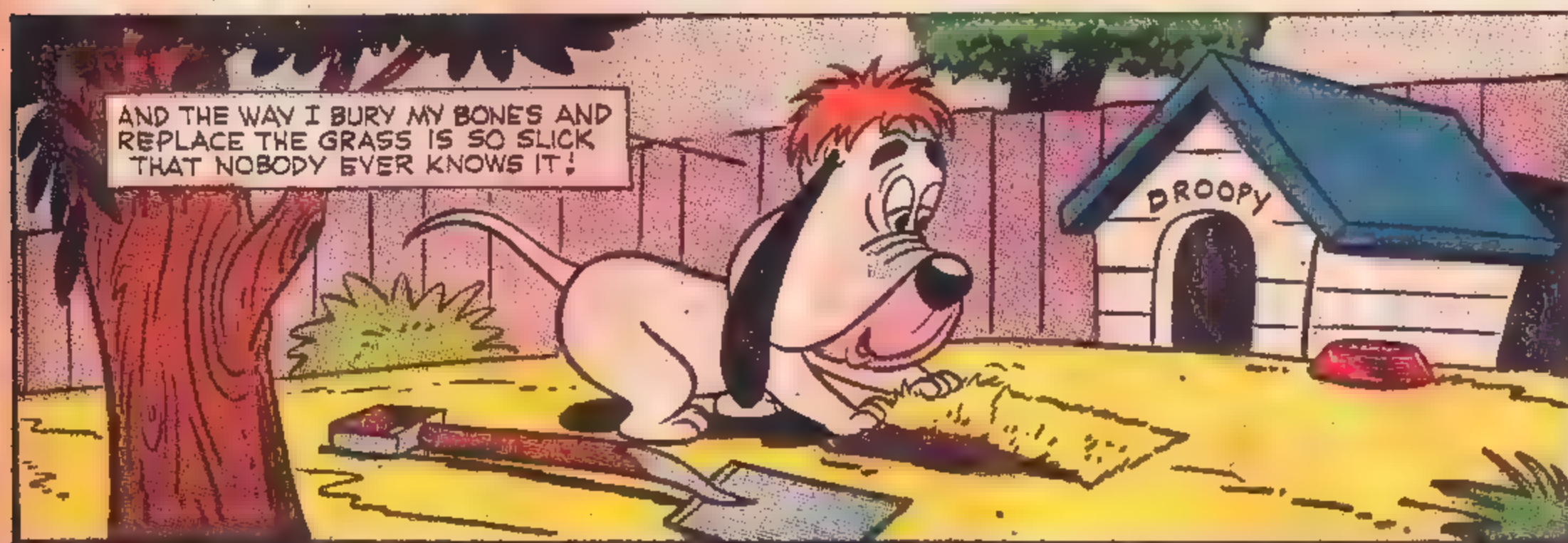
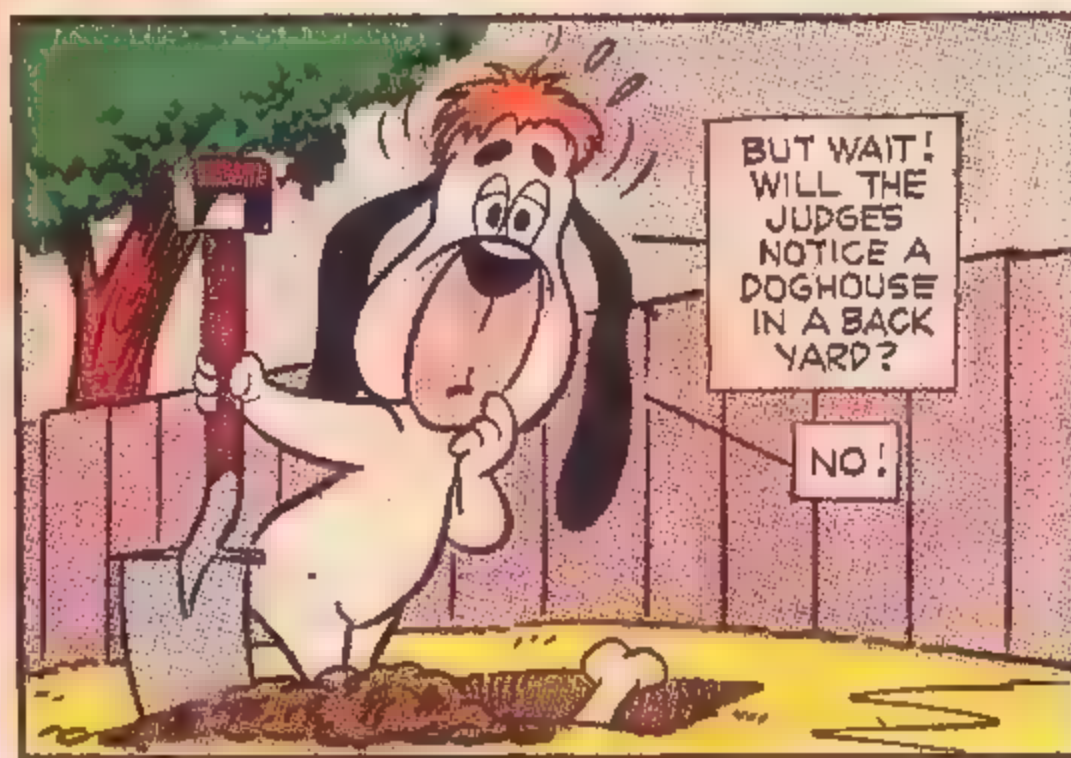
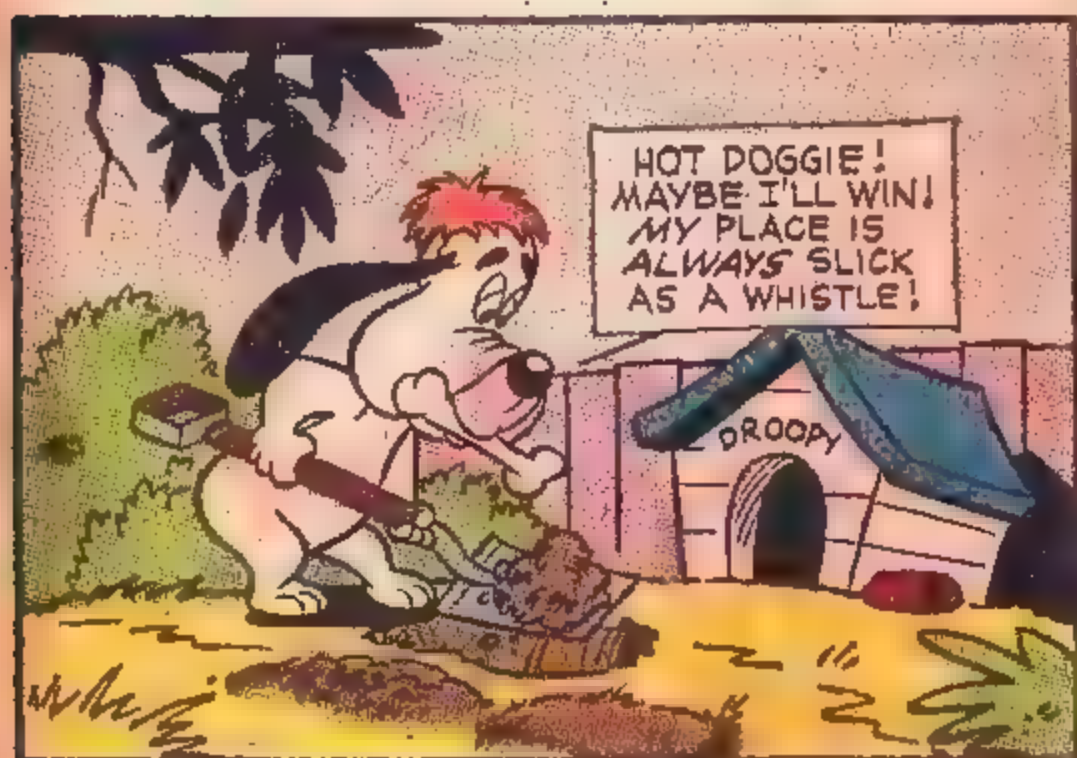
CITY SLICKER

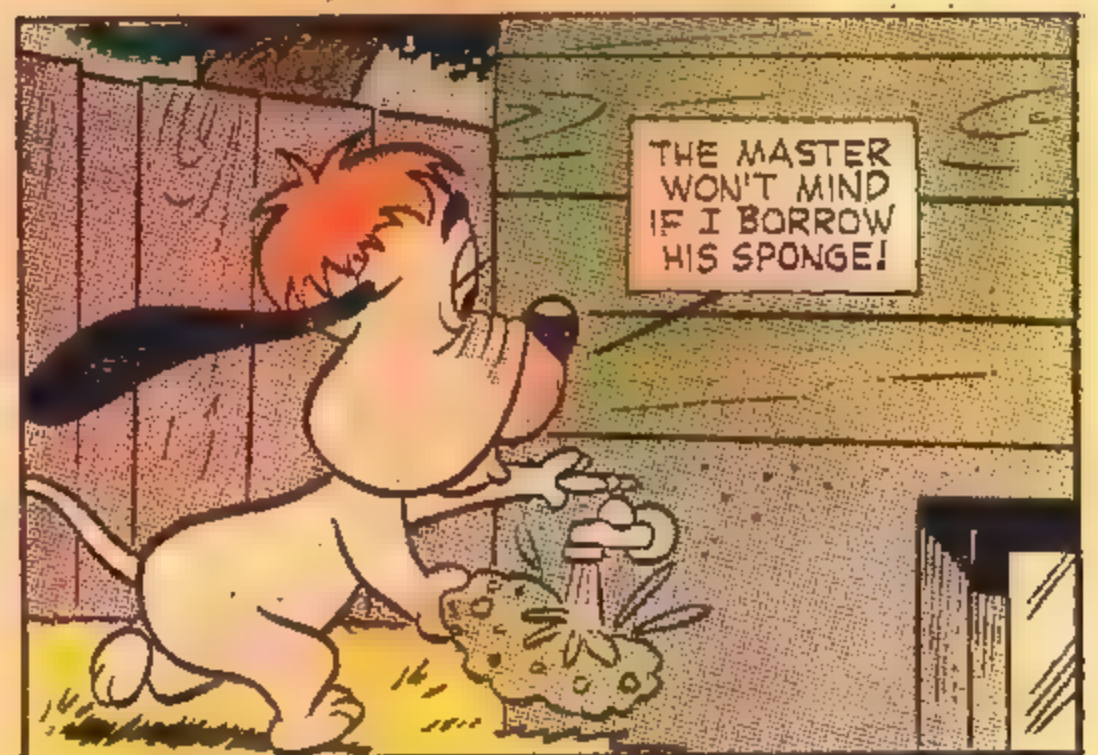
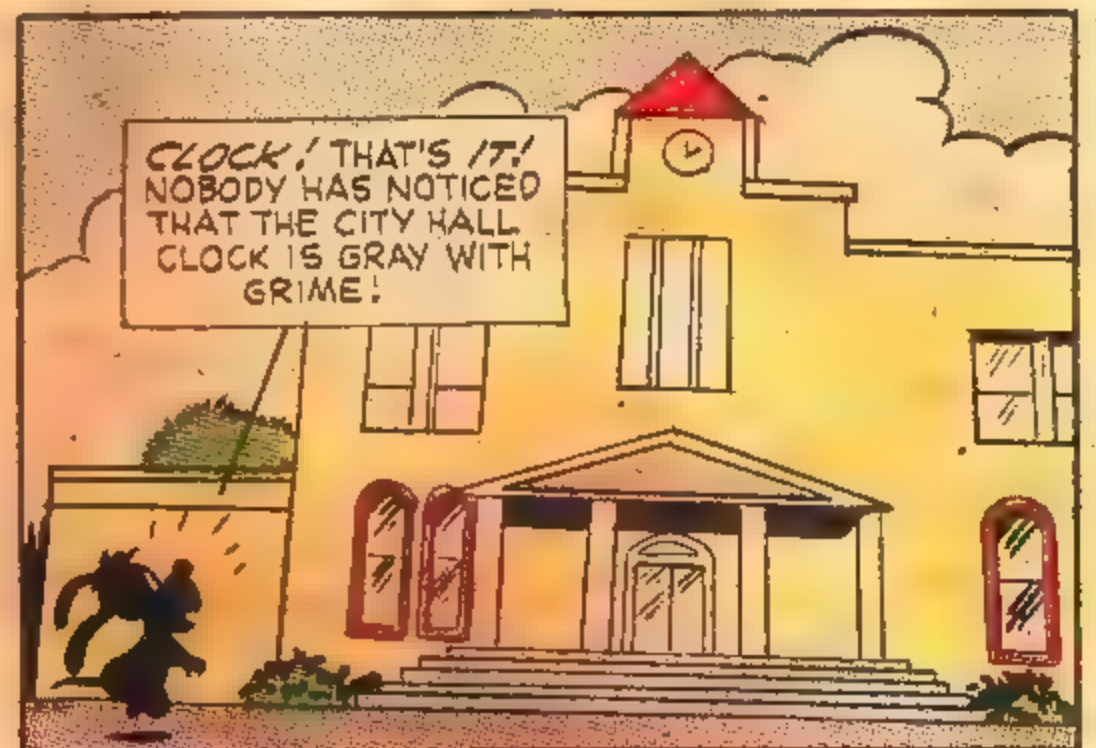
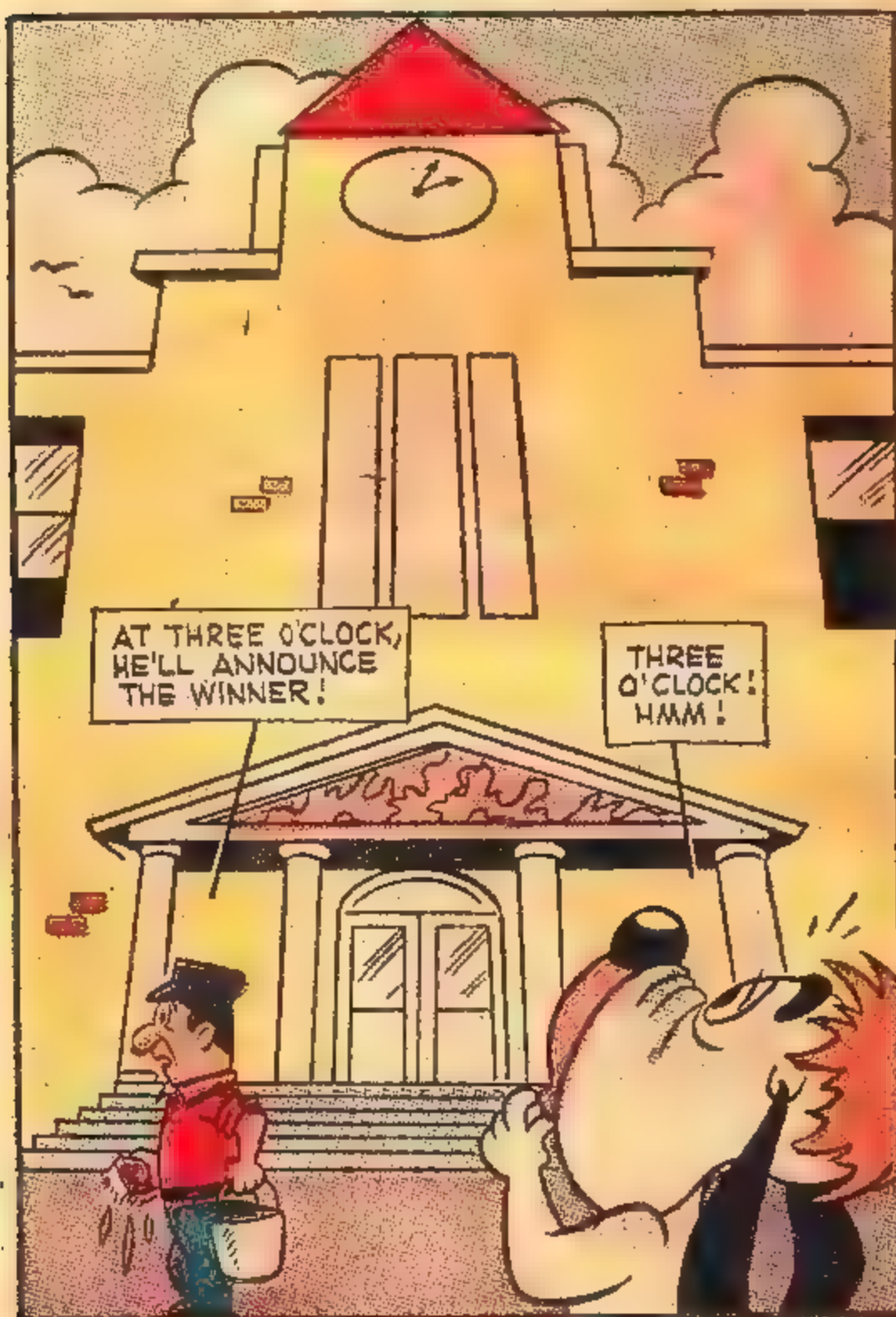
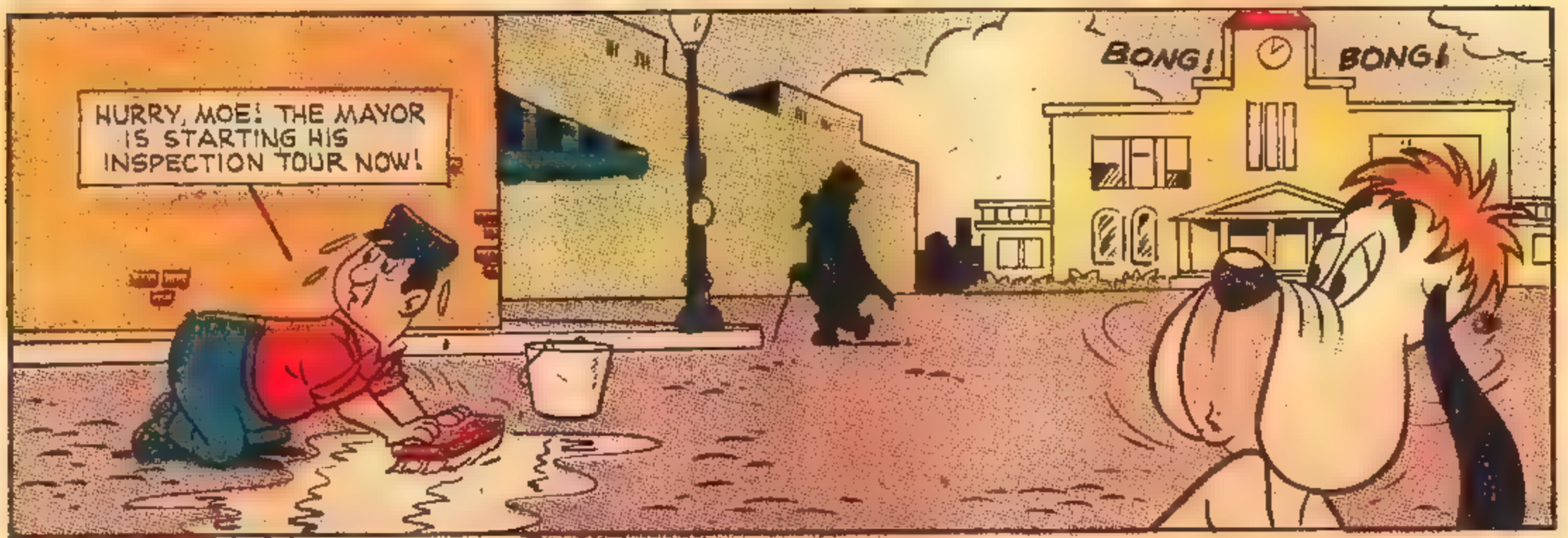
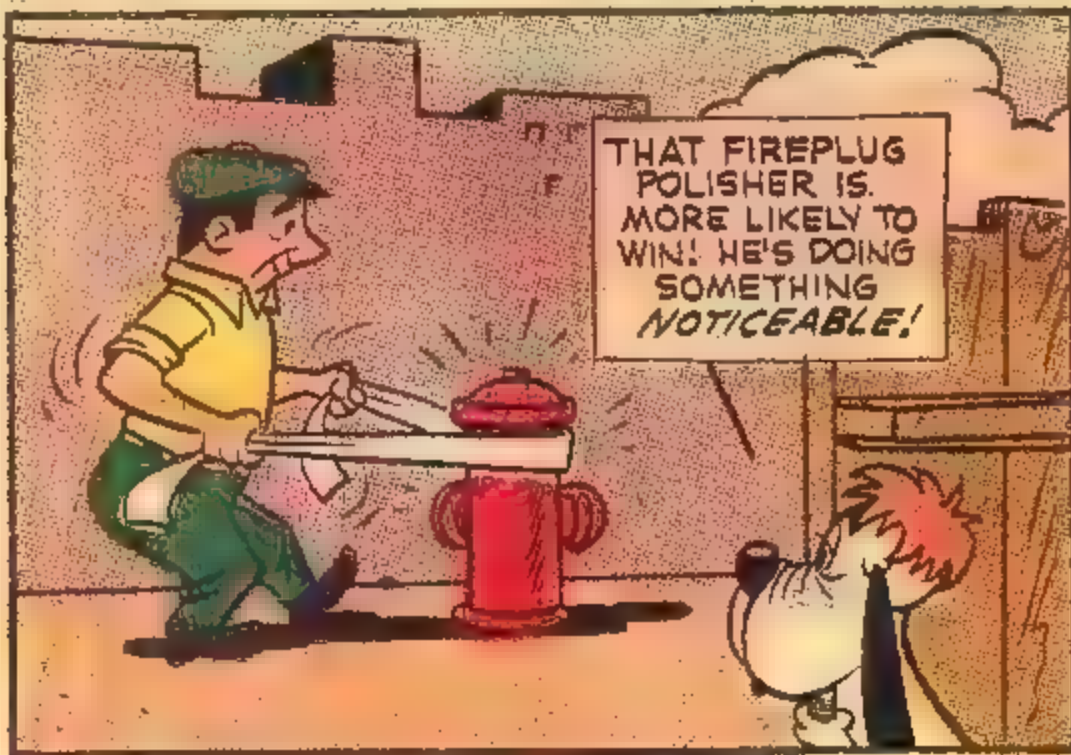
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PRIZE**

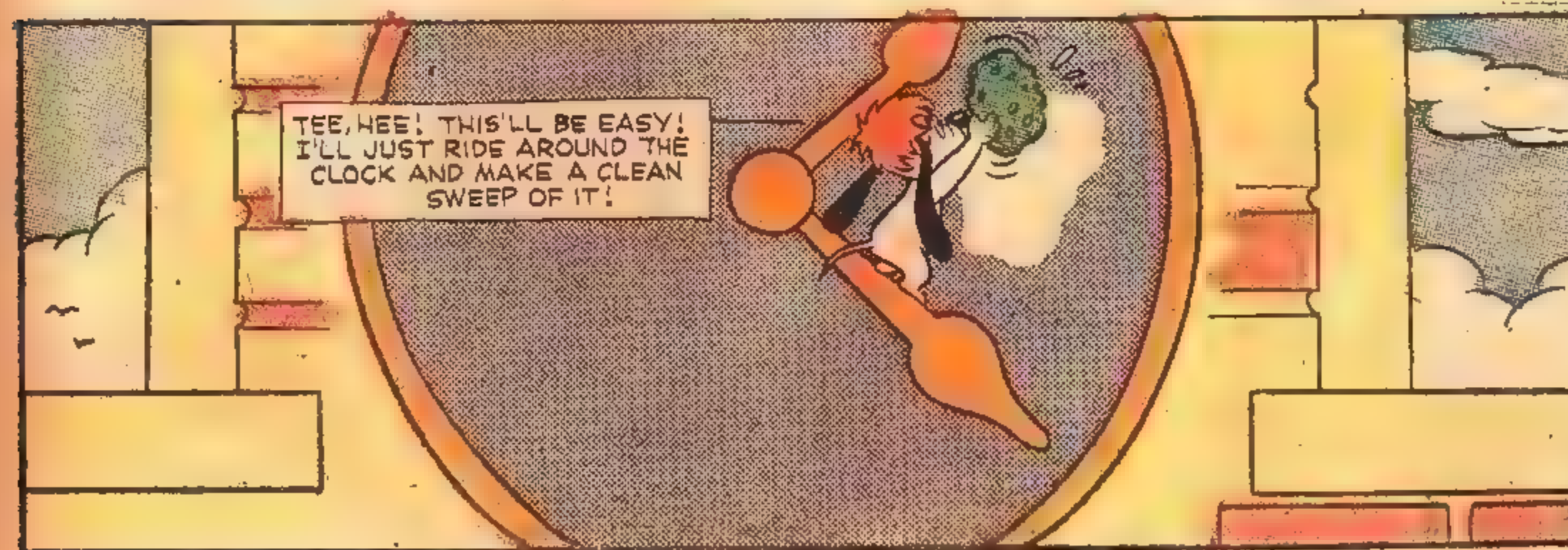
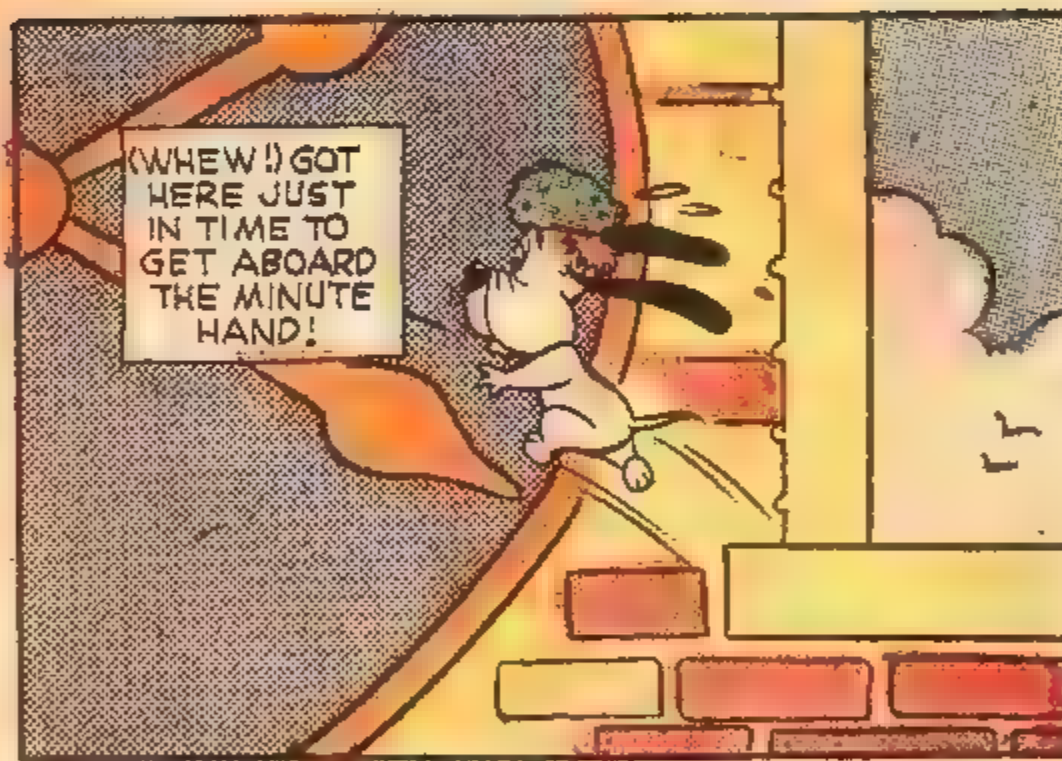
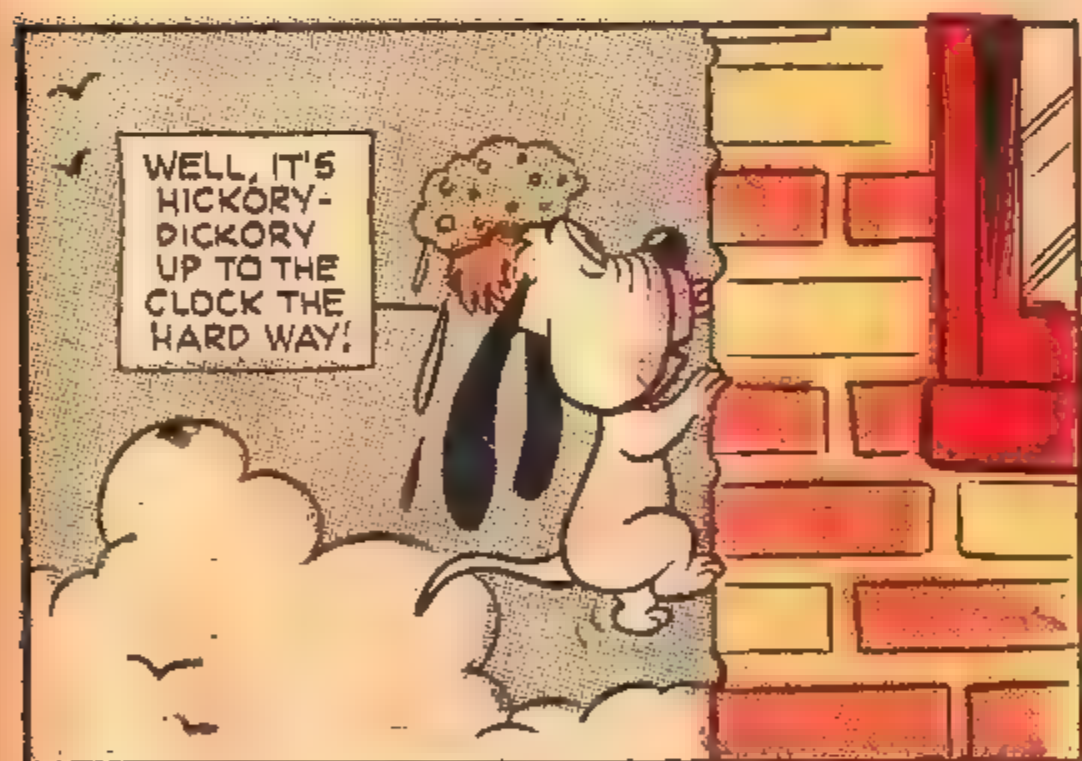
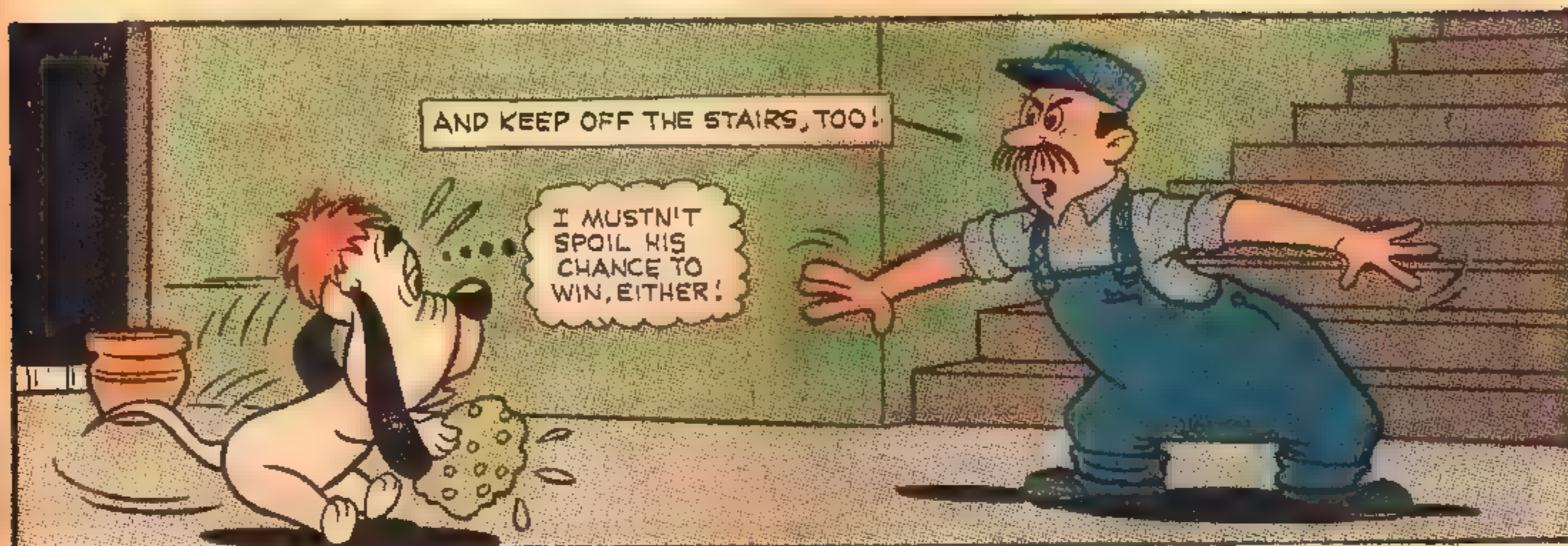
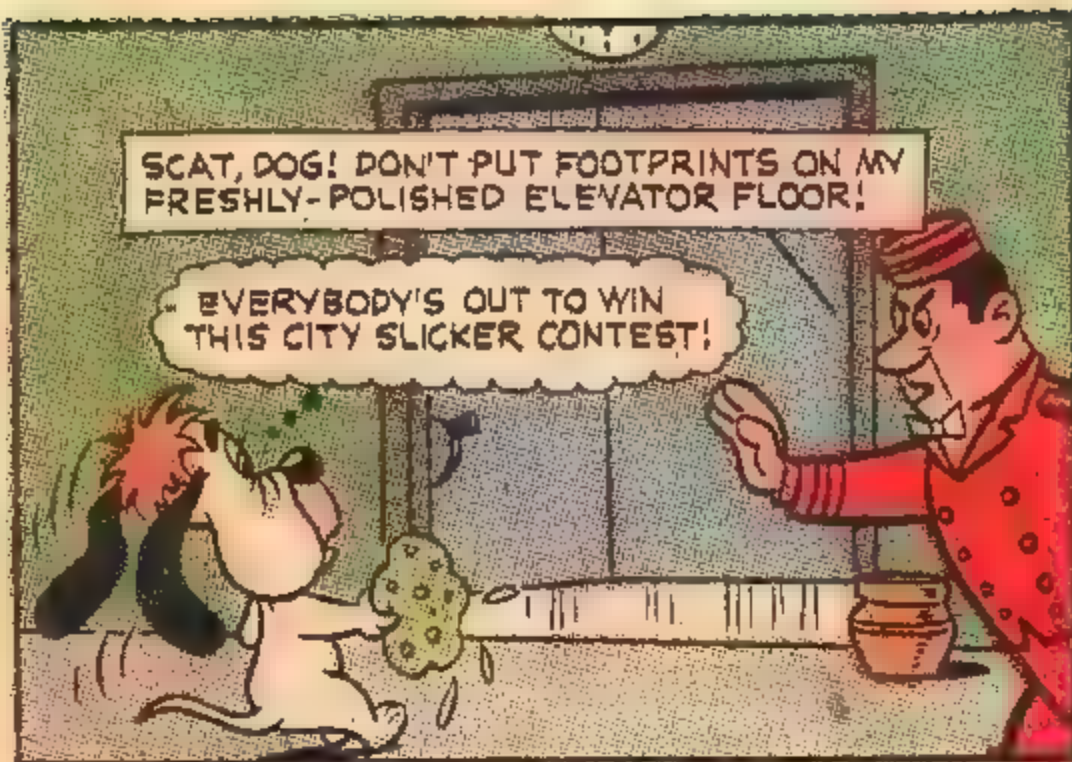
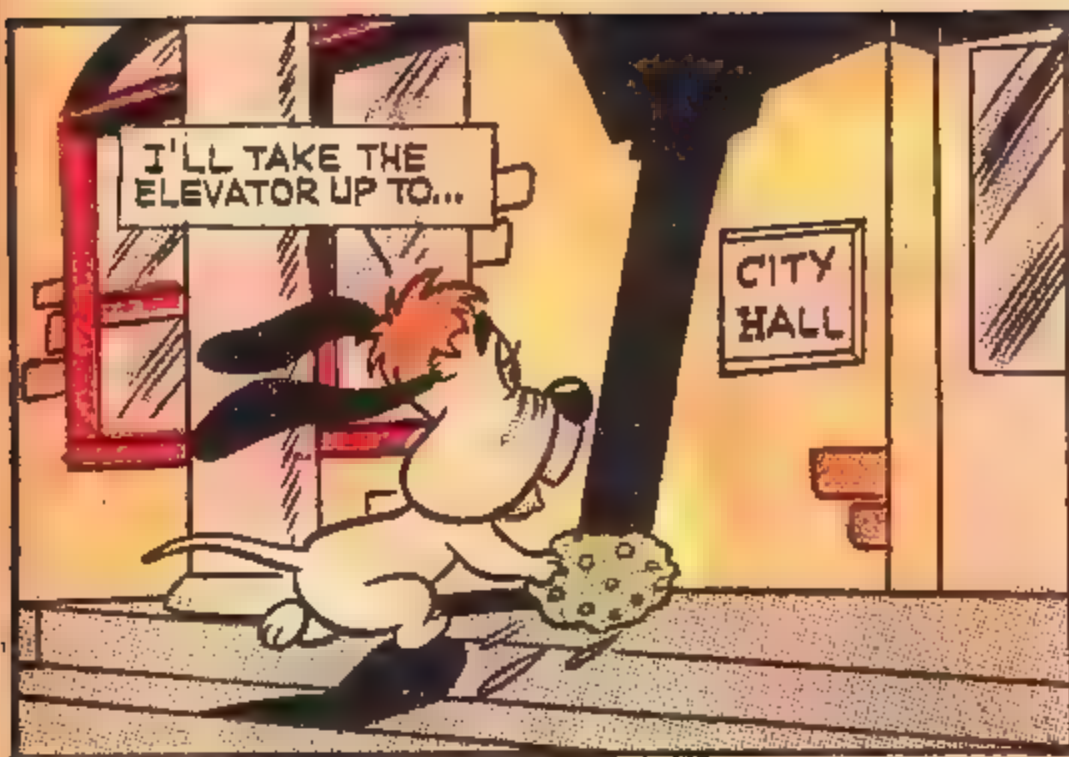
TO THE
"KEEP OUR
CITY SLICKER"
CONTEST
WINNER!

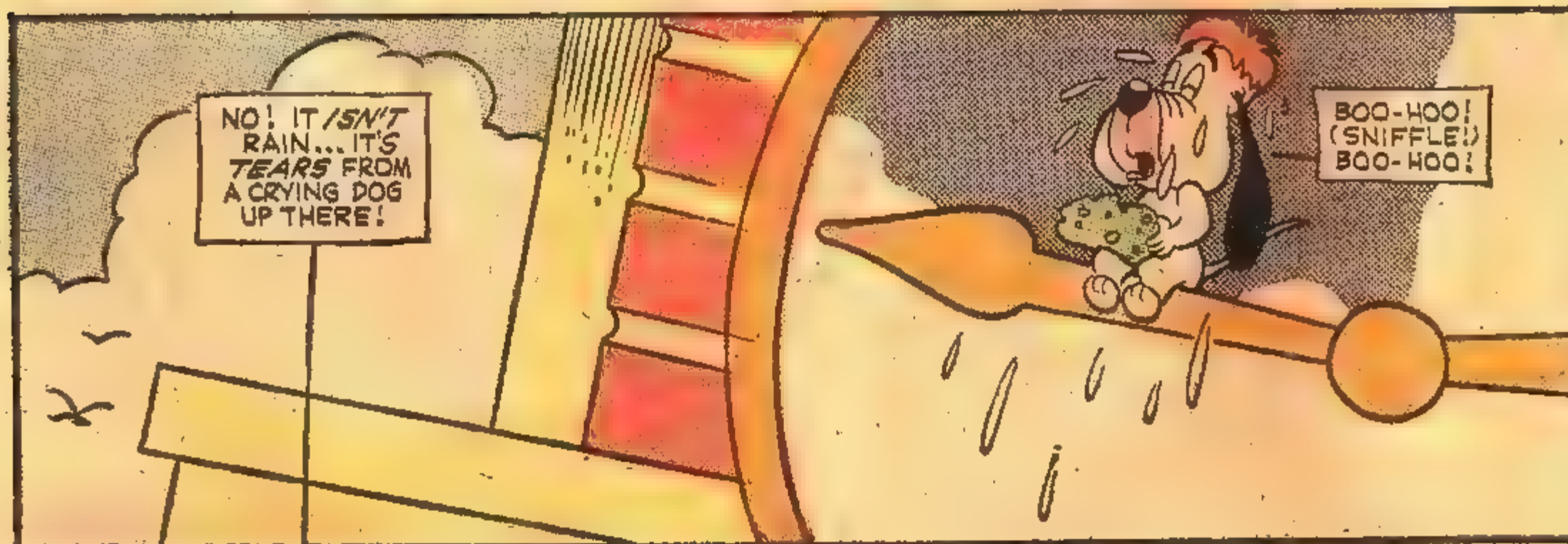
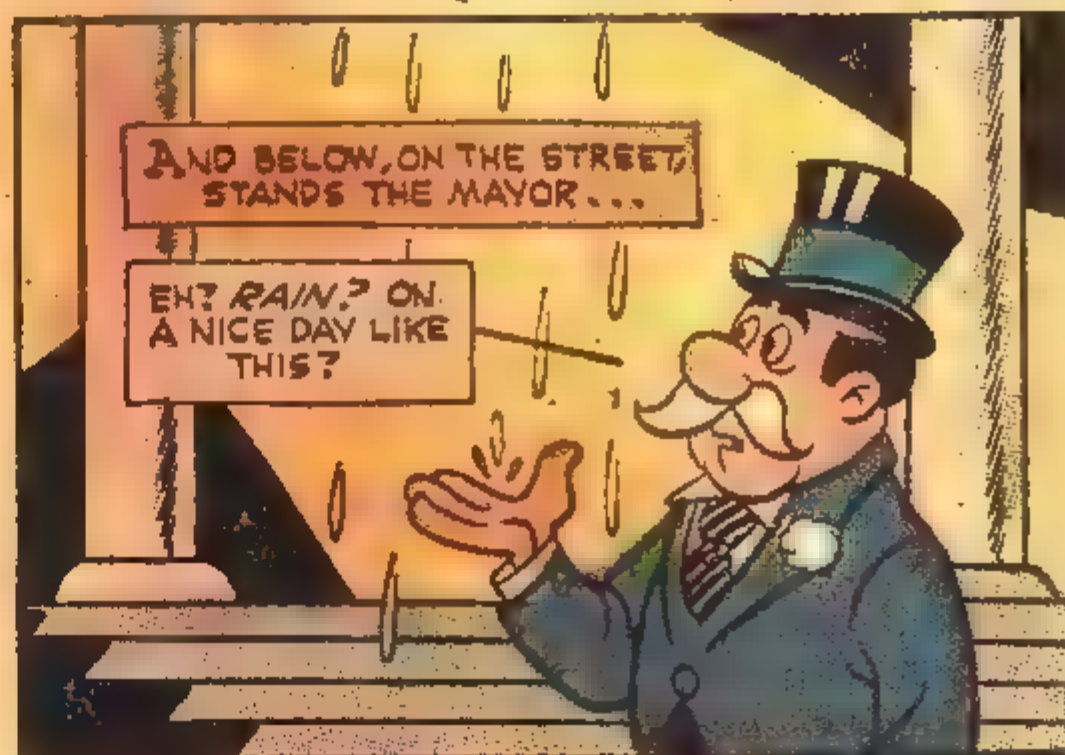
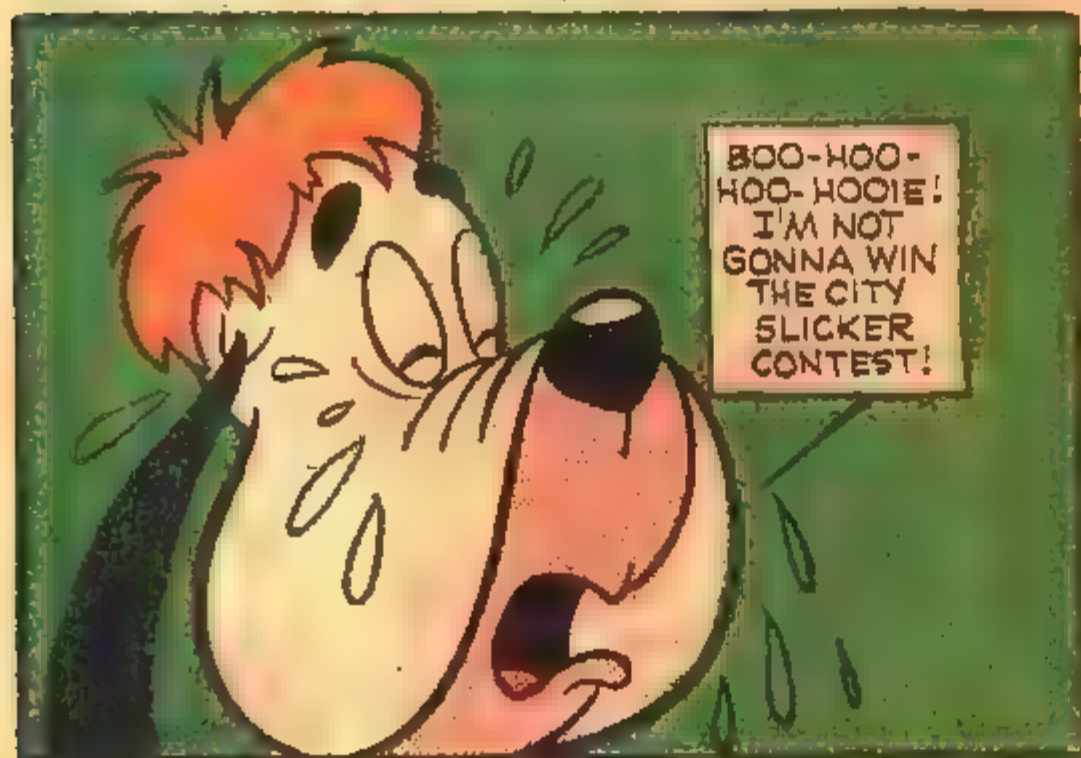
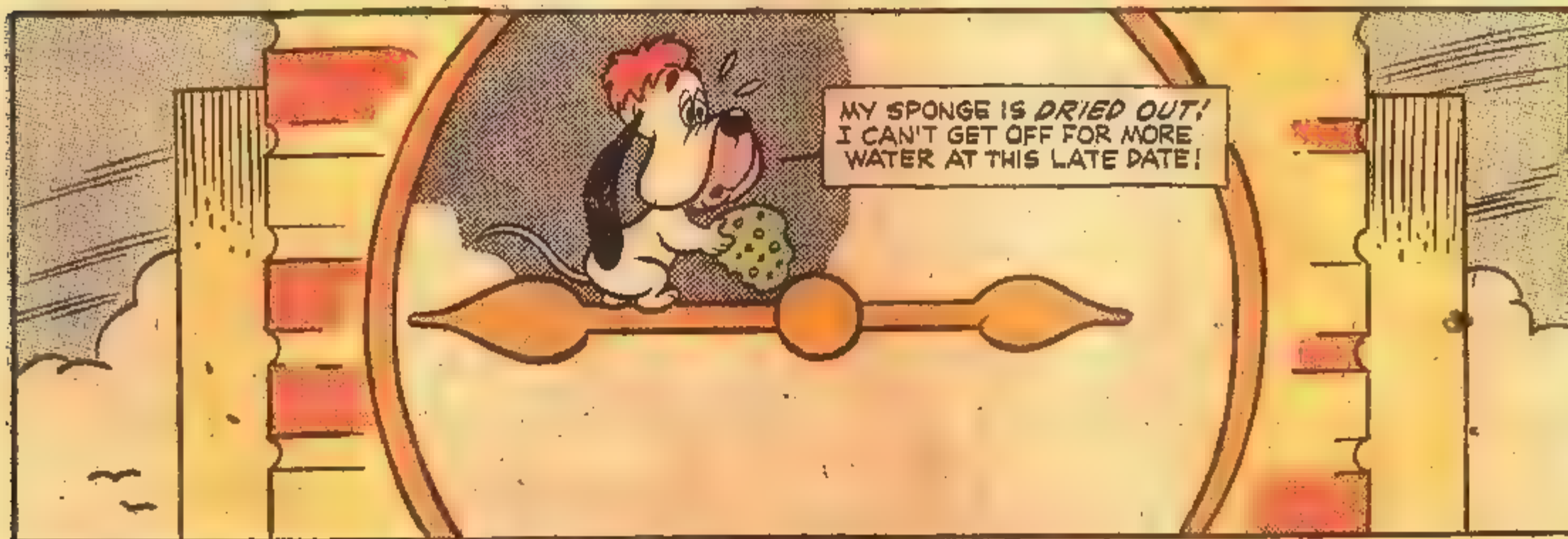
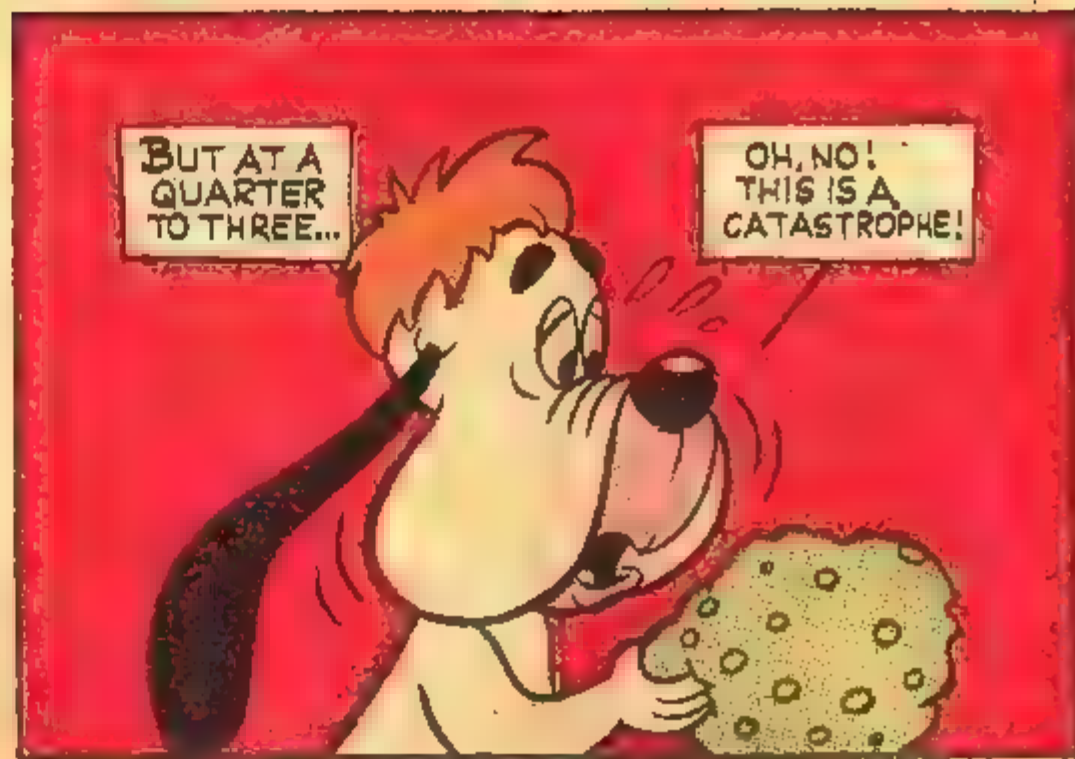
HUH? KEEP OUR
CITY SLICKER
CONTEST!?
WHAT'S IT
MEAN?

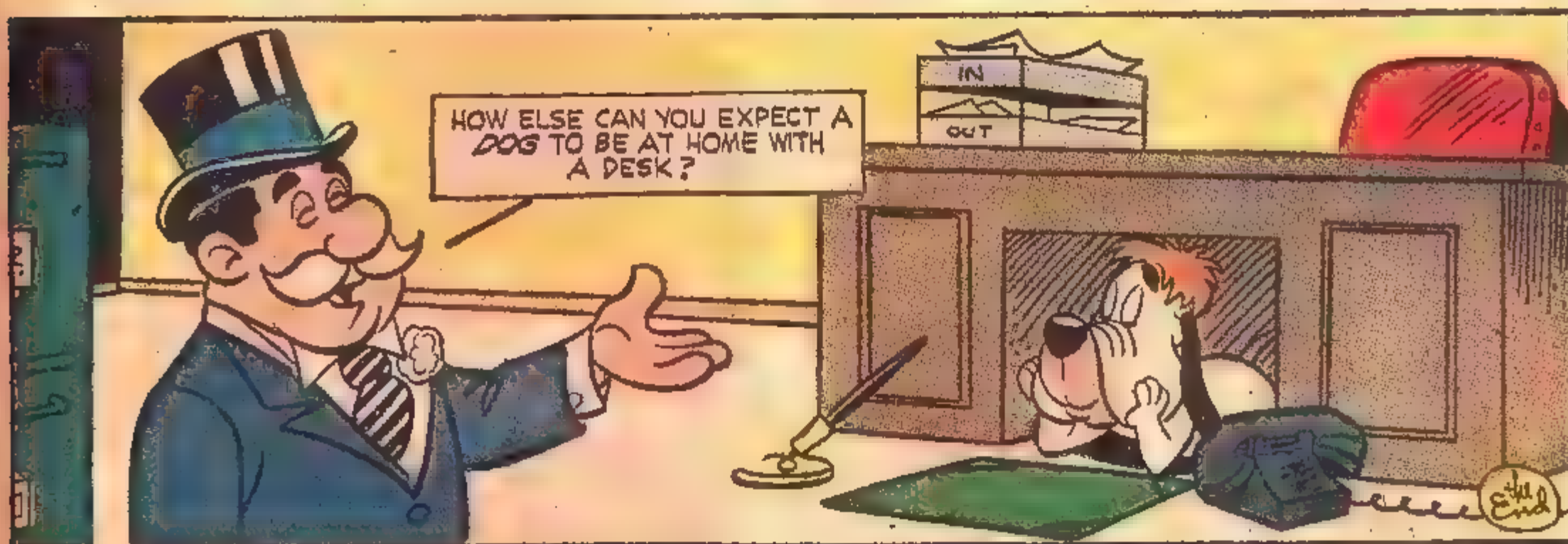
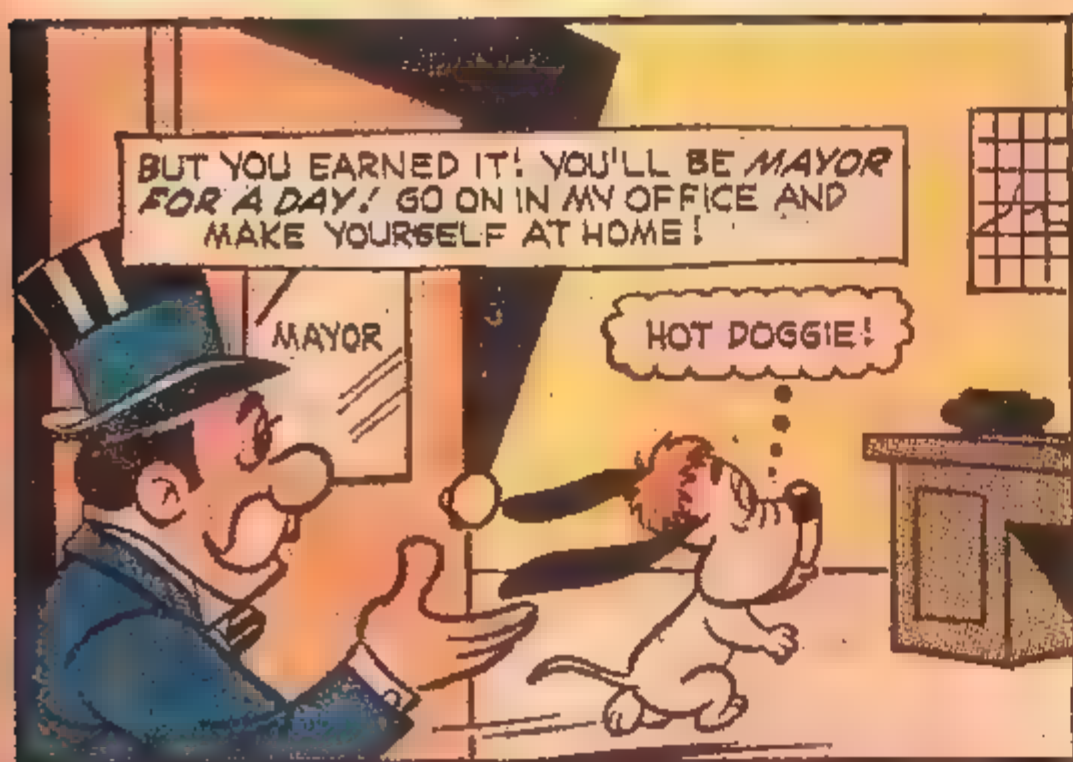
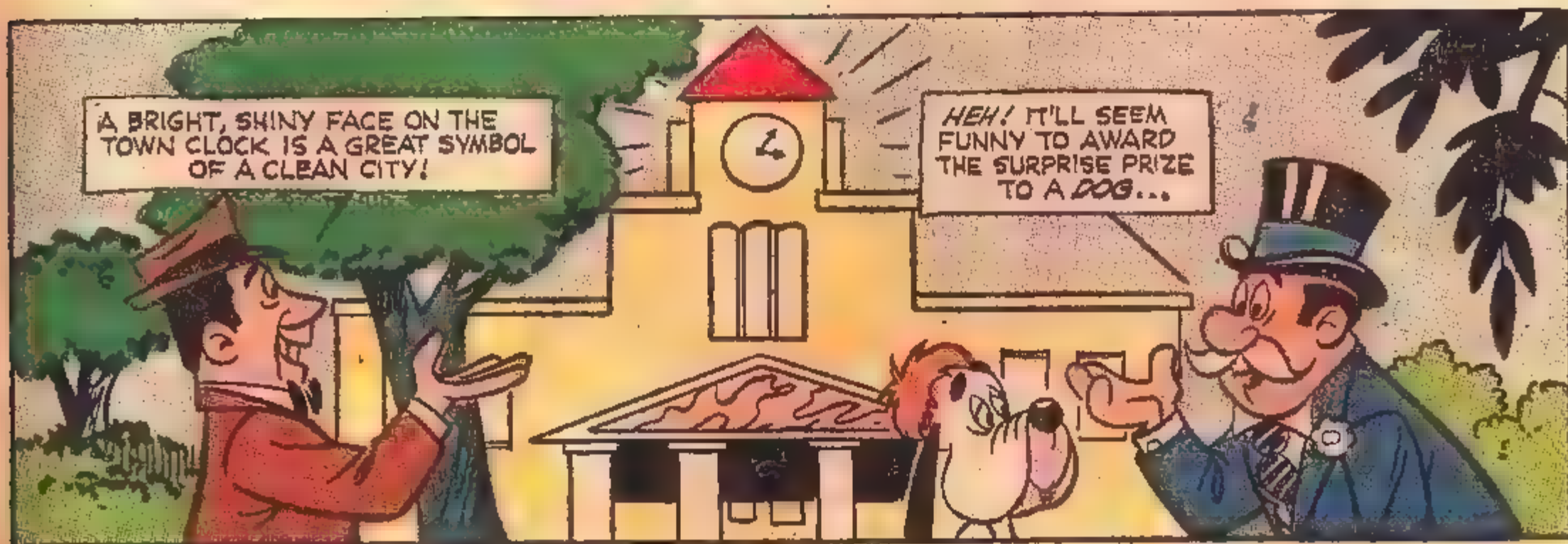
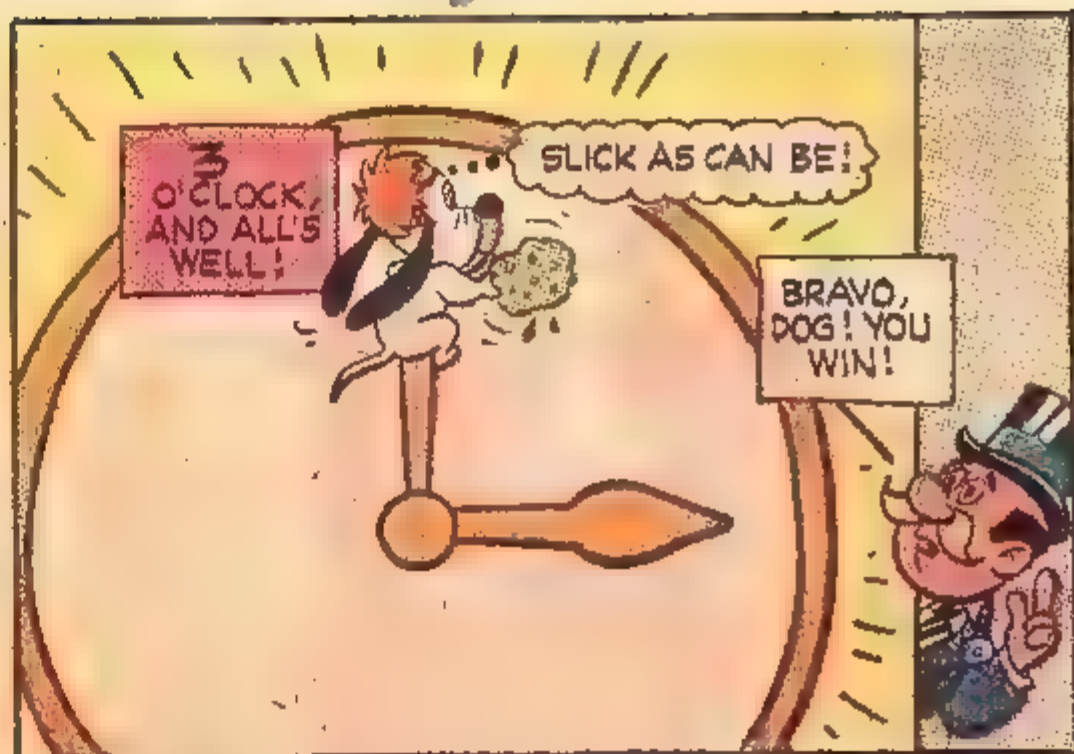
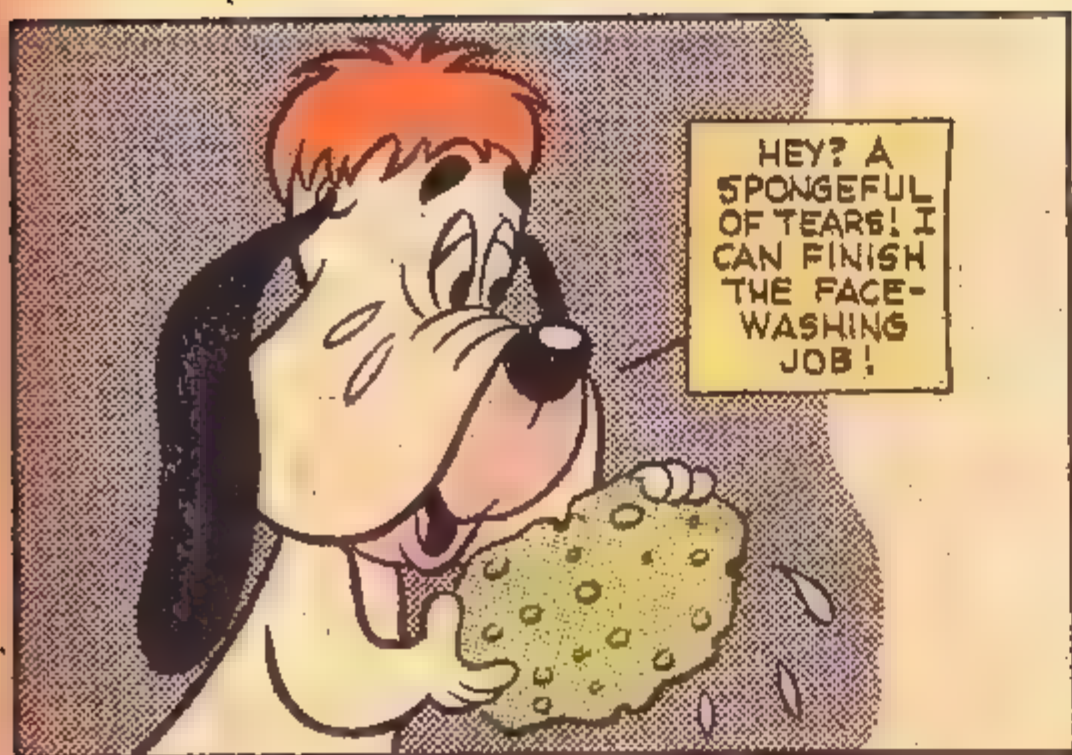
WHOEVER DOES THE
BEST AT MAKING OUR
CITY CLEAN AND SLICK
WINS!





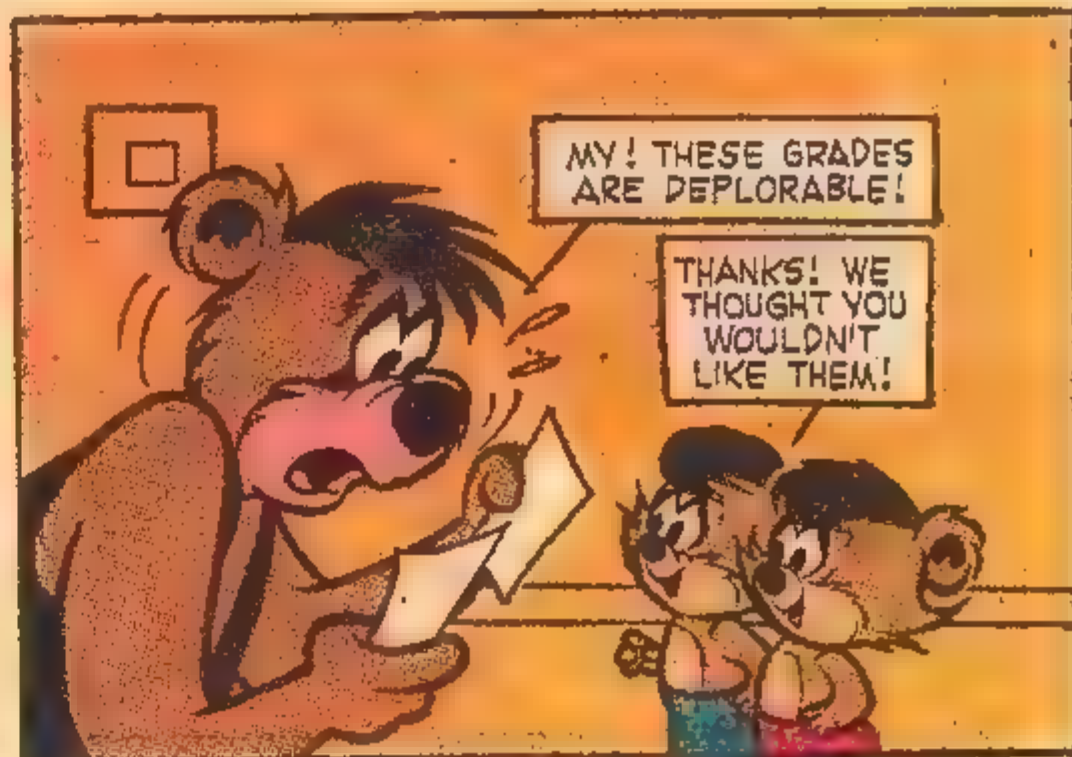
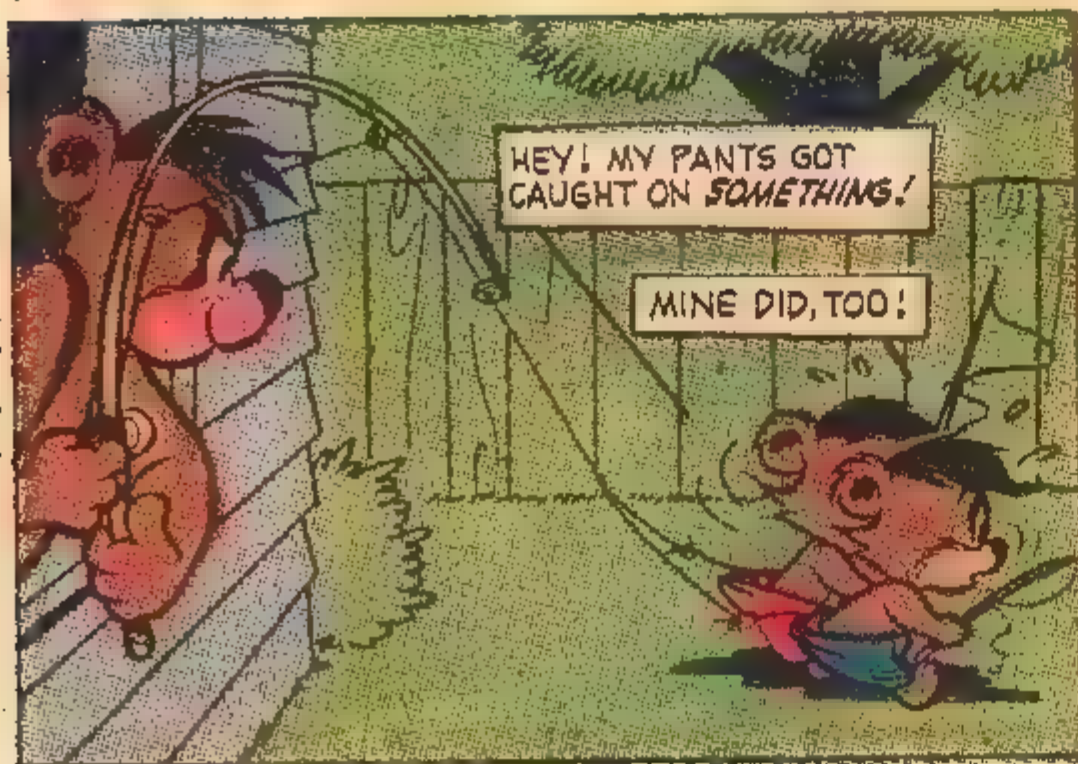
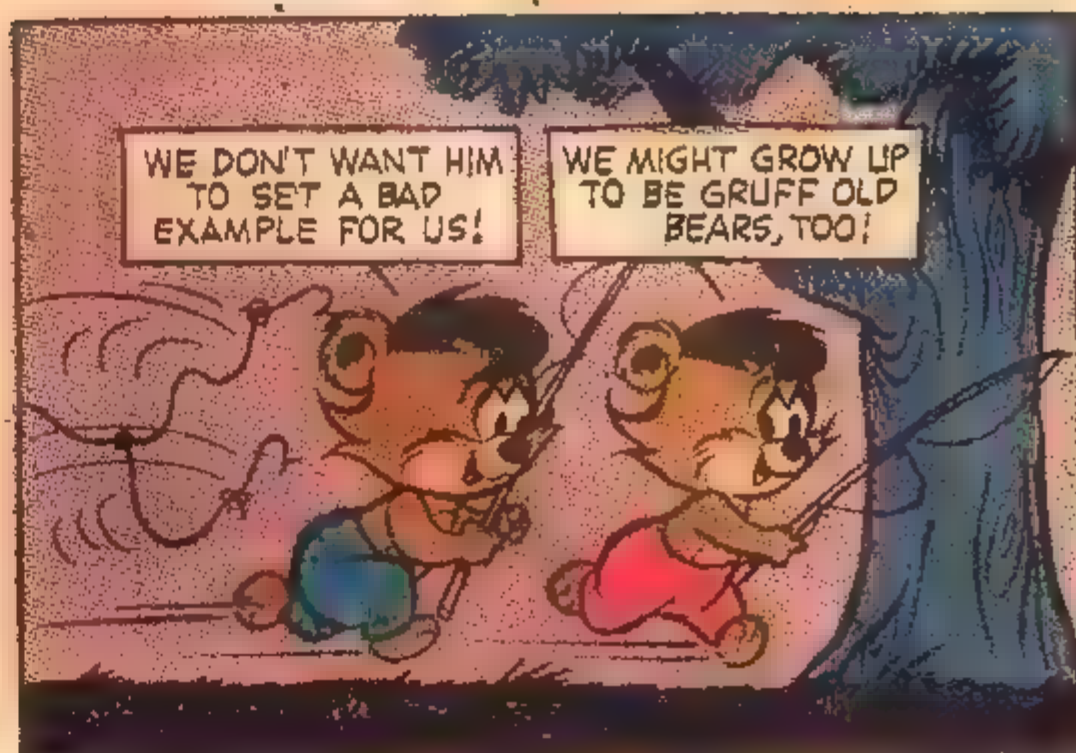
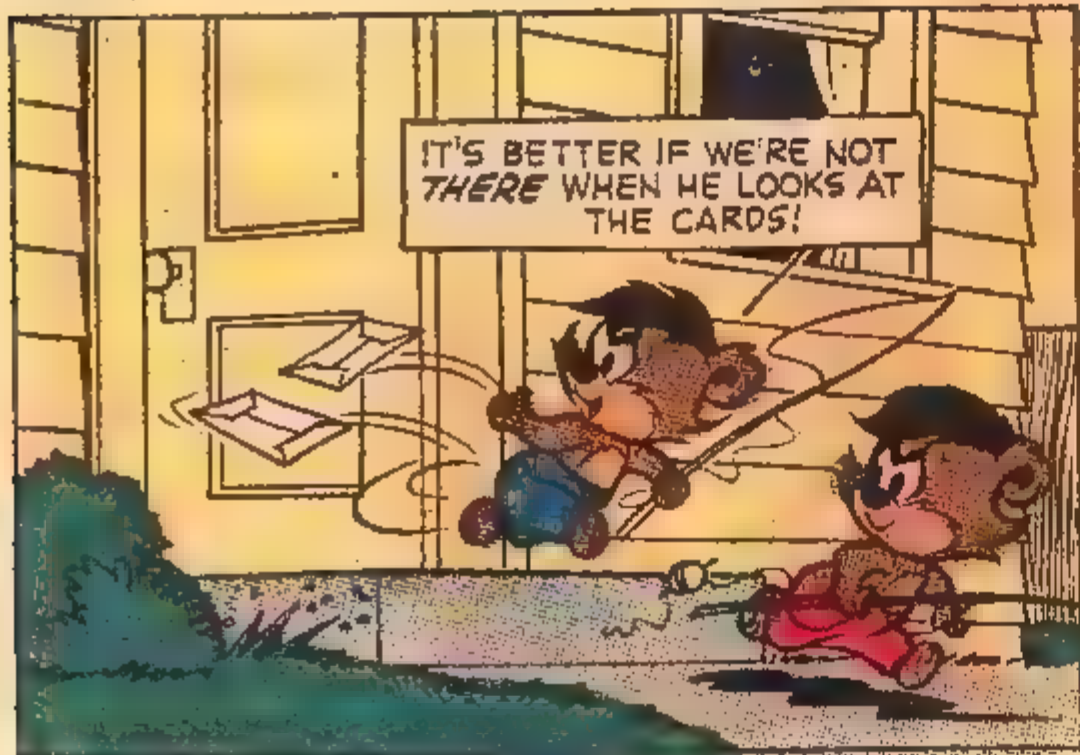


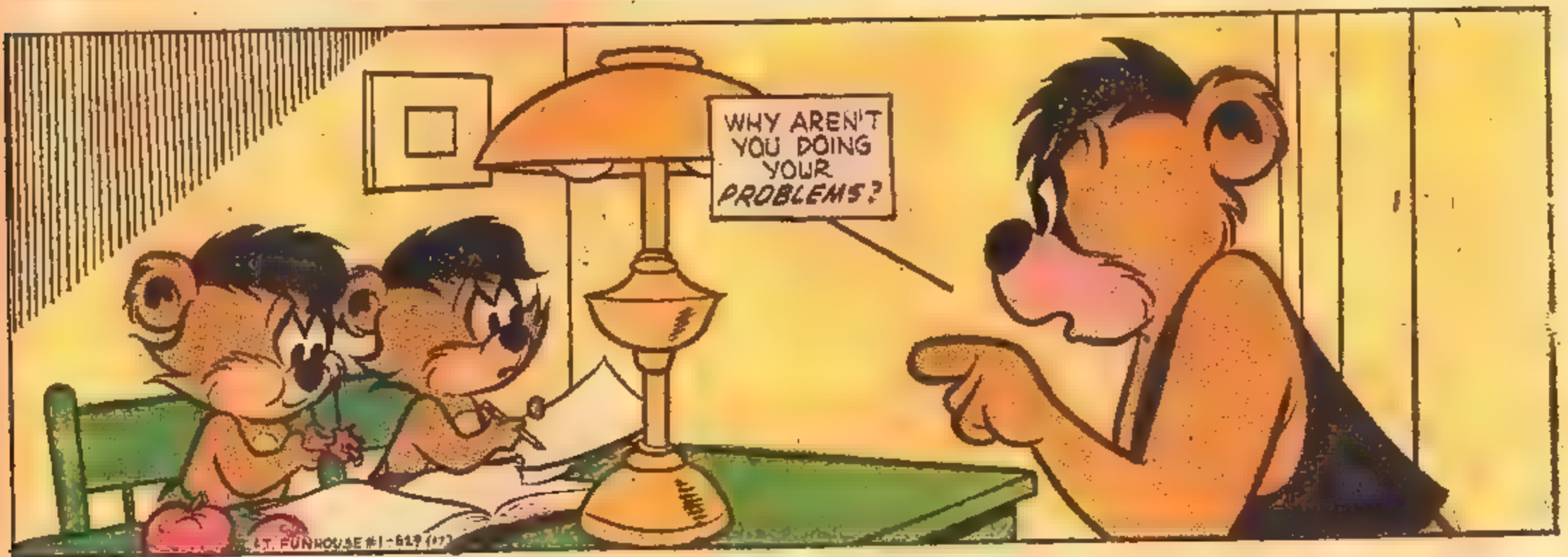
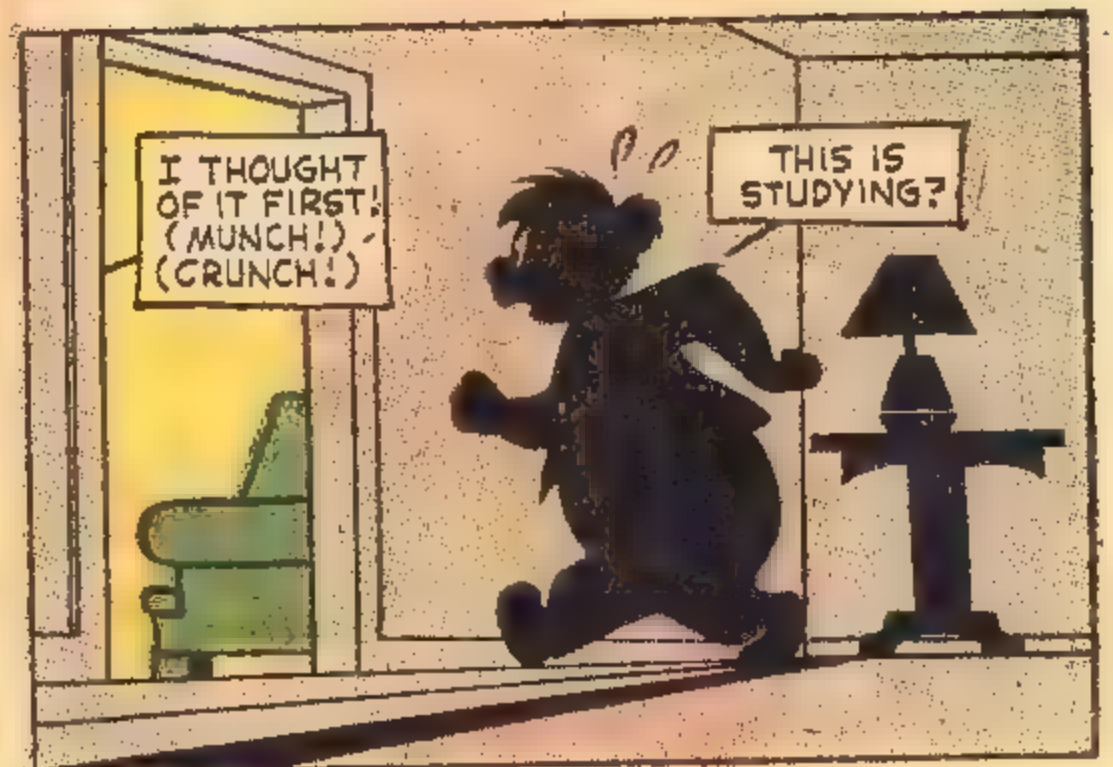
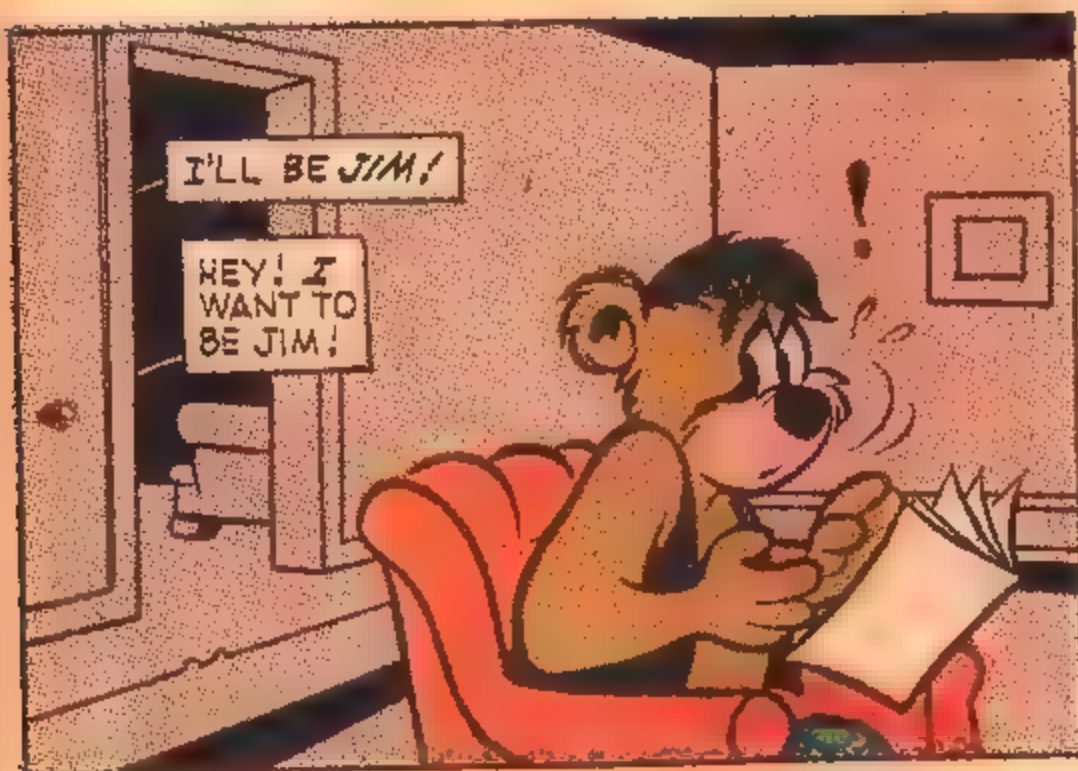
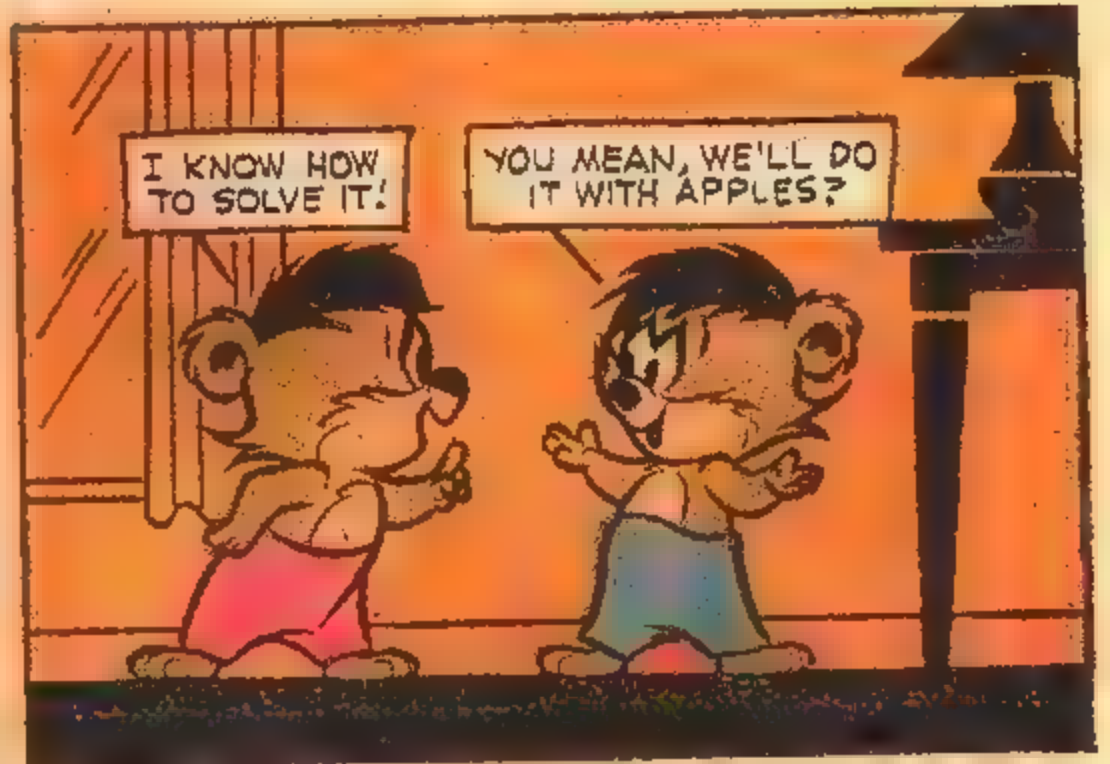
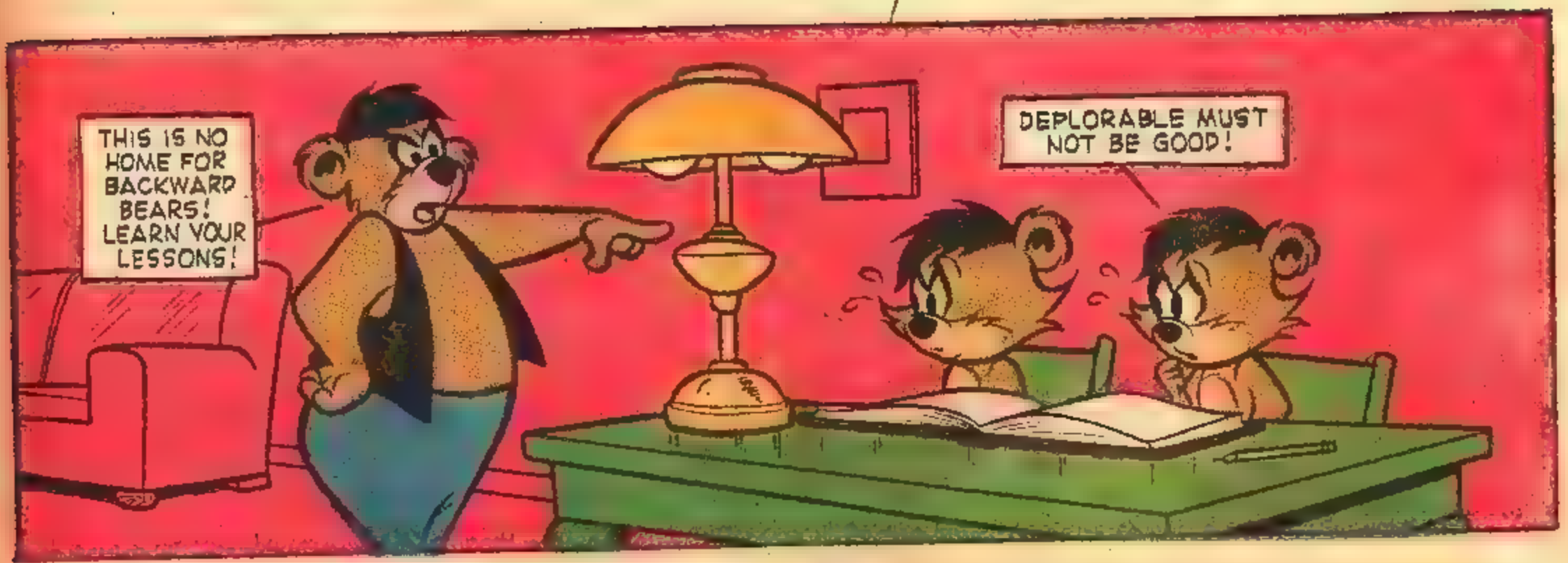


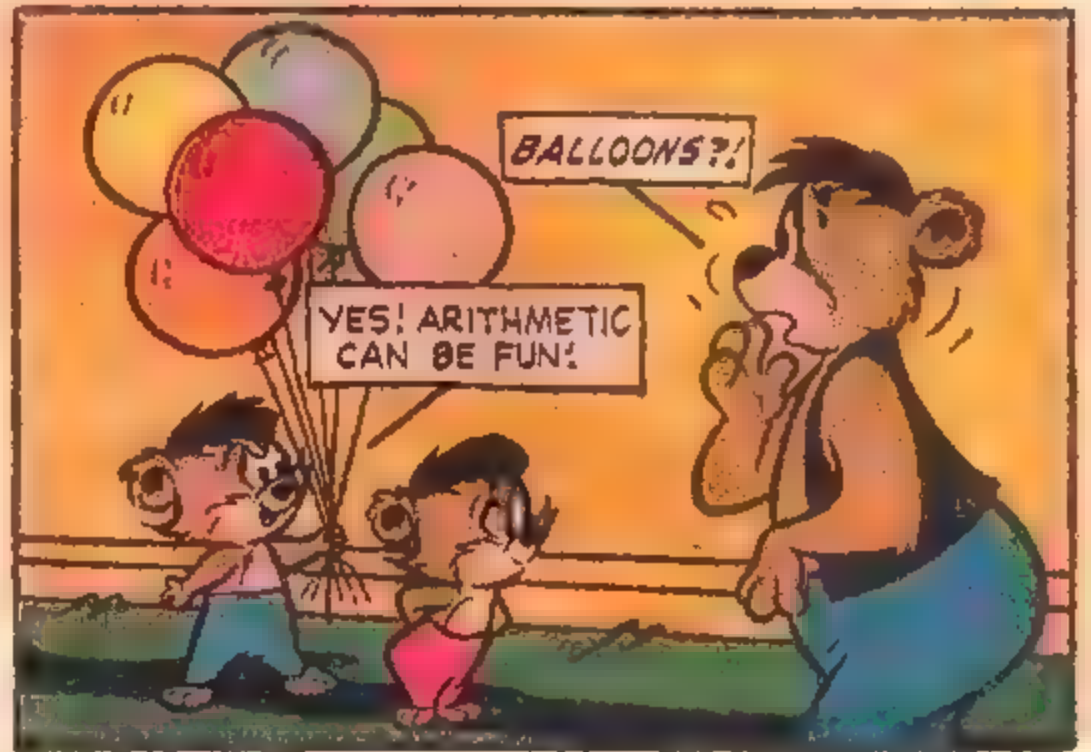
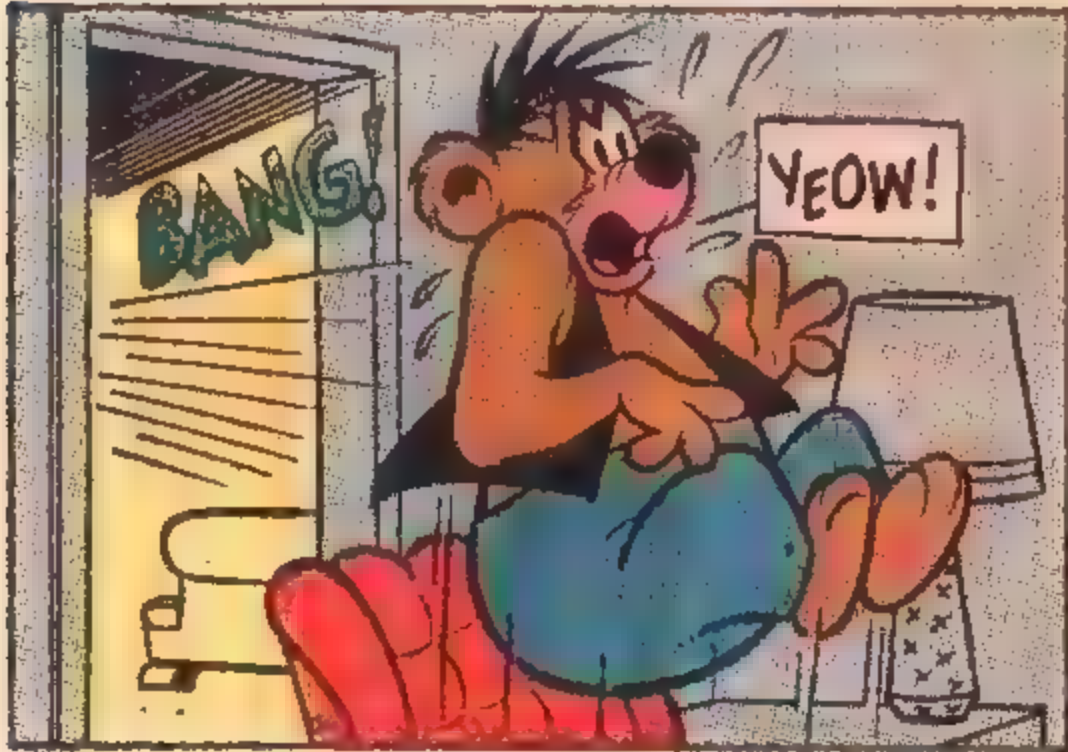
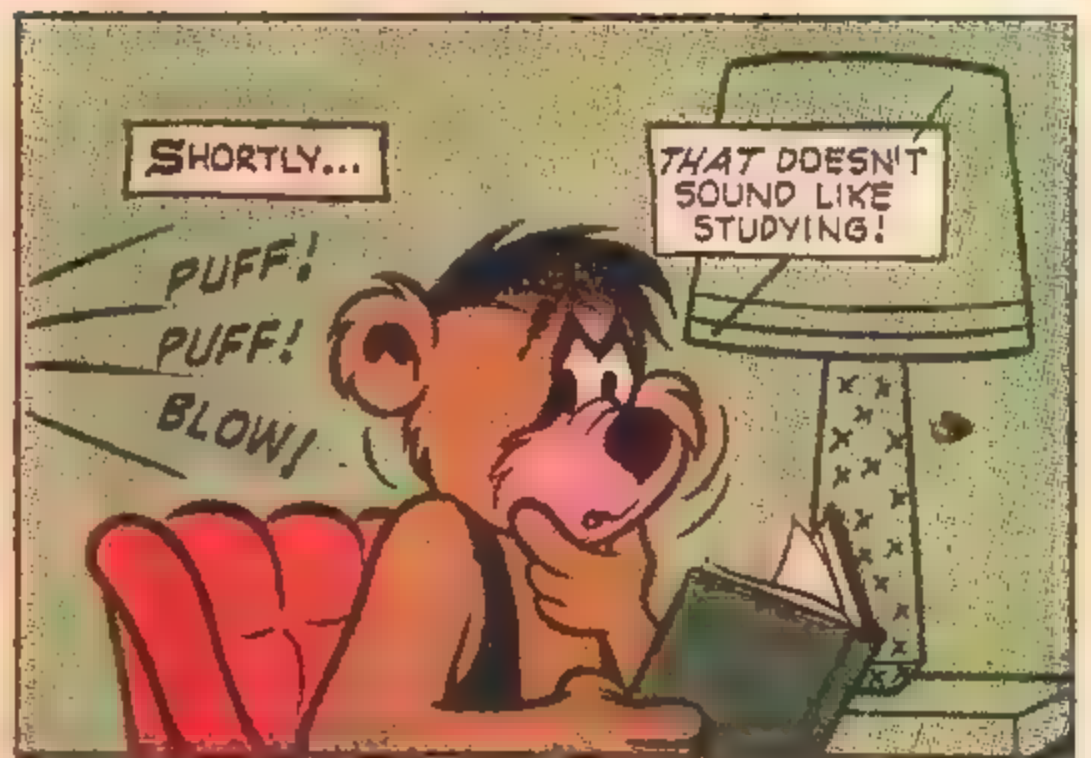
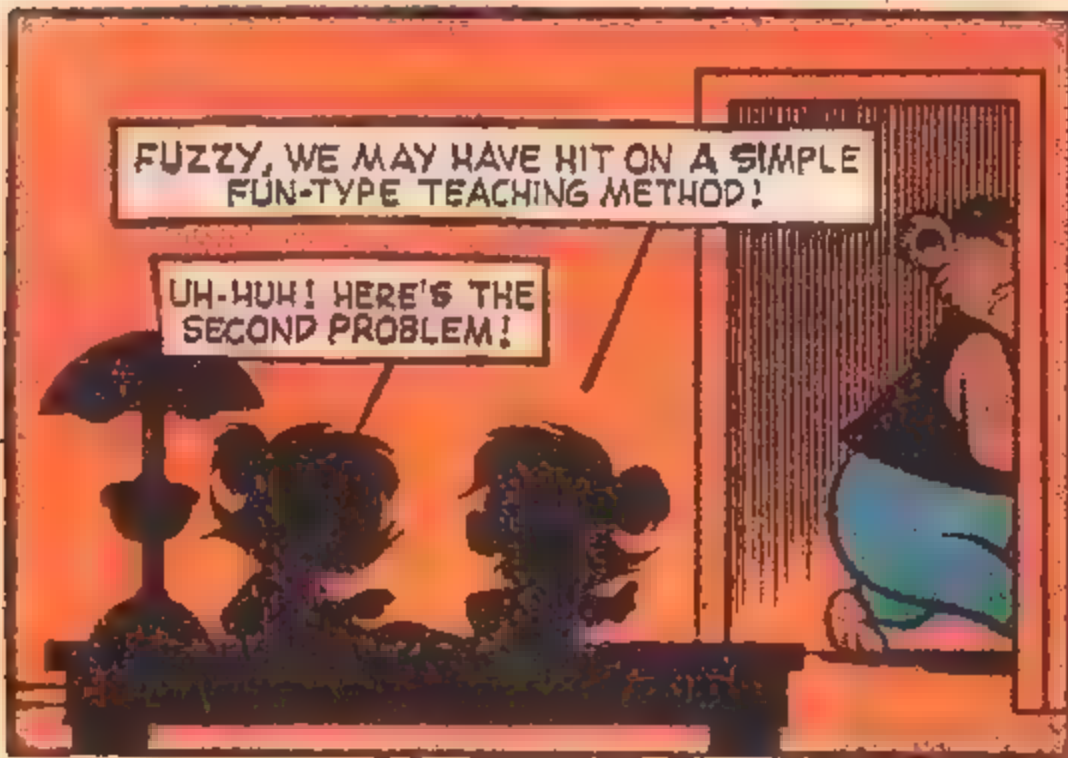
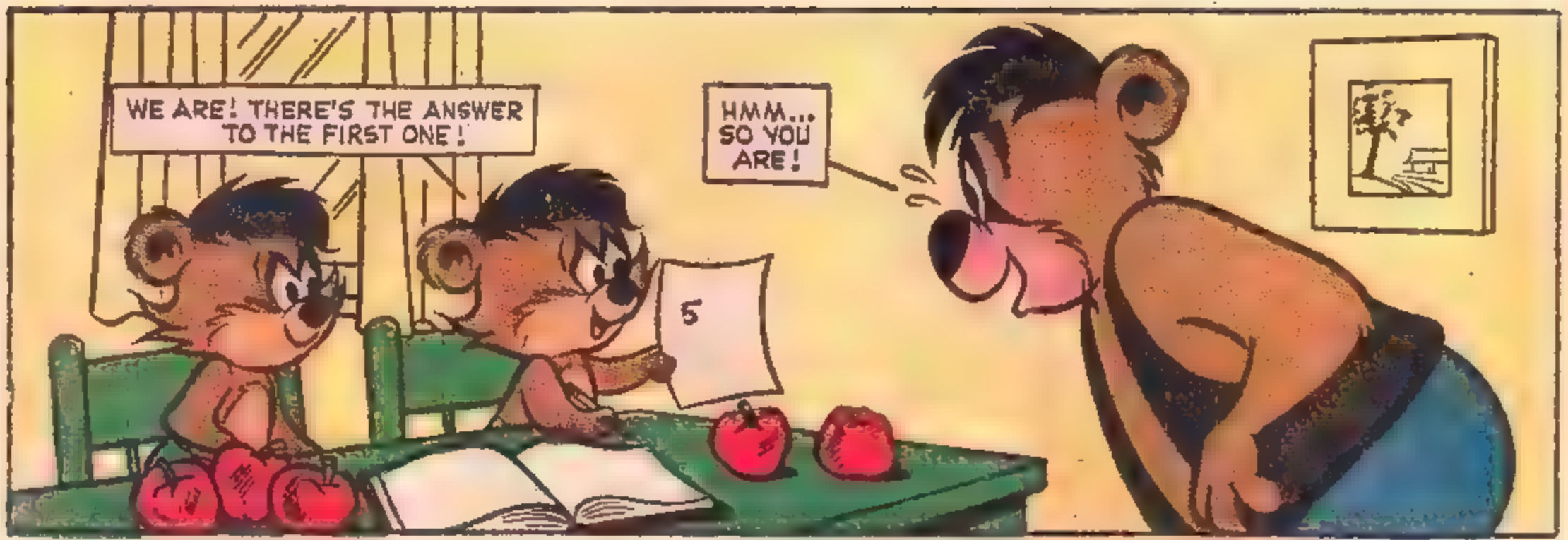


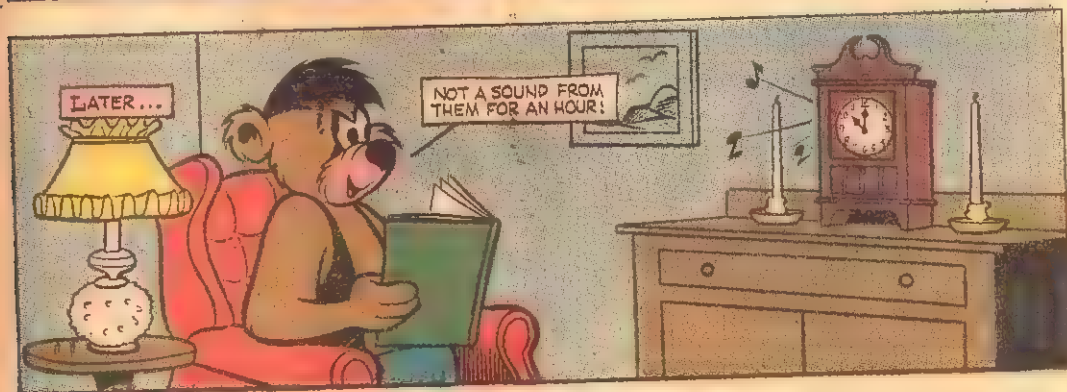
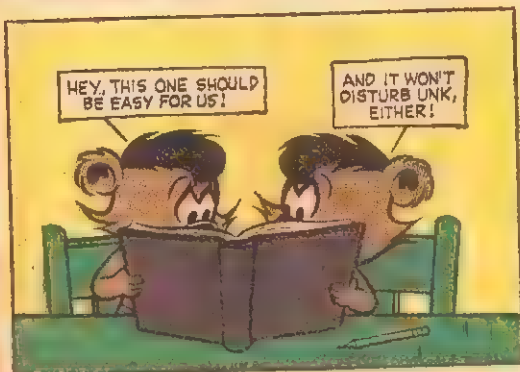
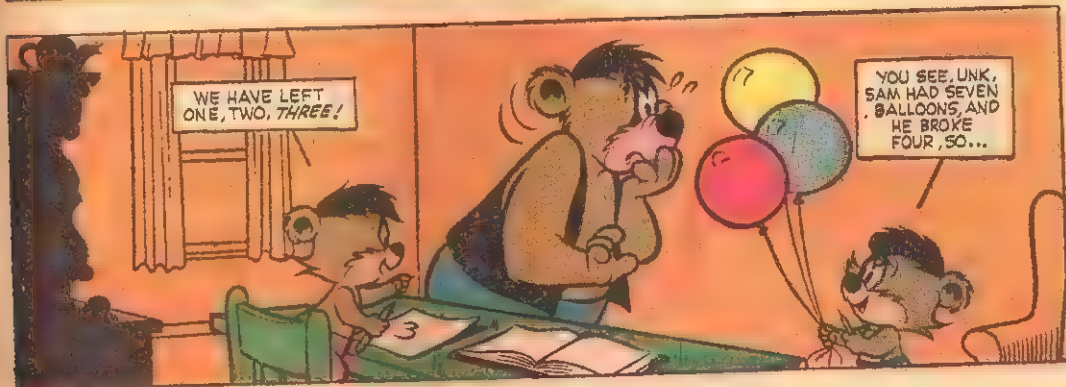
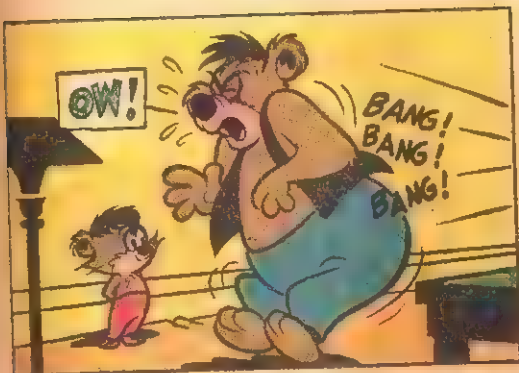
Fuzzy
and Wuzzy

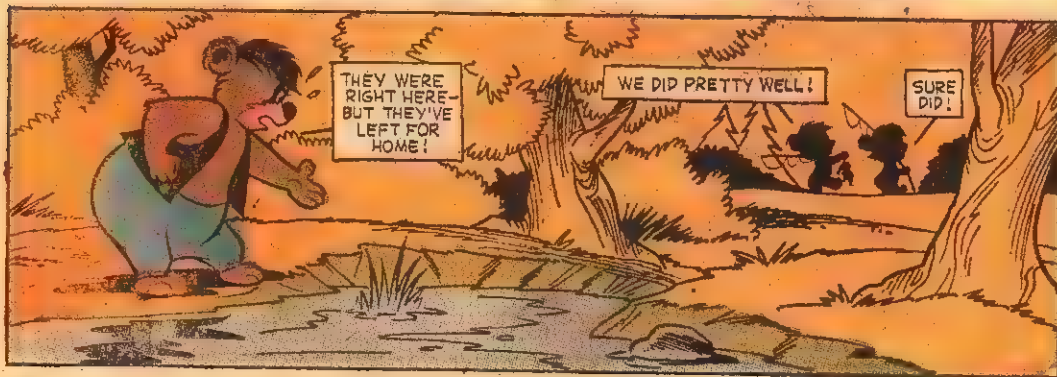
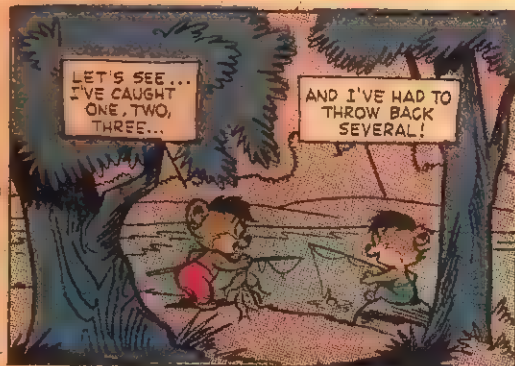
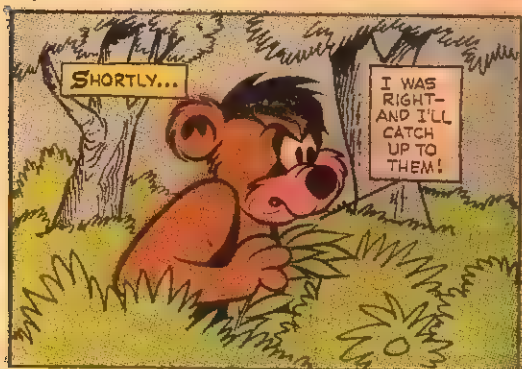
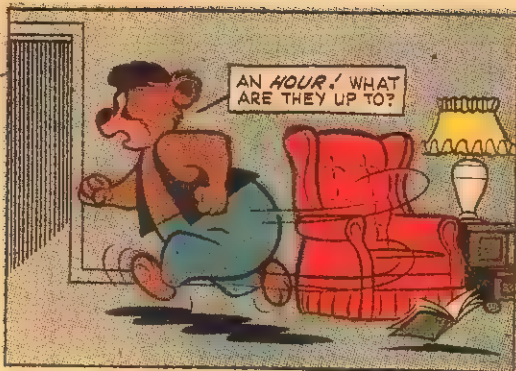
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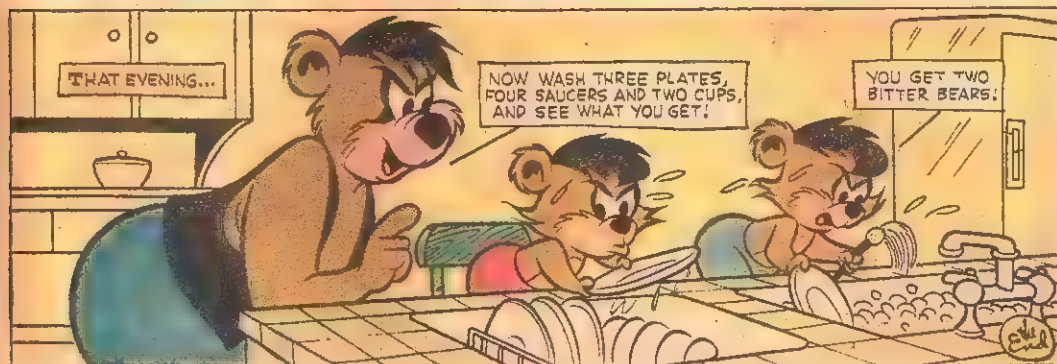
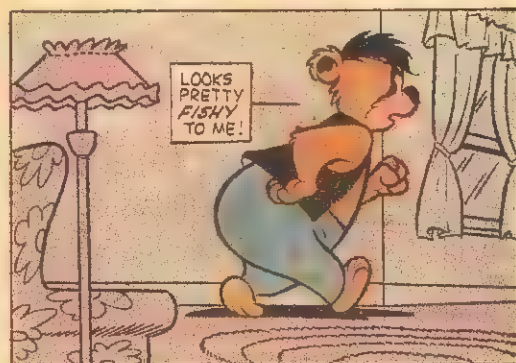
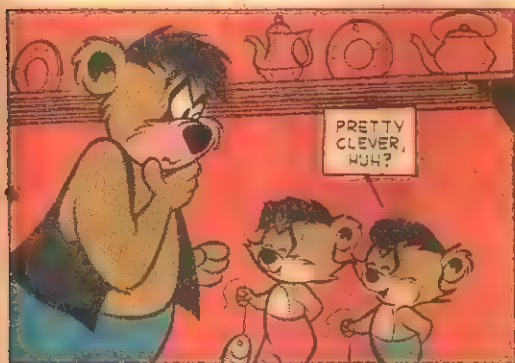
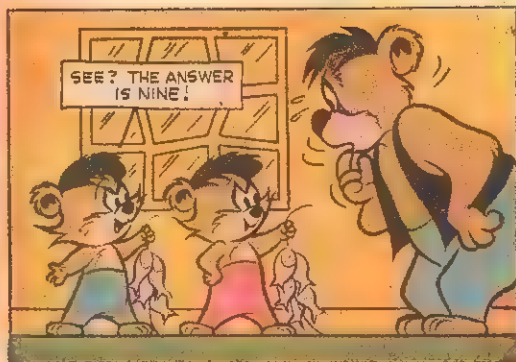
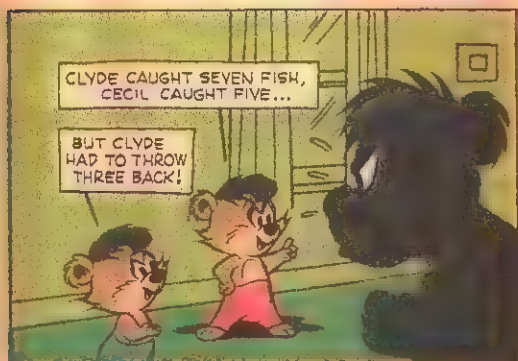
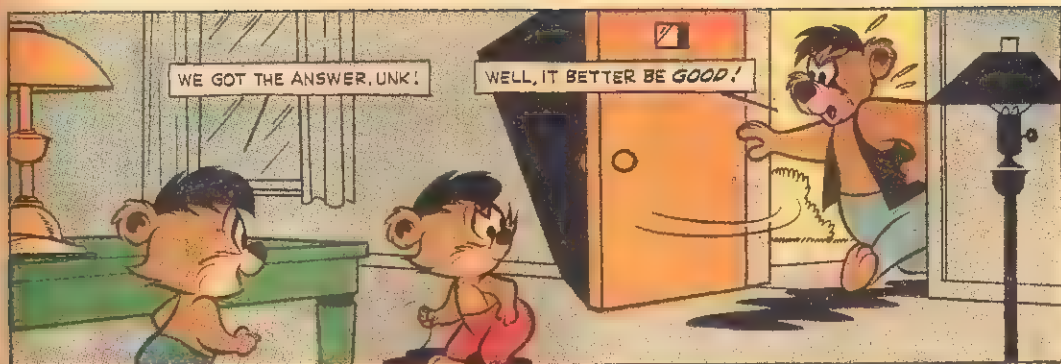


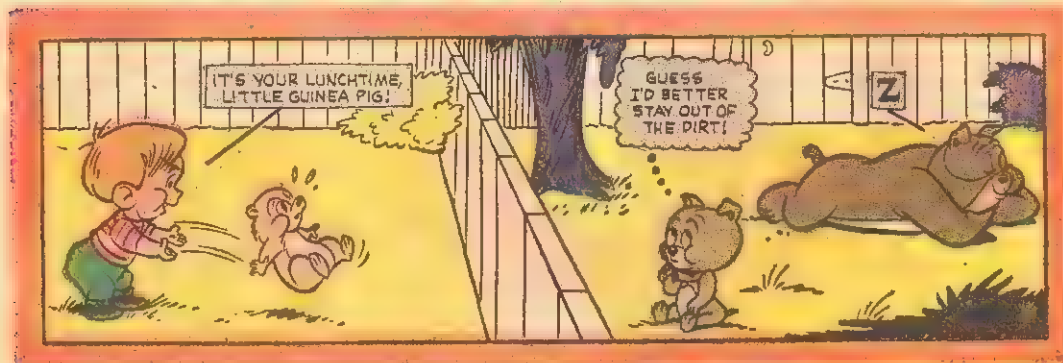
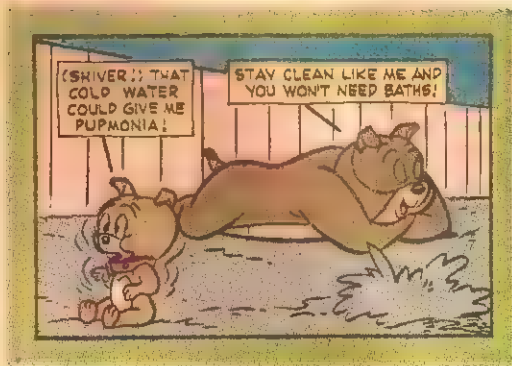
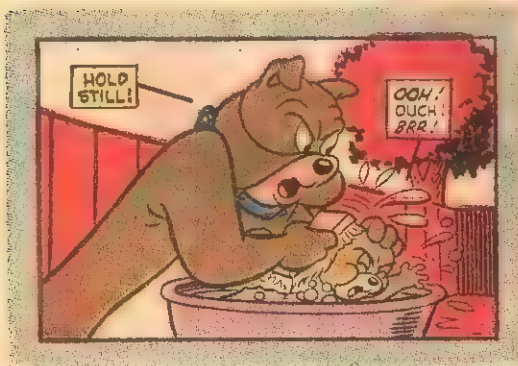
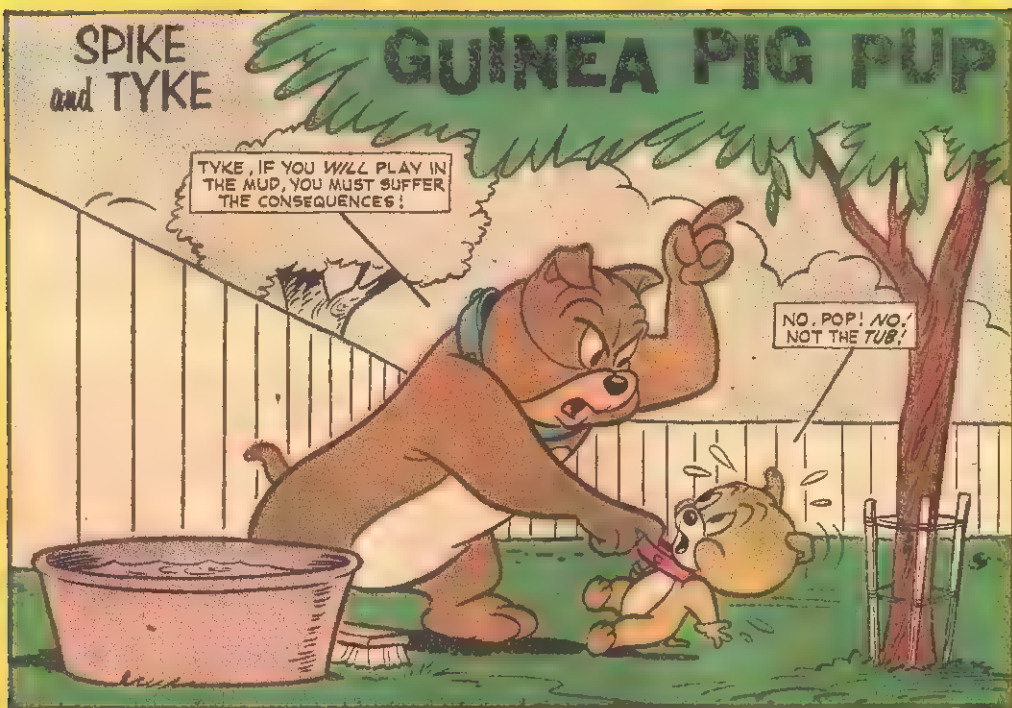


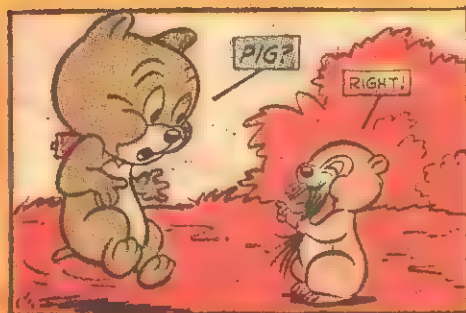
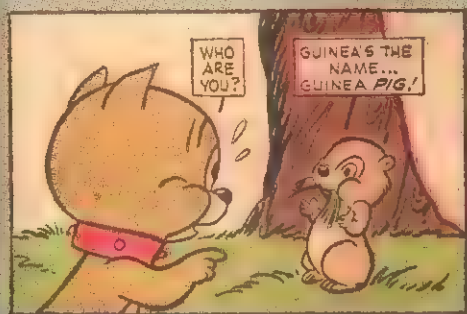
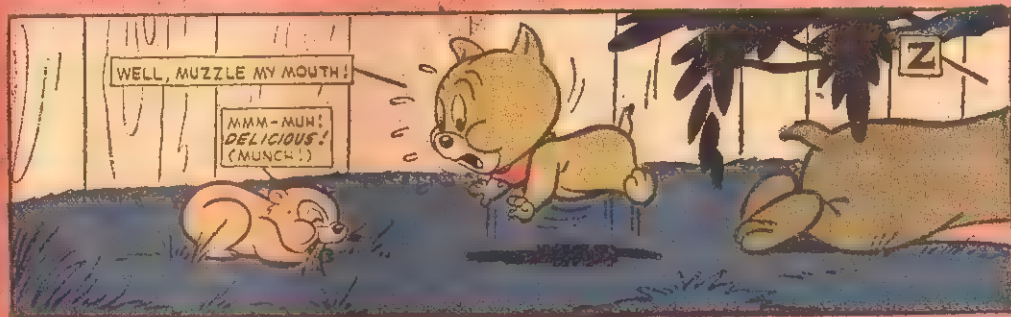
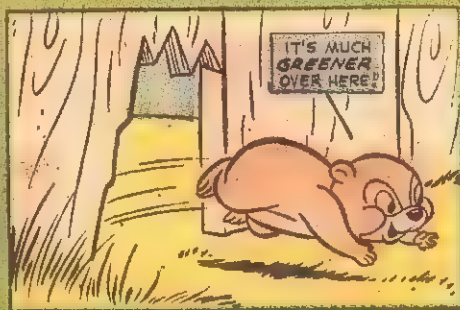
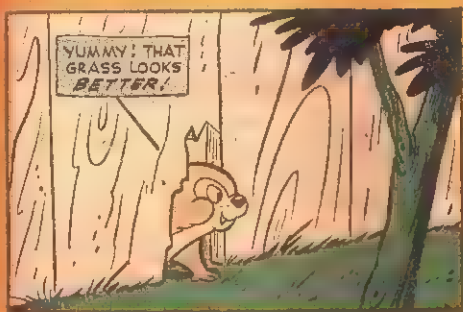
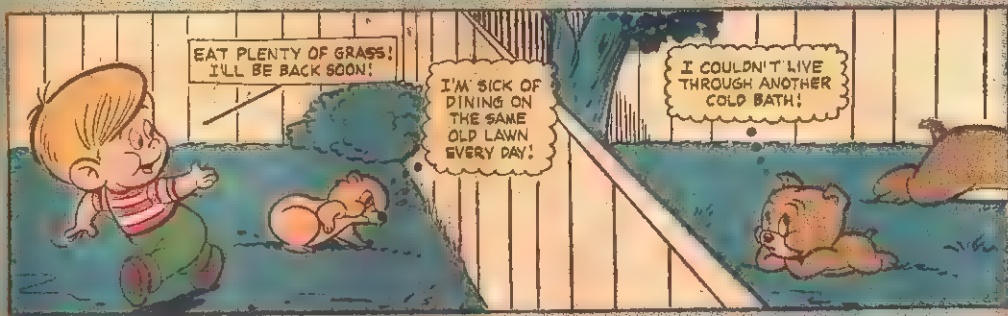


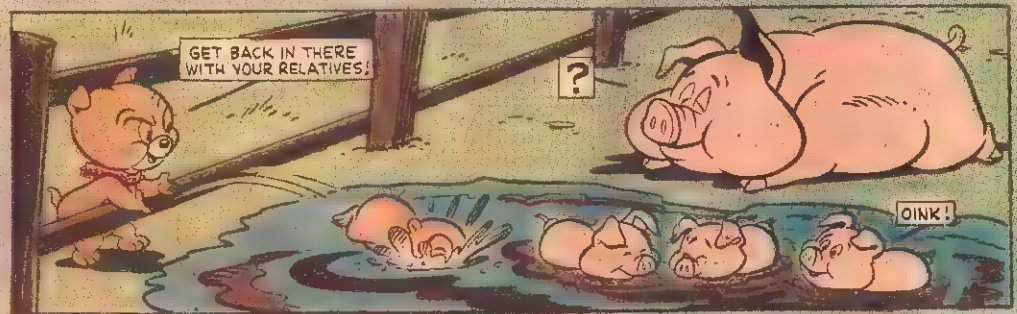
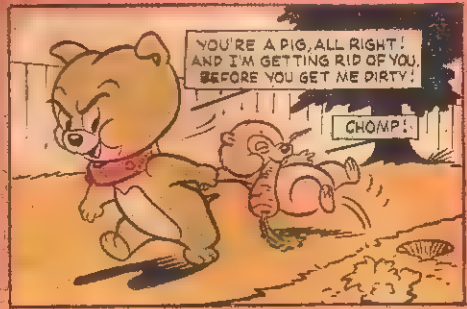
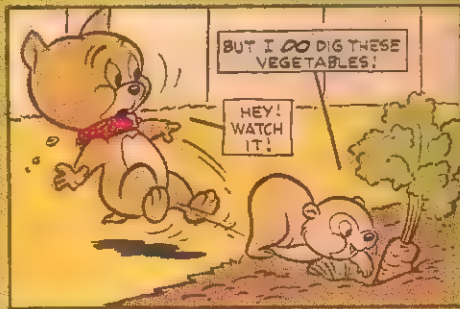
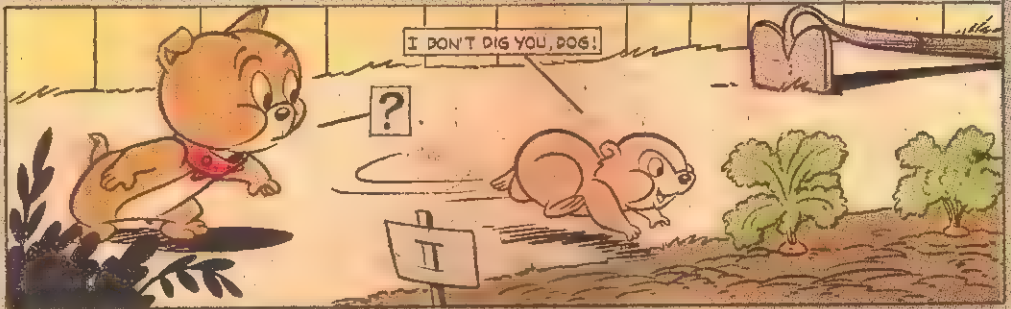
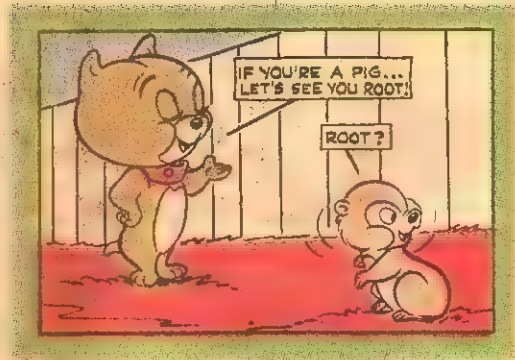
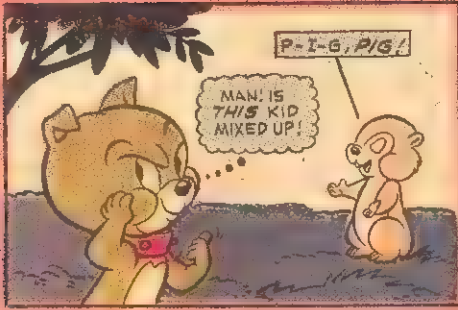


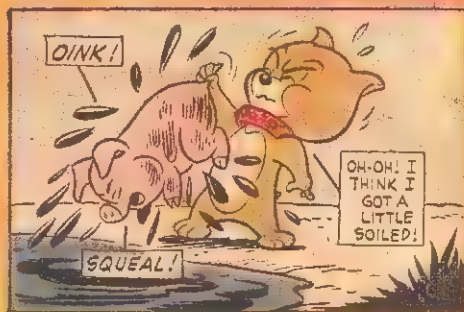
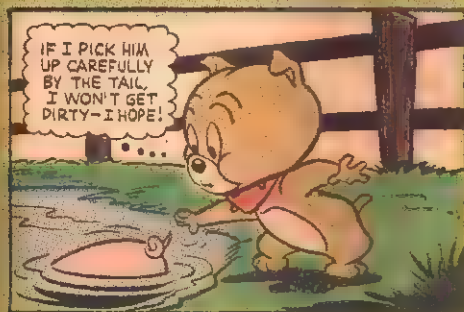
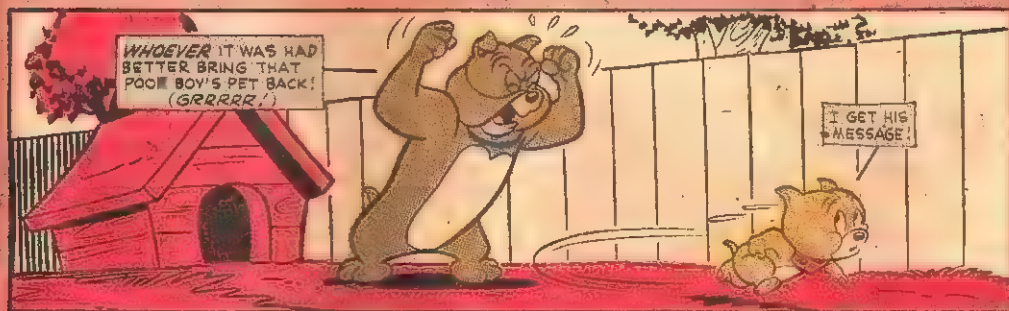
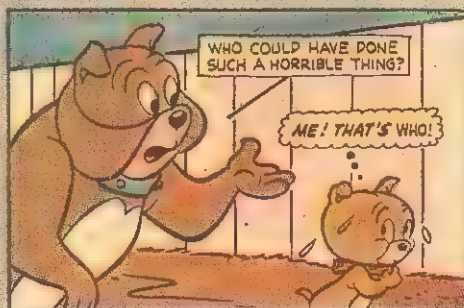
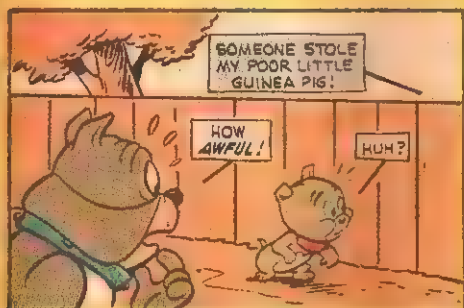
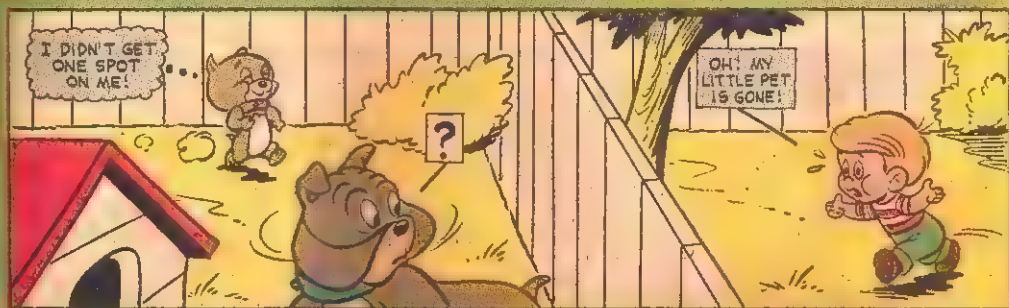


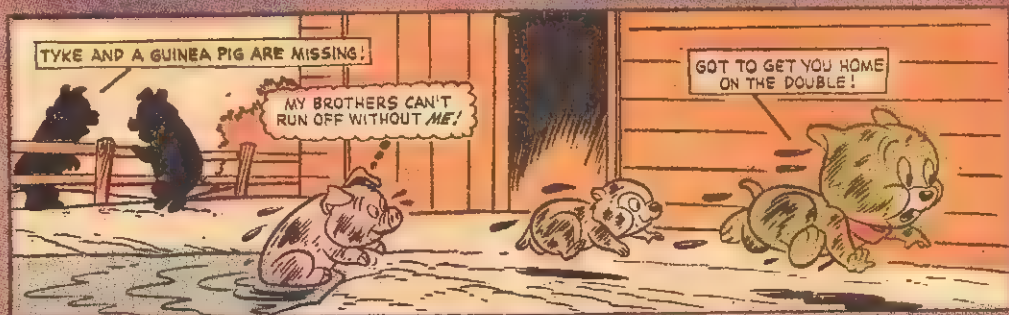
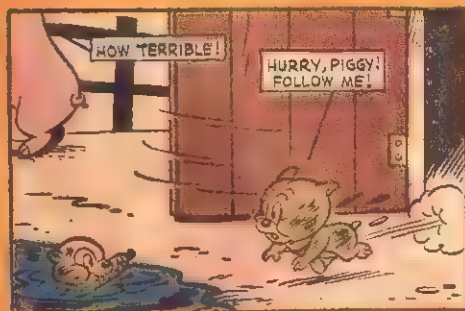
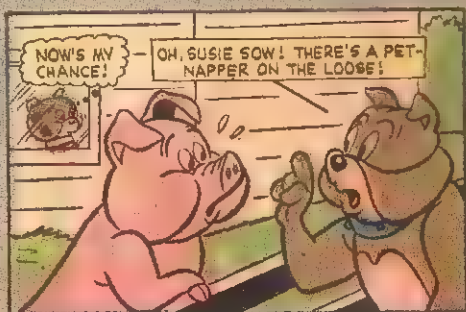
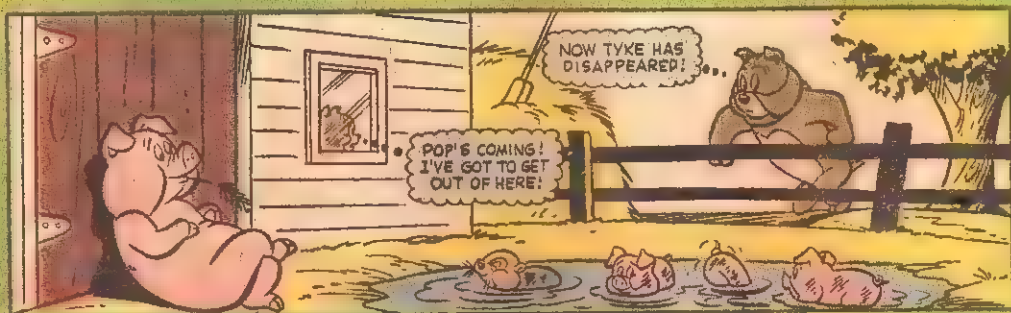
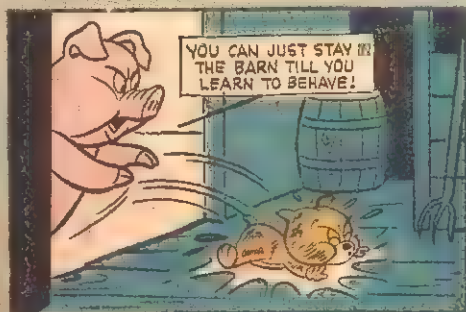
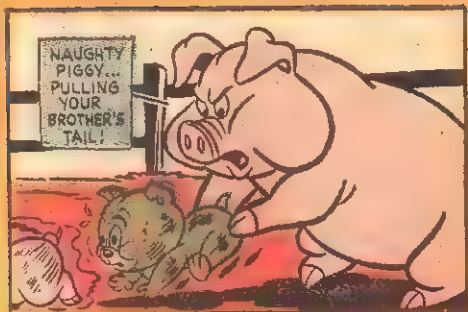


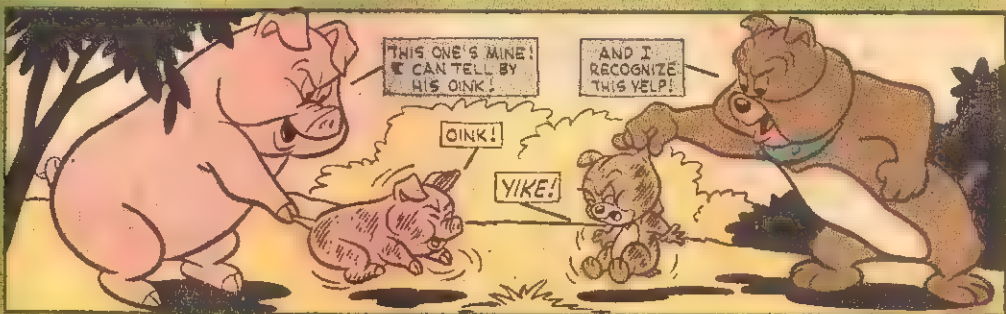
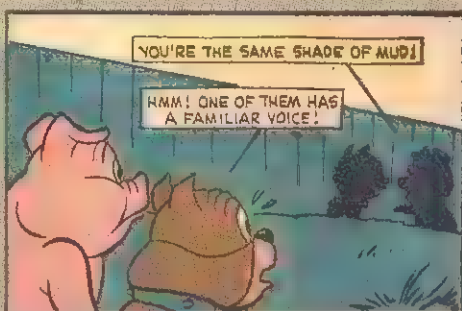
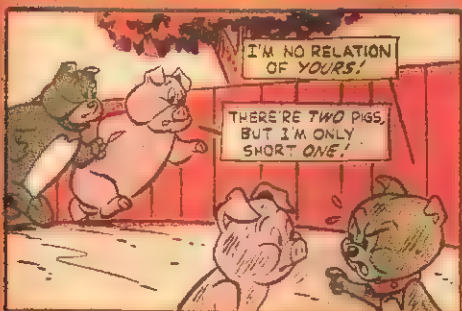
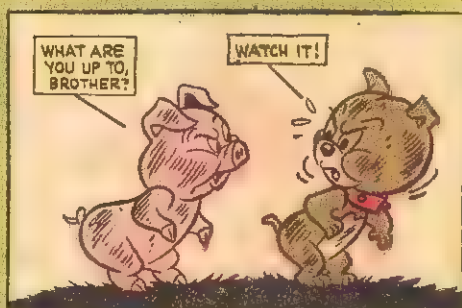
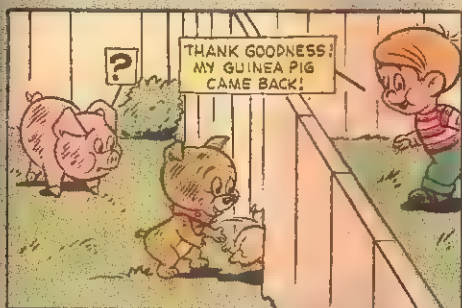
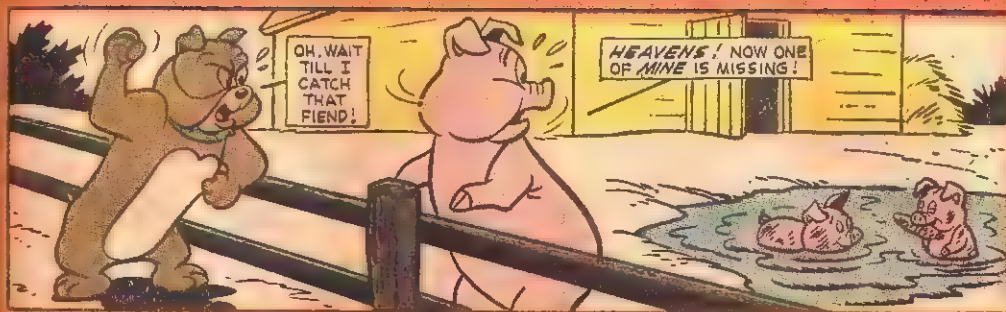


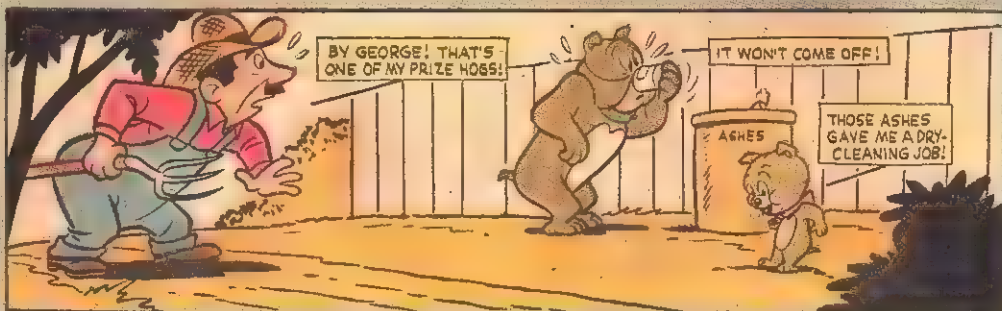
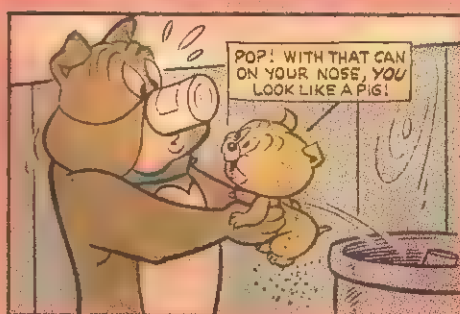
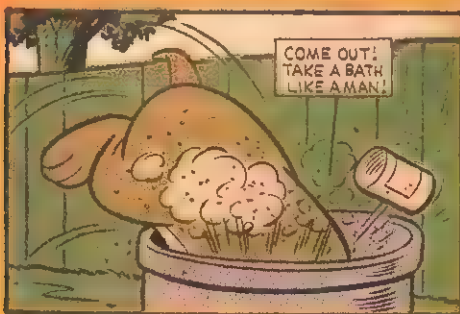
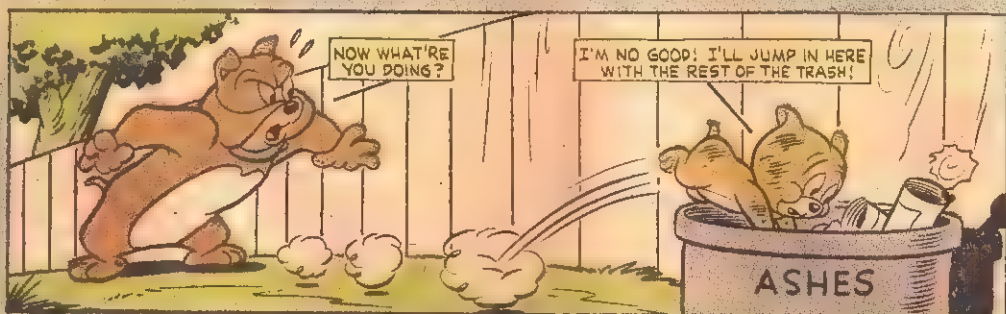
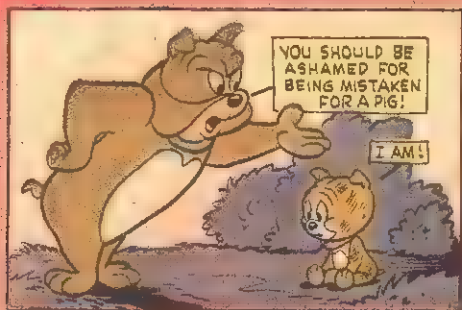


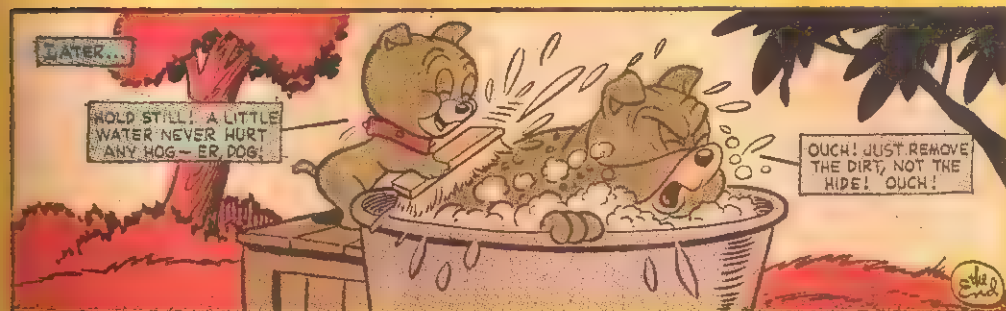
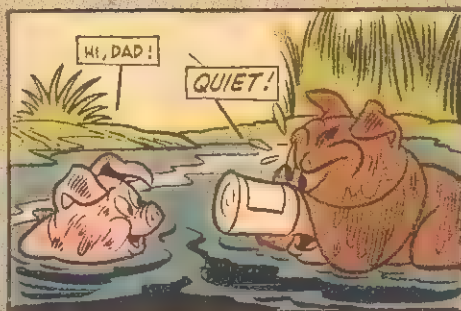
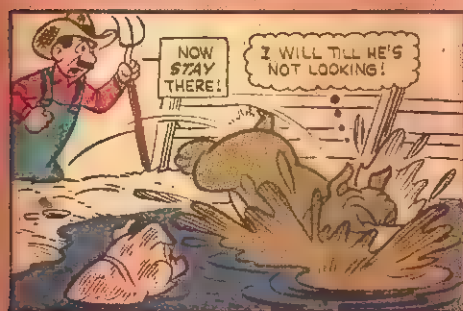
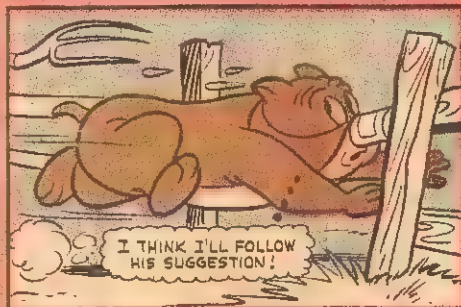
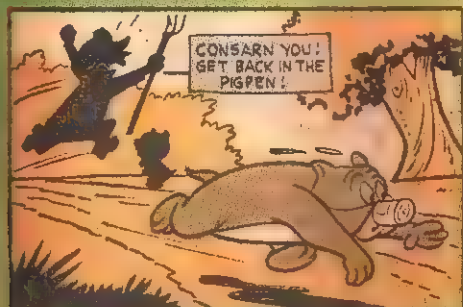
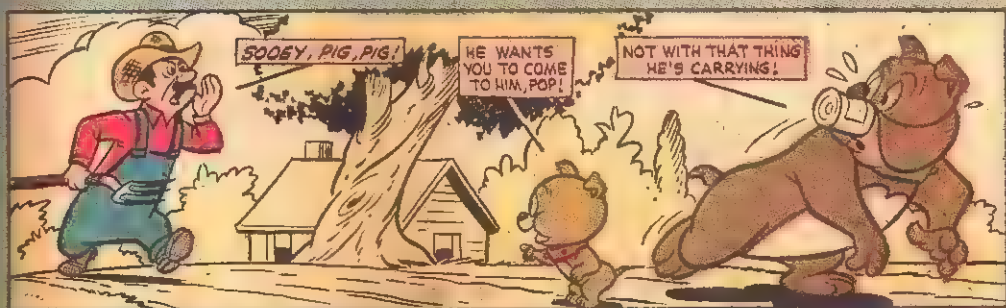




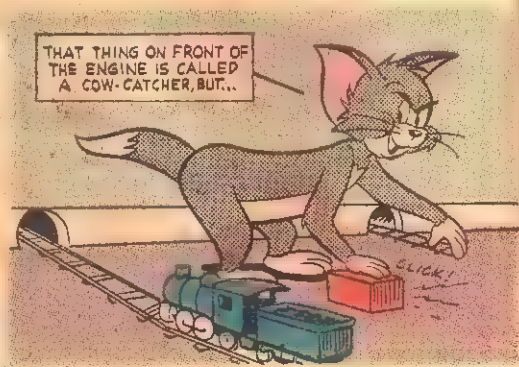
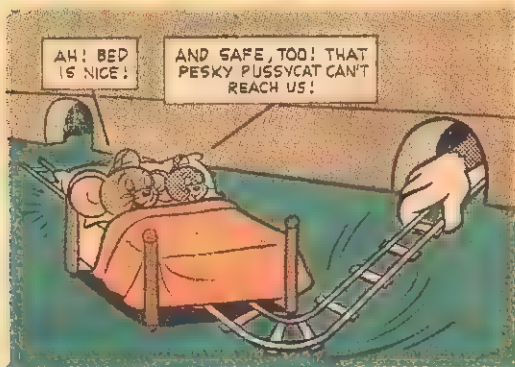
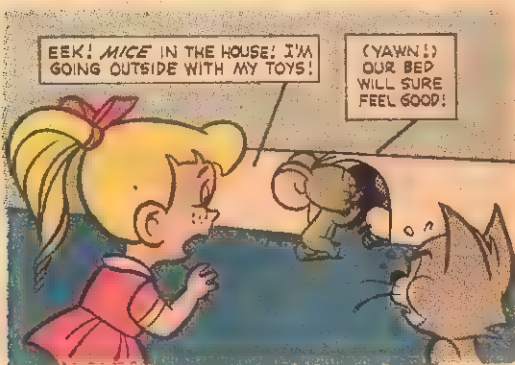
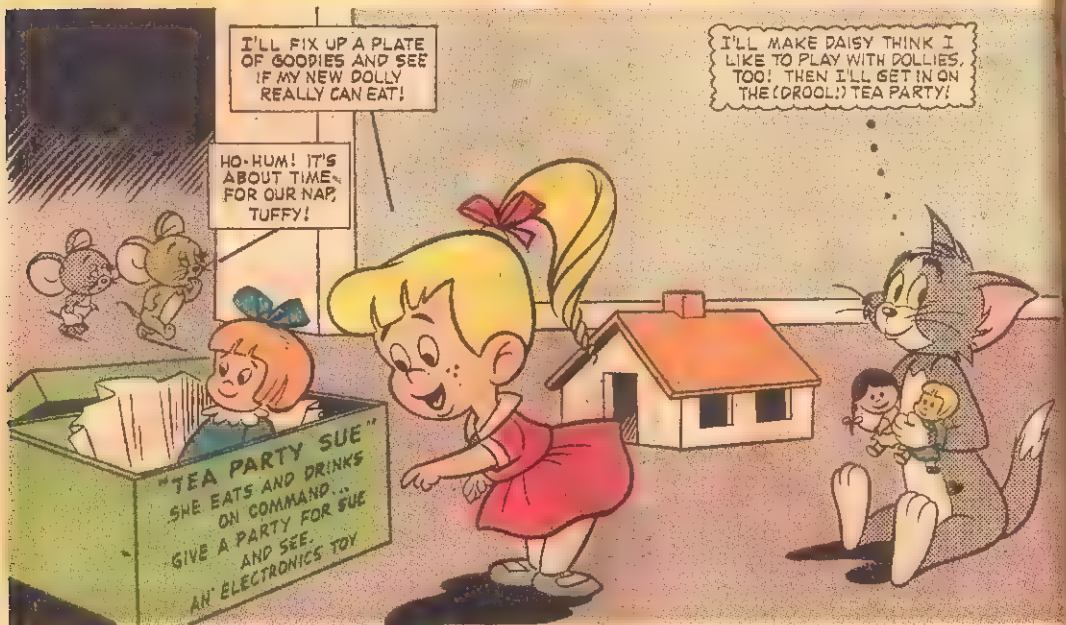


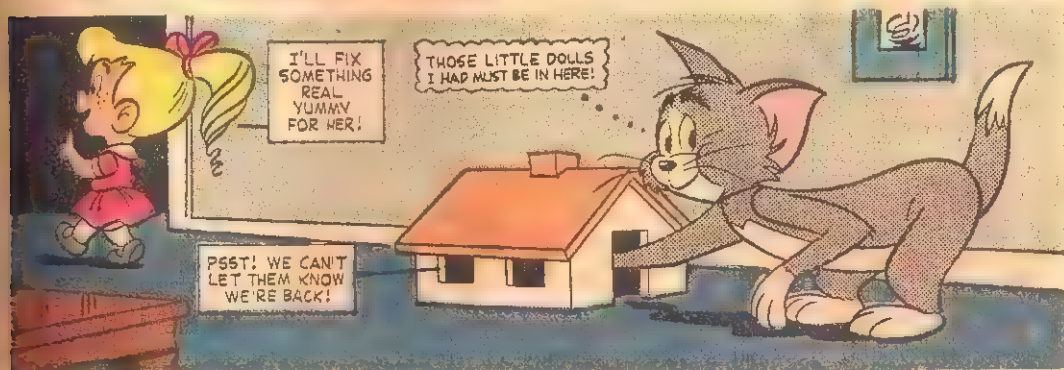
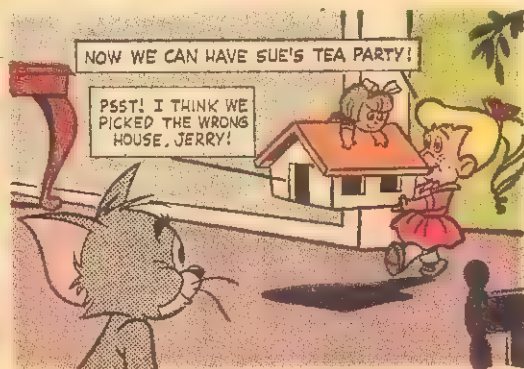
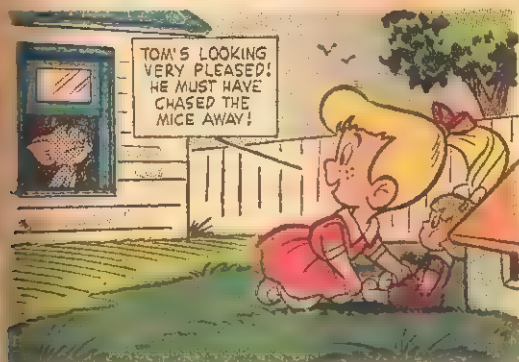
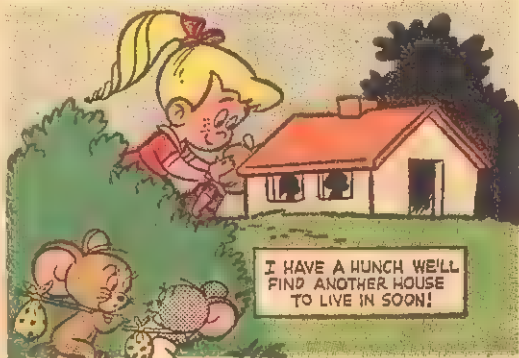
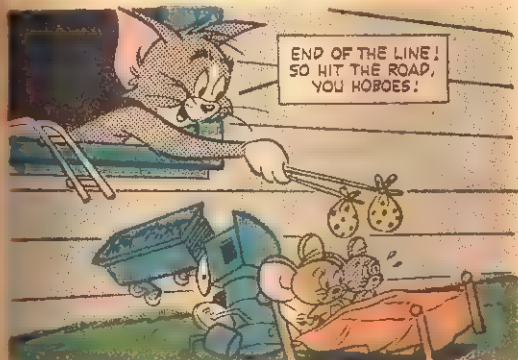
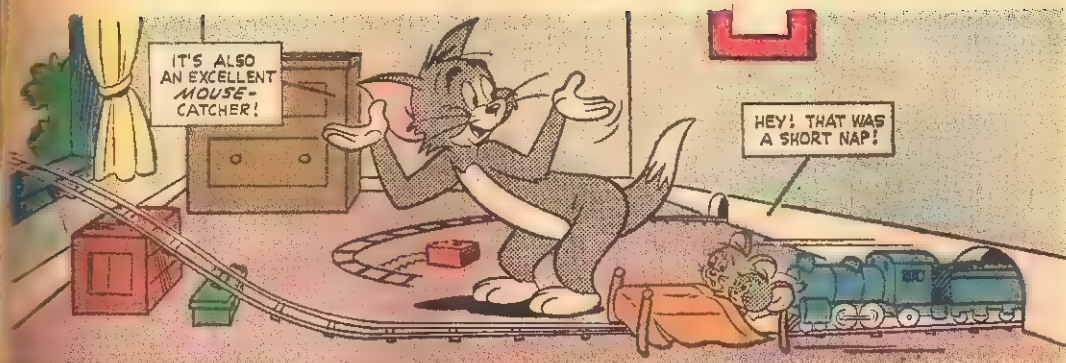


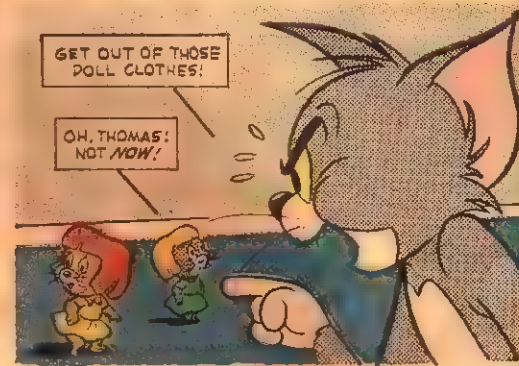
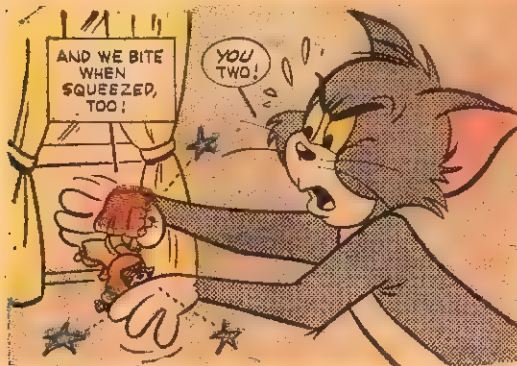
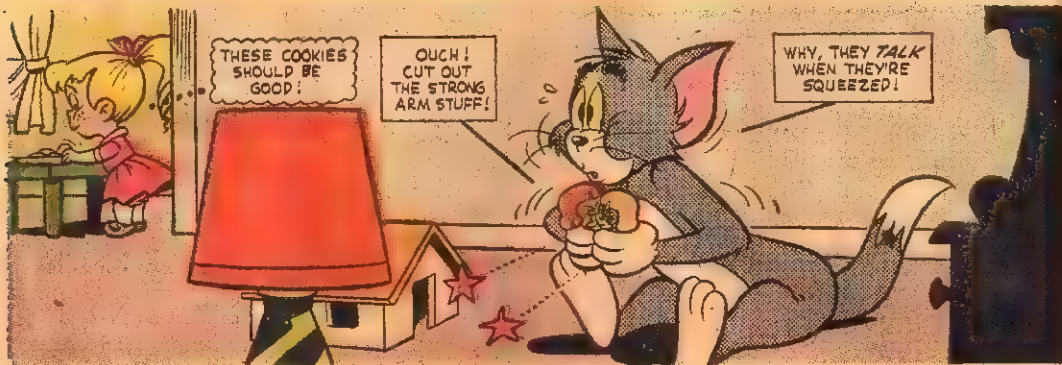
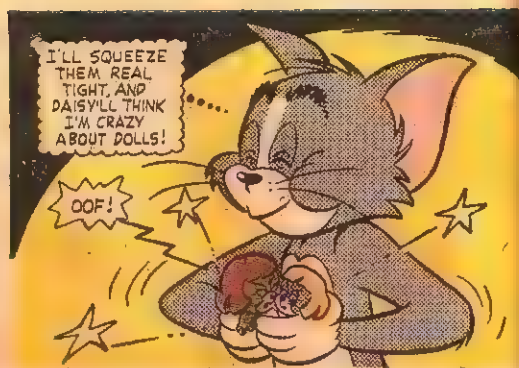
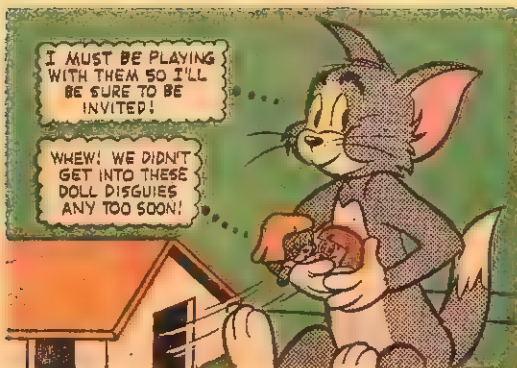


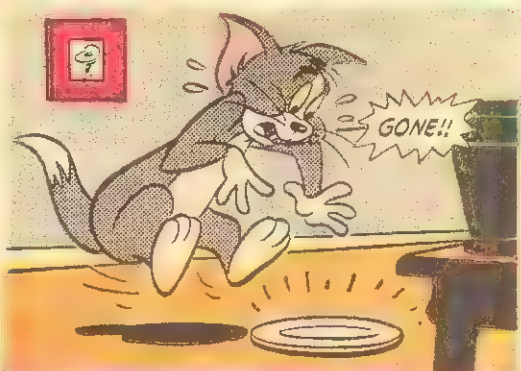
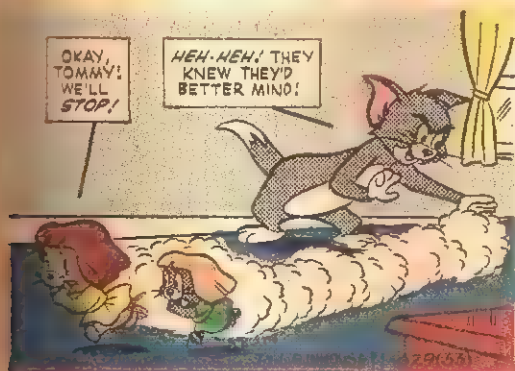
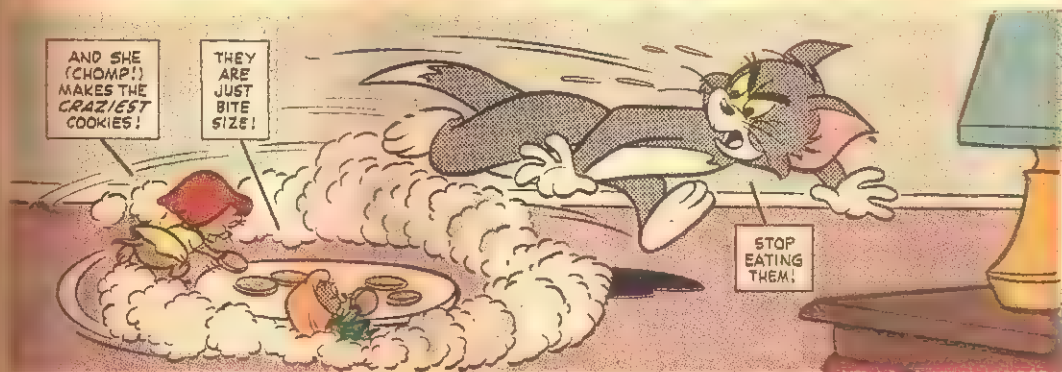
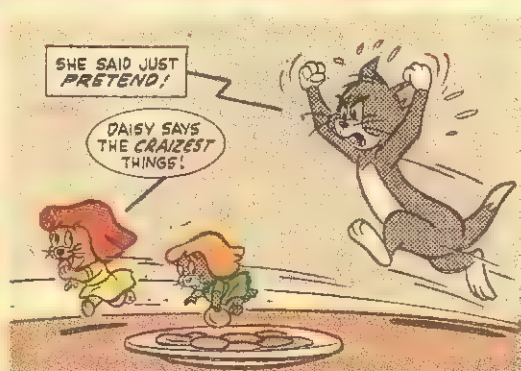
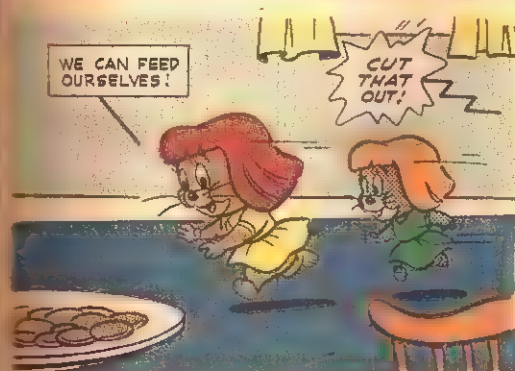
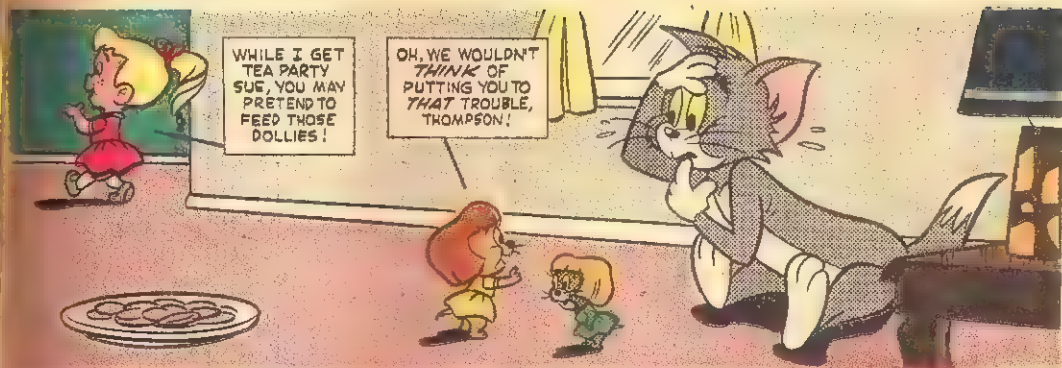


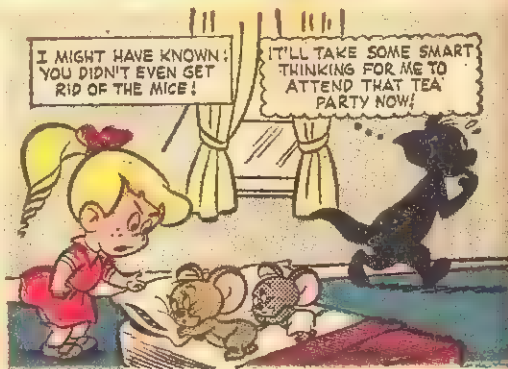
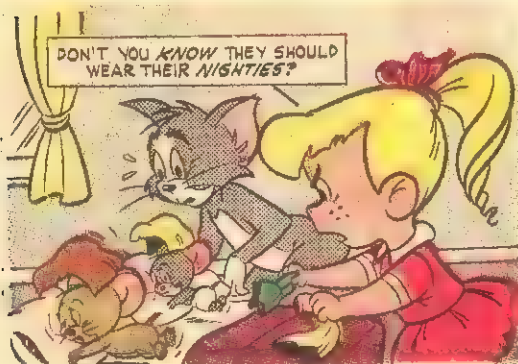
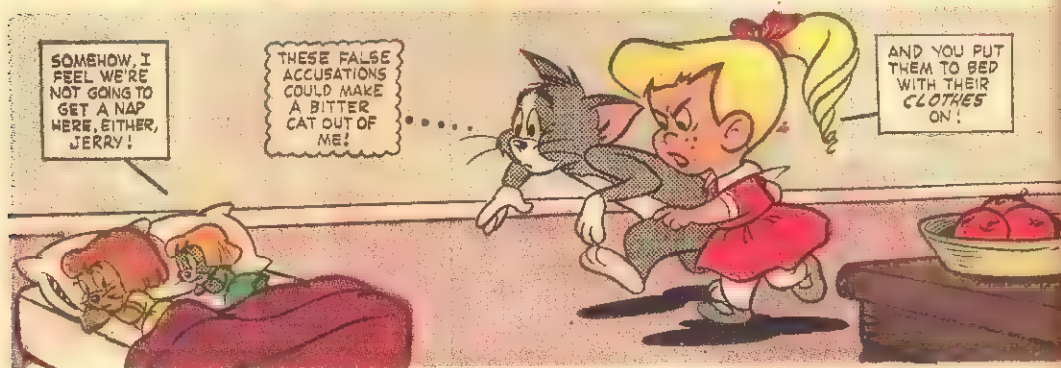
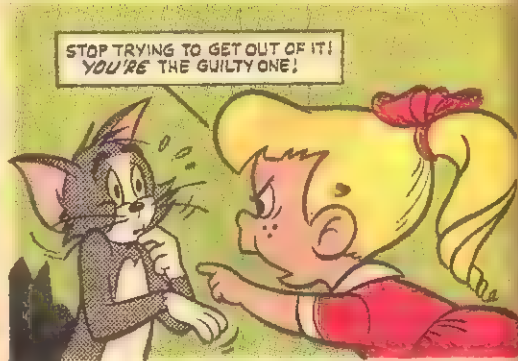
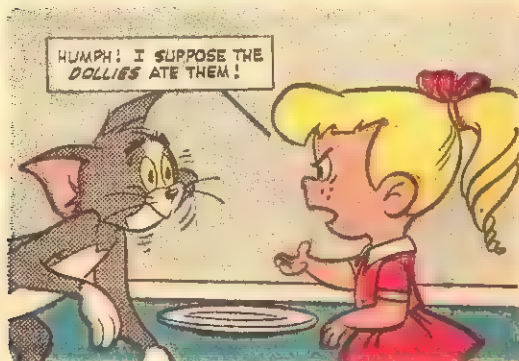
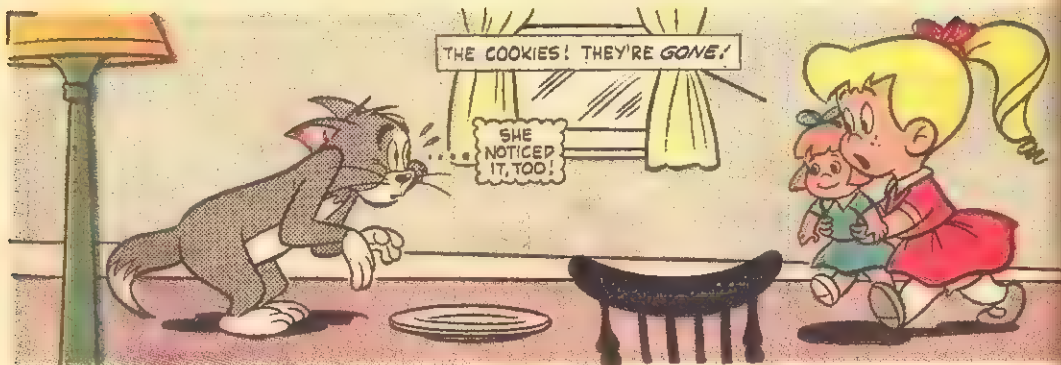
TOM and JERRY TEA FOR TOO MANY

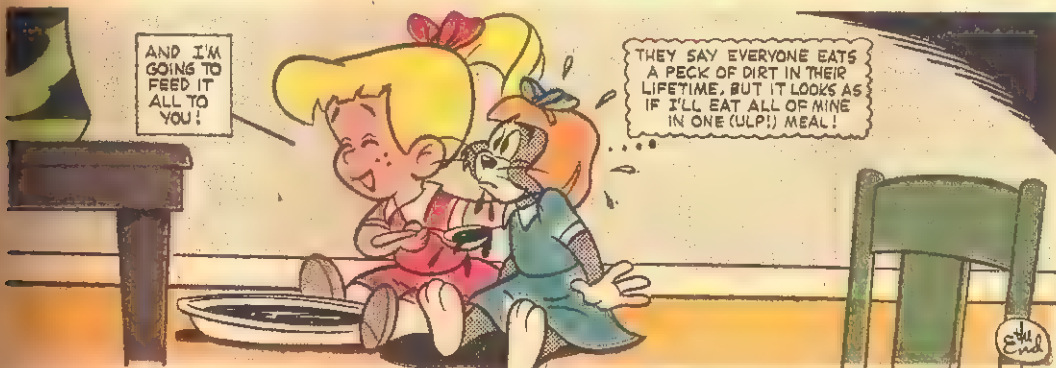
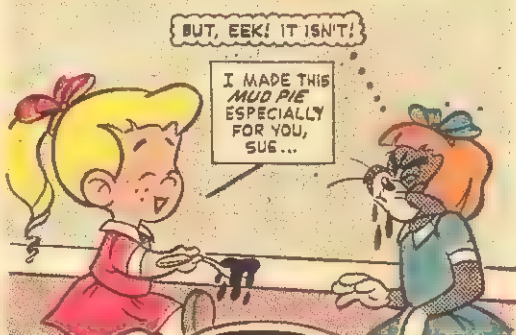
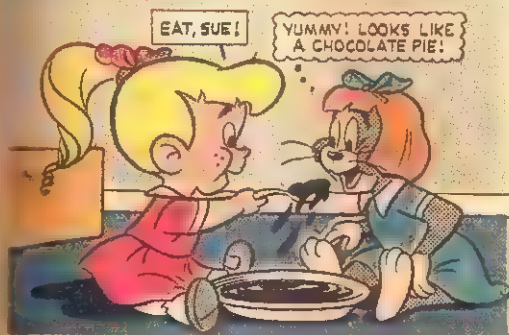
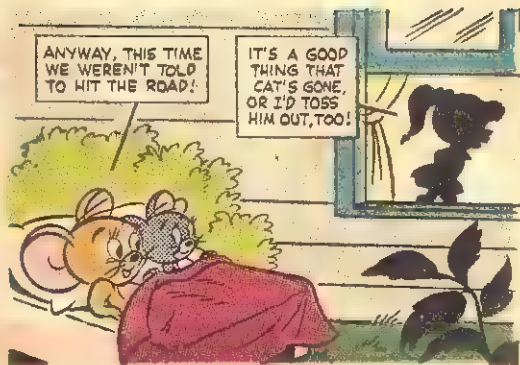
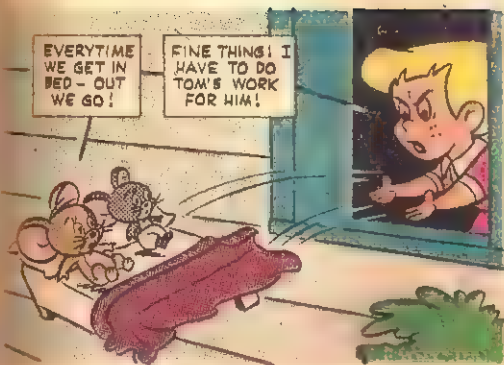












THE STRING SAVER



As Bertie Bird flew back to his nest in the big tree in Apple Tree Lane, he carried a bright piece of string with him.

"If you bring that piece of string into our nest, Bertie Bird, there won't be any room for us," Billie scolded his brother.

"I can't help it if I'm a string saver," replied Bertie. "Besides, it will come in handy some day, you just wait and see."

"I won't wait to see," Billie chirped angrily. "You're cleaning this nest out and I mean right now."

"All right. Don't ruffle your feathers," Bertie retorted. Then looking sadly at his colorful string collection he added, "I sure hate to do it though. That red piece was a part of a scarf that got caught in the big cedar tree. And this piece was from a kite that got tangled on the telephone wires."

"I know all that, but we need the space more than we need that wad of string," Billie firmly stated. "Now get rid of it."

Bertie worked hard disposing of the bits of string. He was on his way back to the nest for the last piece, when he became aware of a frightened chirping coming from the cedar tree across the way.

"Sounds like something's wrong at Mrs. Robin's home," Billie said. "We'd better hurry over and see what's going on."

Away they flew, and as they neared the cedar tree, the anxious chirping changed to a terrified cry for help.

"We're coming," cried the two little blue-birds, hoping to ease Mrs. Robin's worry.

Mrs. Robin was hovering over her nest, her wings fluttering in distress.

"What shall I do?" she twittered. "My nest is giving away and my beautiful babies are about to fall through its weakened bottom.

Oh, Bertie! Oh, Billie! Can you help me?"

Bertie flew around the nest once, carefully checking all the points of stress. It was clear that if the nest was not reinforced, it would fall apart under the weight of the three baby birds.

"We'll do everything we can," Billie replied assuringly. "I'm sure we'll be able to do something to help."

"I've got it!" chirped Bertie. "We'll tie the nest together with my string."

"But, Bertie, I made you get rid of all the string. Now what will we do?" sighed Billie, as Mrs. Robin waited anxiously.

"Don't worry, Billie. I took it out of our nest, but I didn't get rid of it. I hid it in the old hollow tree. You stay here and try to help Mrs. Robin hold the nest; and I'll be right back," Bertie replied.

It seemed to Mrs. Robin that Bertie was gone for hours, but it was only a few minutes before he returned, bringing with him two long pieces of stout string. He and Billie lost no time getting to work. They looped the string in and out, between and under the twigs. Then they tied it securely so it would hold the weight of Mrs. Robin's growing babies. Bertie and Billie made one more trip back to the hollow tree and returned with enough string to completely reinforce the whole nest.

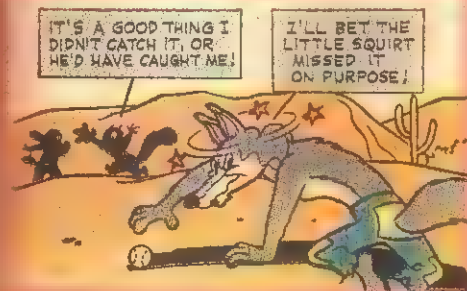
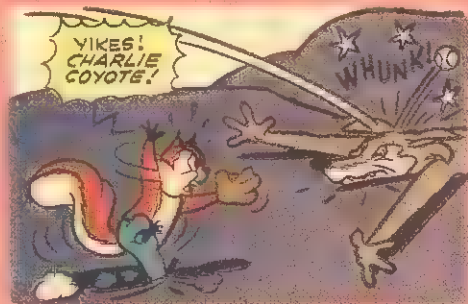
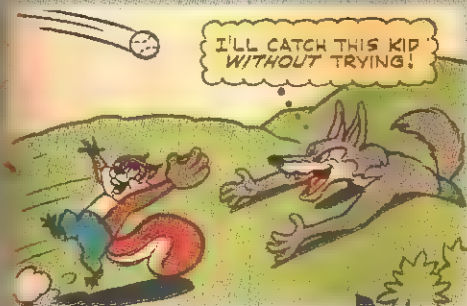
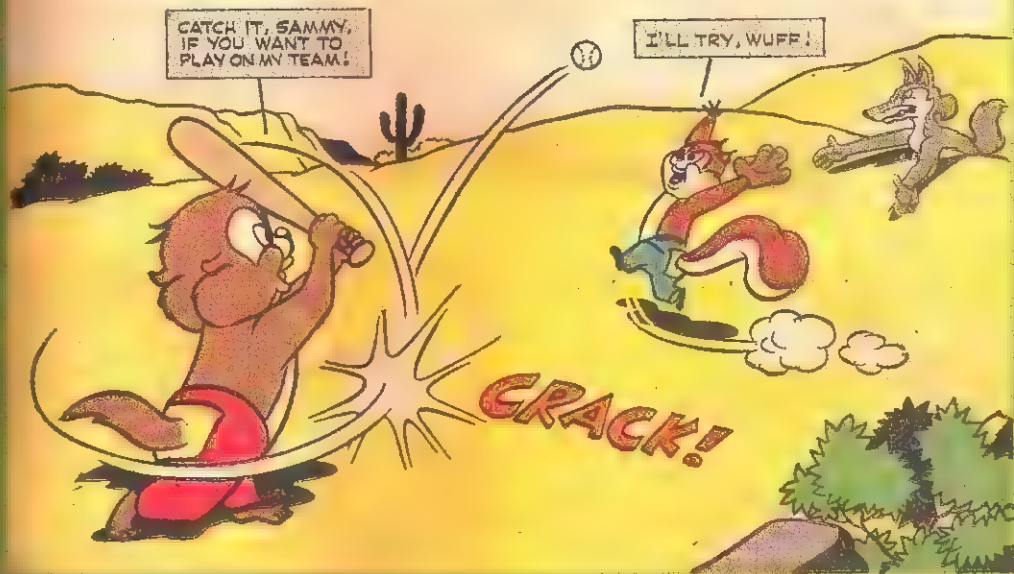
"Oh, thank you, thank you," Mrs. Robin chirped happily, as she settled down on her nest to keep her babies warm.

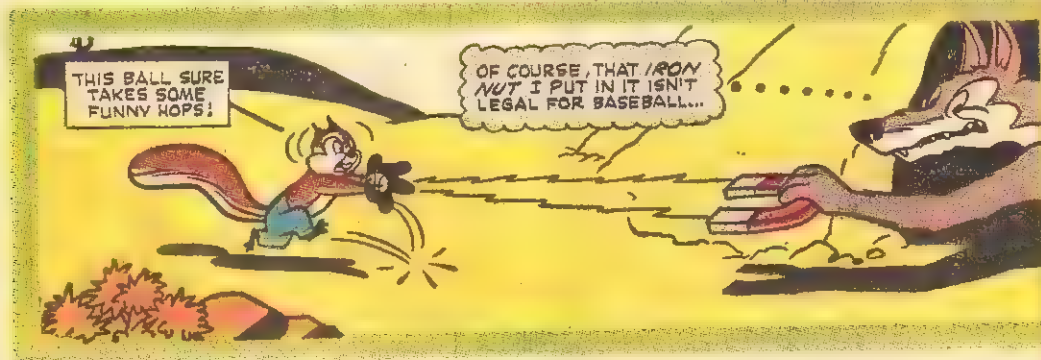
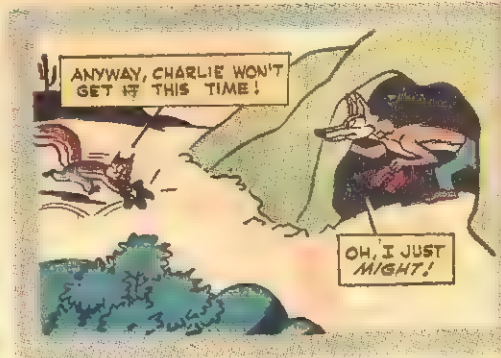
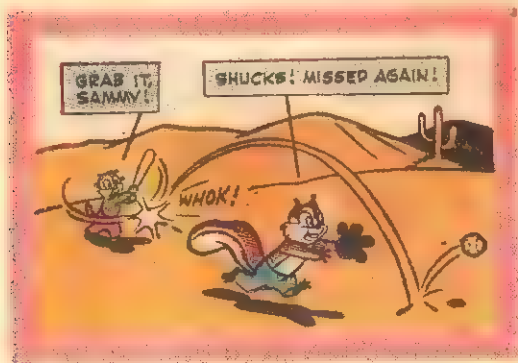
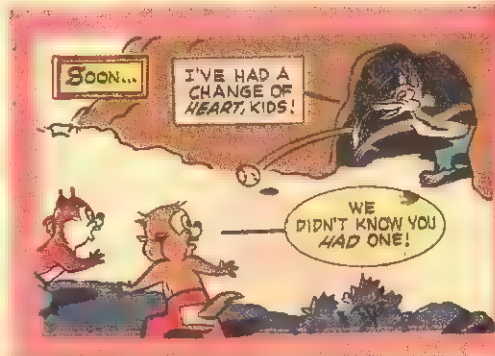
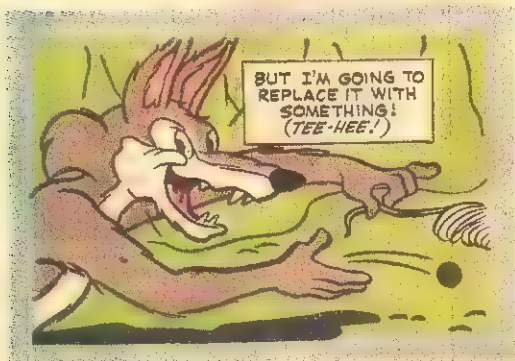
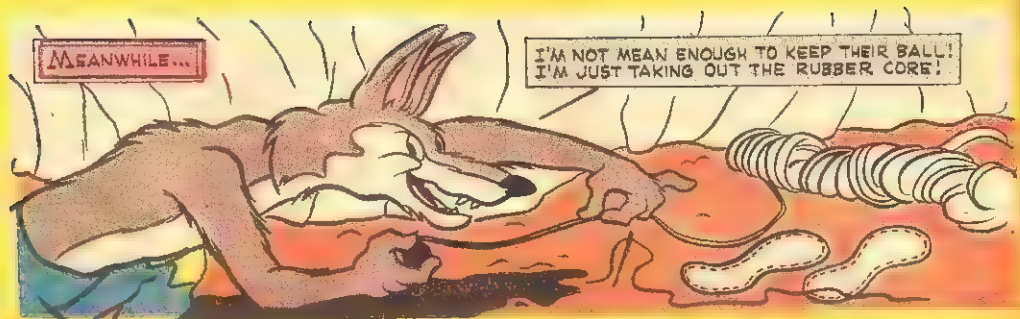
"I'm glad I could help," Billie replied. "It was Bertie's string that did the job."

"I told you that string would come in handy some day," Bertie said with glee, "but I never expected the same day to be here so soon. Just think...it came today."

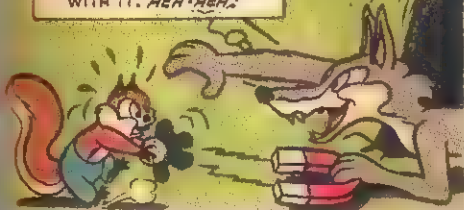
WUFF, the
Prairie Dog

HAVING A BALL

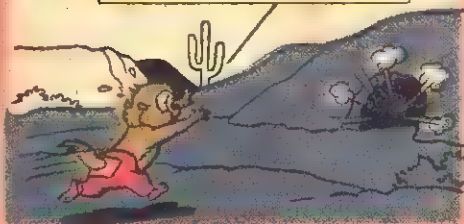




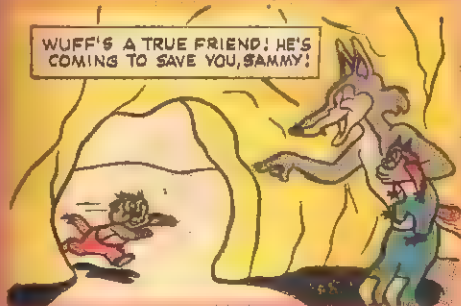
BUT THERE'S NOTHING IN
THE RULES AGAINST
CATCHING *SQUIRRELS*
WITH IT! HEH-HEH!



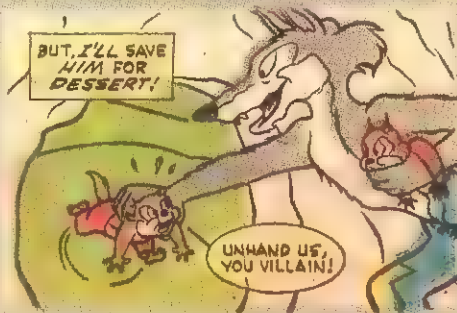
CHARLIE CAUGHT POOR SAMMY!
I MUST RESCUE HIM!



WUFF'S A TRUE FRIEND! HE'S
COMING TO SAVE YOU, SAMMY!



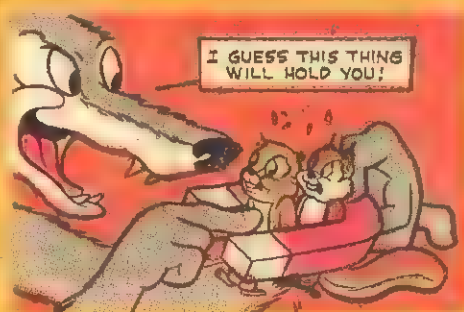
BUT, I'LL SAVE
HIM FOR
DESSERT!



SURE! I'LL UNHAND
YOU — I'M NOT A
BAD SORT!

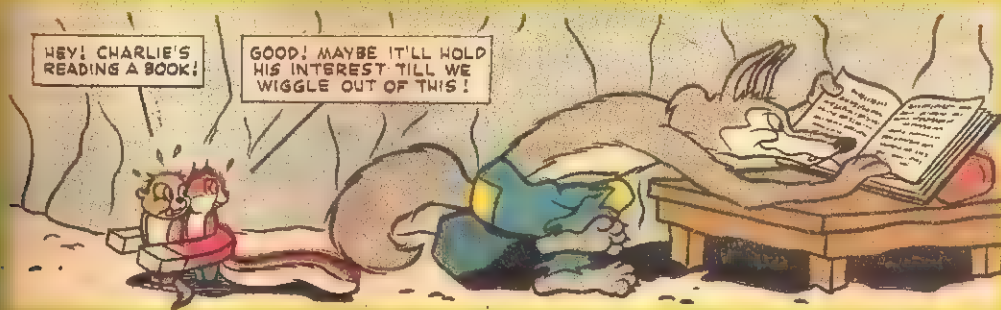


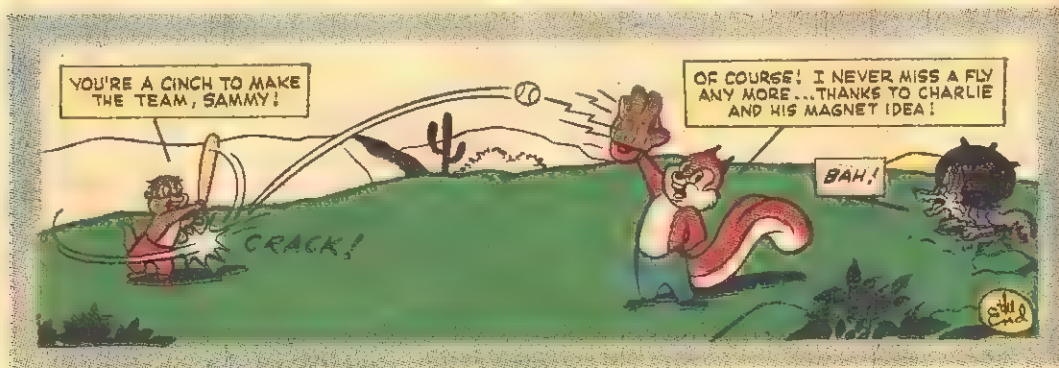
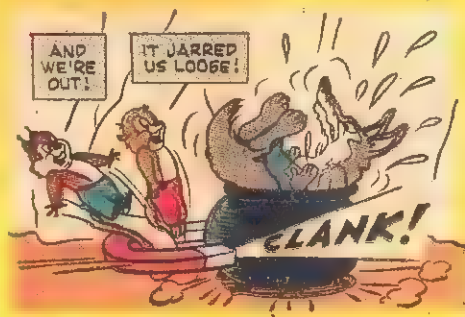
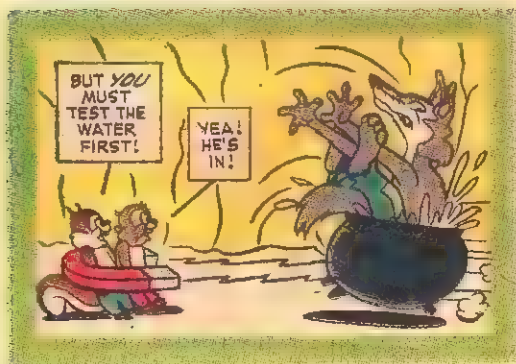
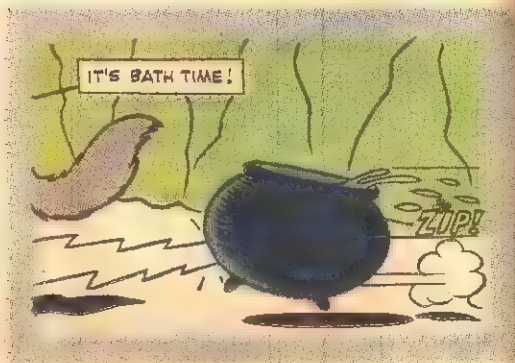
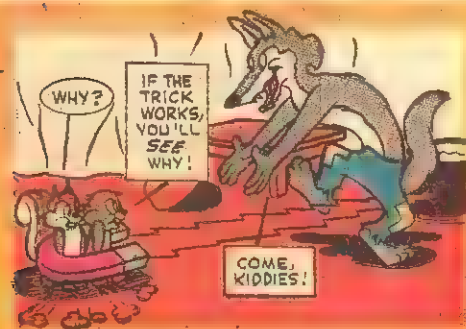
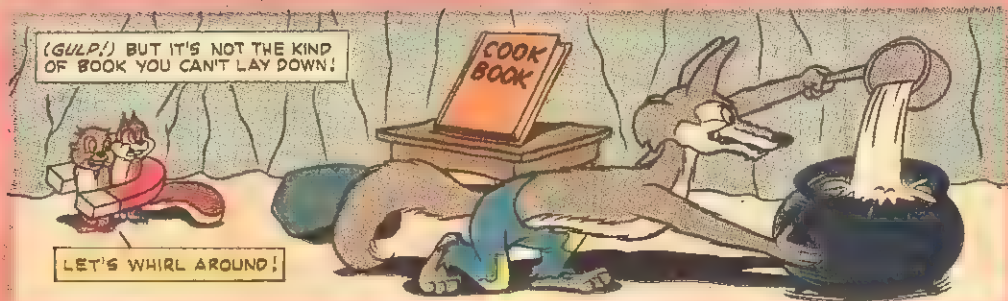
I GUESS THIS THING
WILL HOLD YOU!



HEY! CHARLIE'S
READING A BOOK!


GOOD! MAYBE IT'LL HOLD
HIS INTEREST TILL WE
WIGGLE OUT OF THIS!





SKREWY
the
SCREWBALL
SQUIRREL

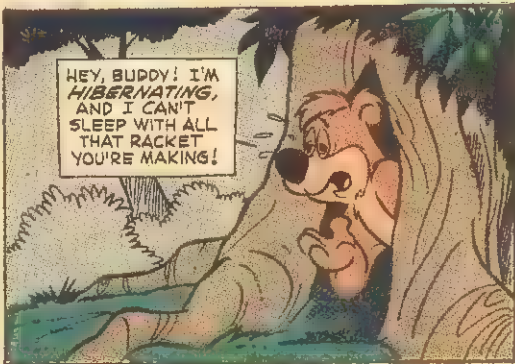
THE QUIET RIOT

A large illustration of Screwball Squirrel in a forest. He is standing on a tree stump, holding a nut in his paws. He has a large red bushy tail. The background shows trees and a sunset or sunrise sky.


I BETTER HURRY AND COLLECT
ENOUGH NUTS TO LAST ME THE
WINTER!

A smaller illustration of Screwball Squirrel sitting on the ground, holding a nut and singing. He is surrounded by trees and foliage.

OH HERE WE GO
GATHERING NUTS,
TRA-LA-LA-
NUTS-TRA-LA-
♪

An illustration of a bear hibernating in a cave. The bear is curled up and looking annoyed. A tree trunk is visible in the foreground.

HEY, BUDDY! I'M
HIBERNATING,
AND I CAN'T
SLEEP WITH ALL
THAT RACKET
YOU'RE MAKING!

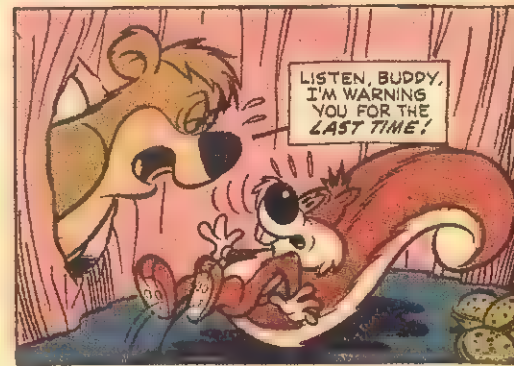
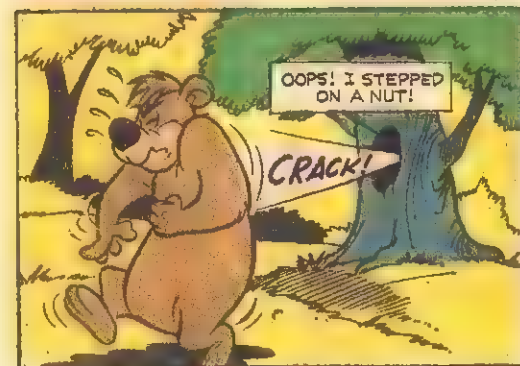
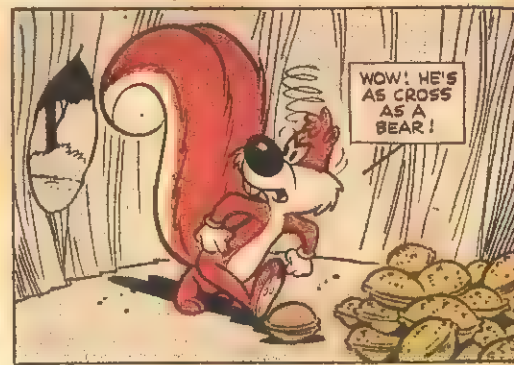
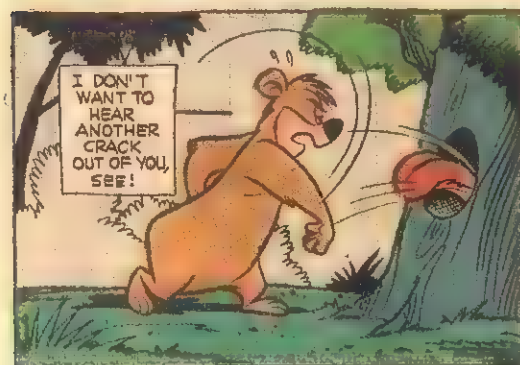
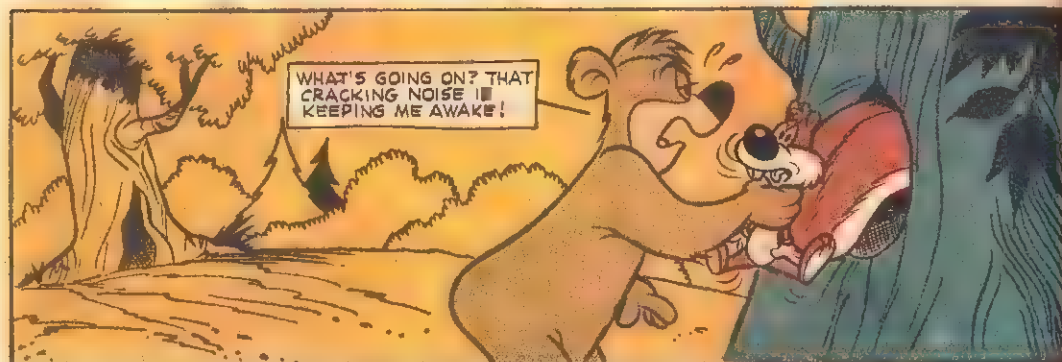
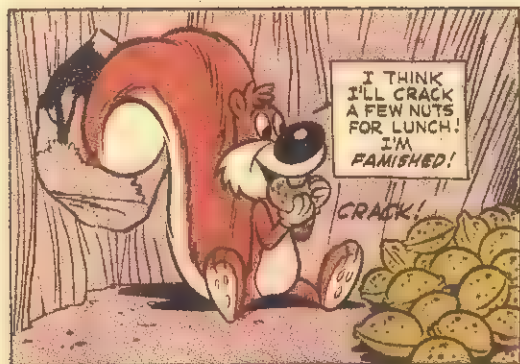
An illustration of Screwball Squirrel walking away from the cave, still holding a nut. The background shows a sunset or sunrise sky.

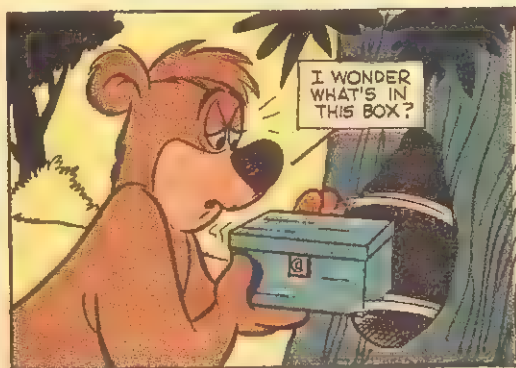
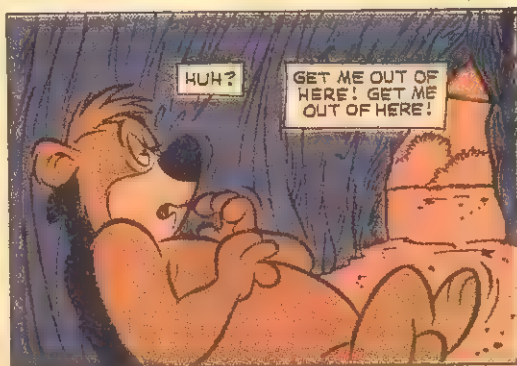
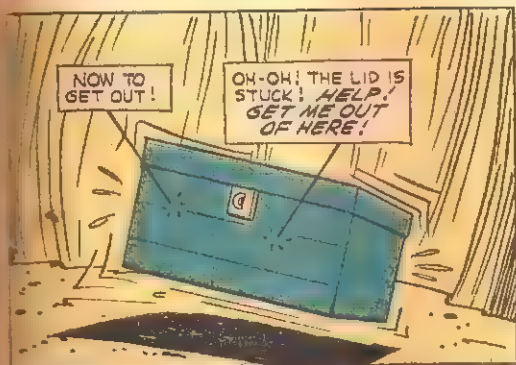
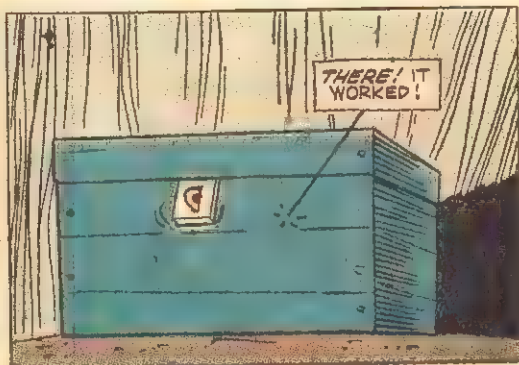
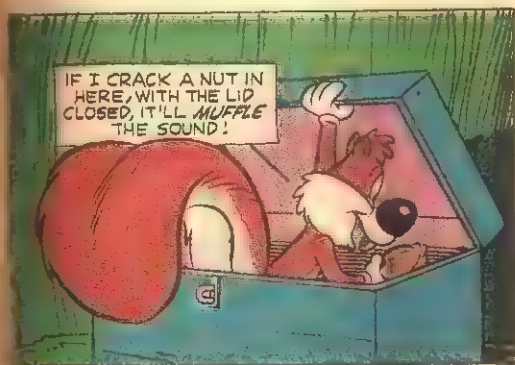
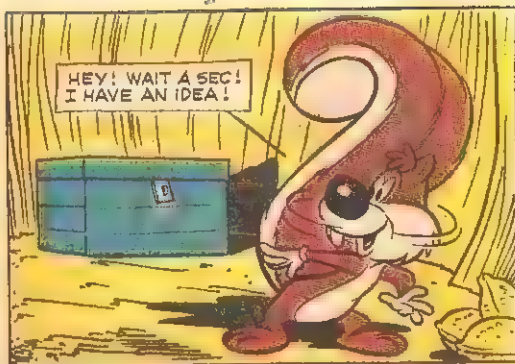
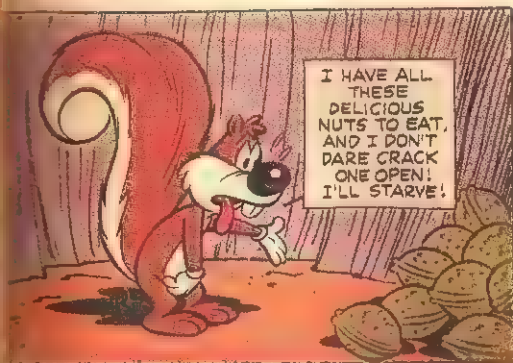
OH, I'M ALL THROUGH
GATHERING NUTS FOR
THE WINTER! YOU CAN
GO BACK TO SLEEP NOW!

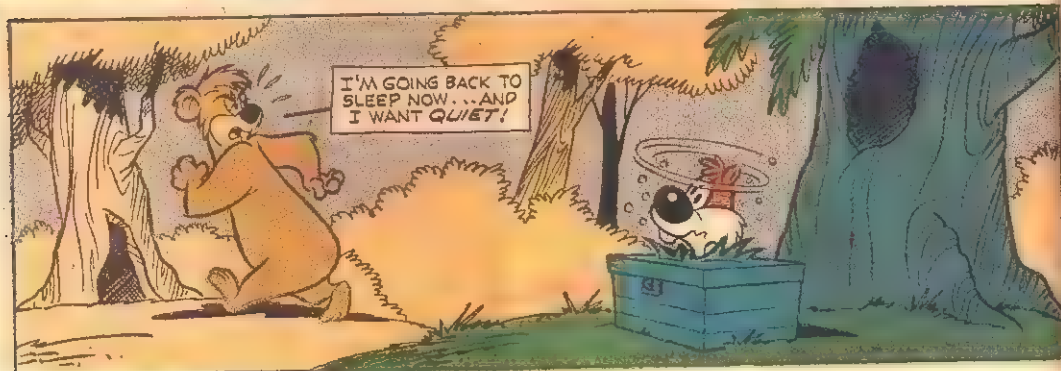
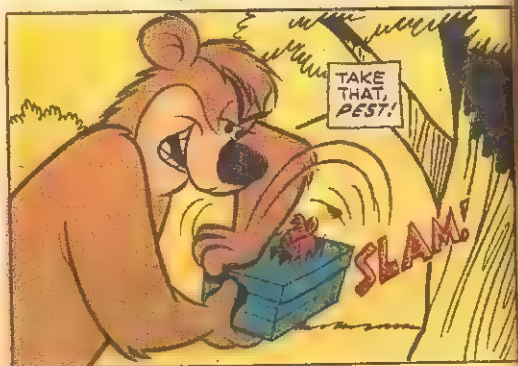
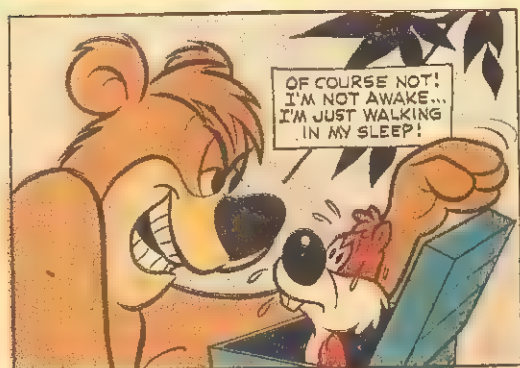
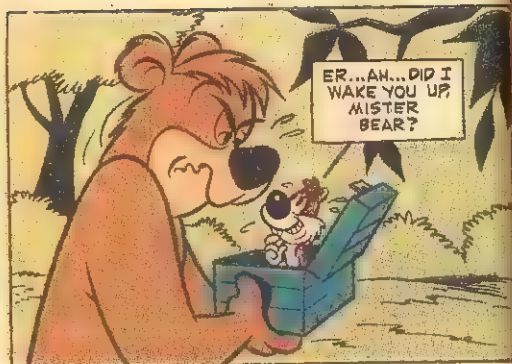
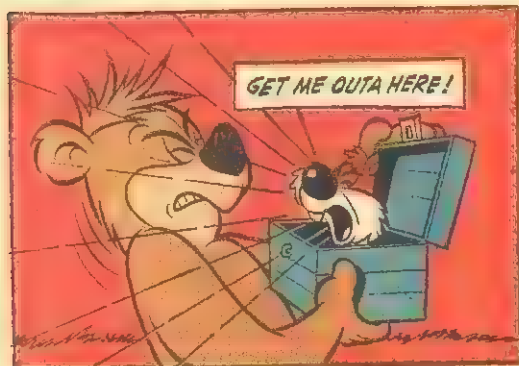
THAT'S LUCKY
FOR YOU!

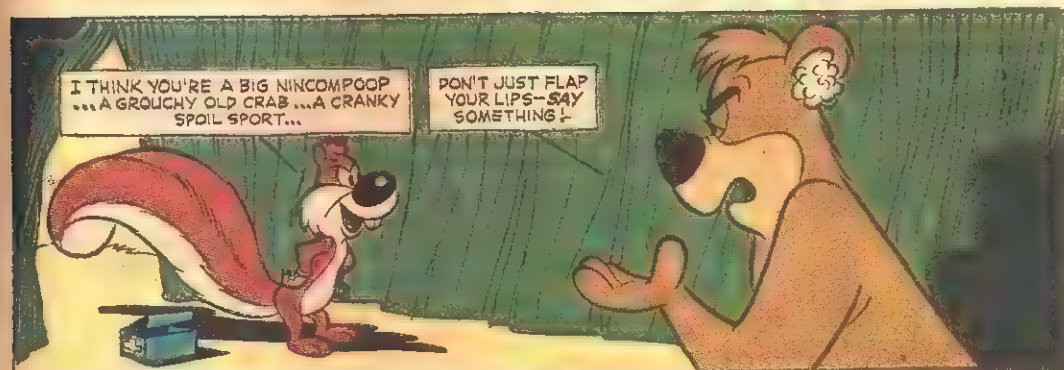
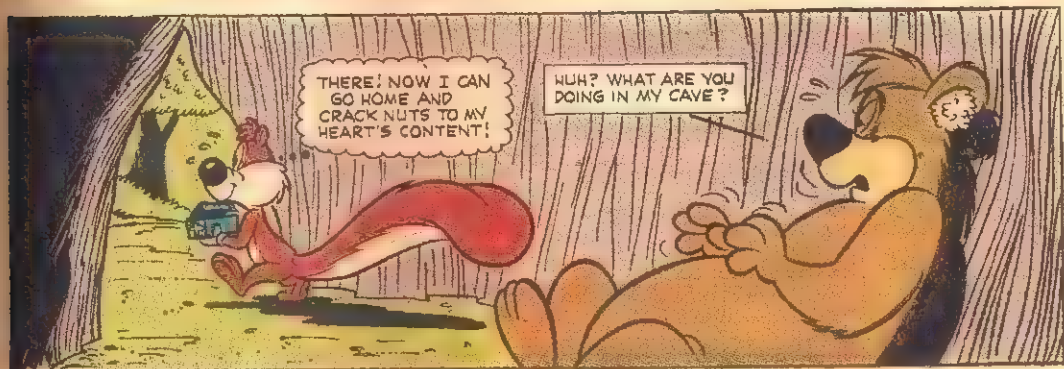
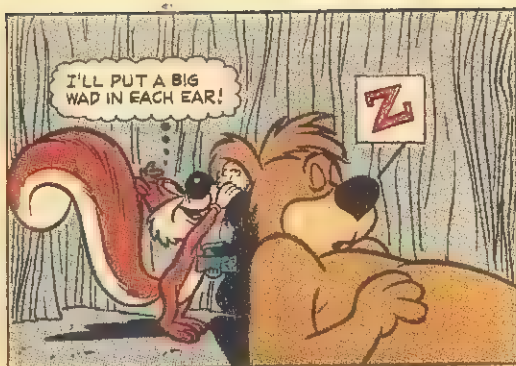
An illustration of Screwball Squirrel standing in front of a tree, looking satisfied. He is holding a nut in his paws.

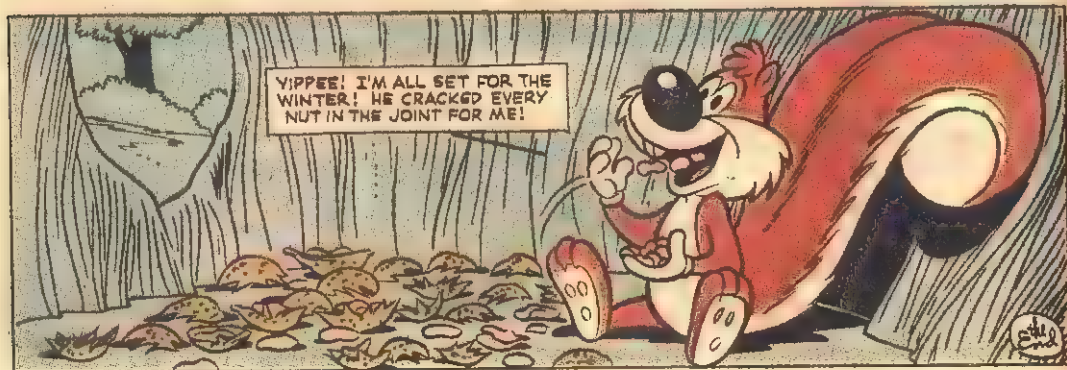
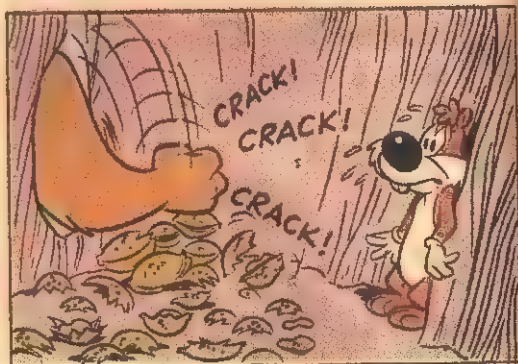
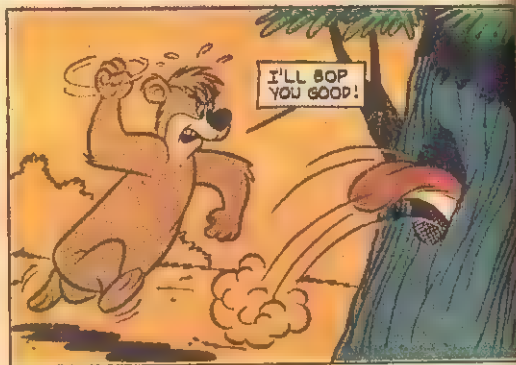
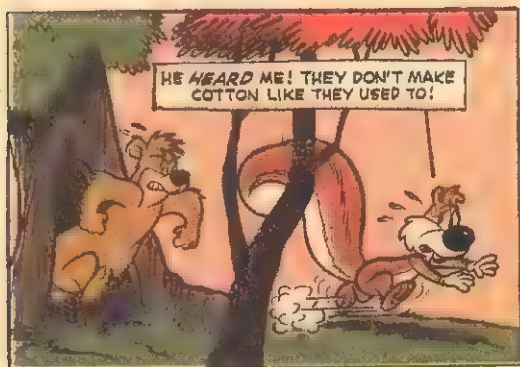
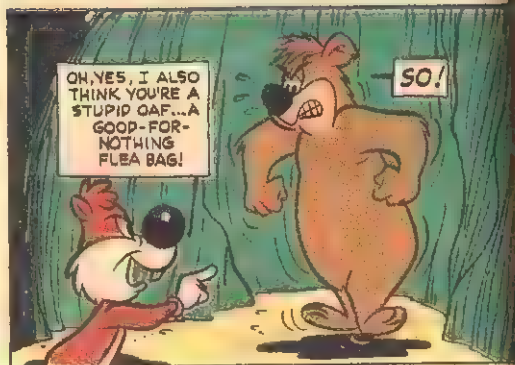
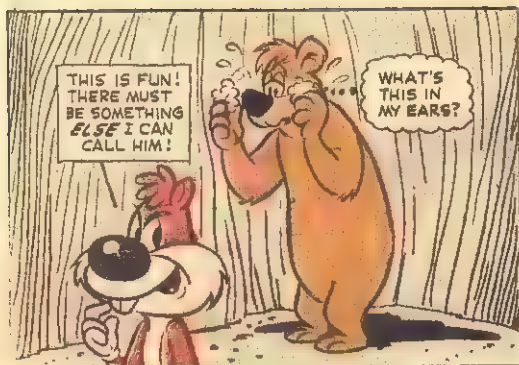
AH! HOME SWEET
HOME!



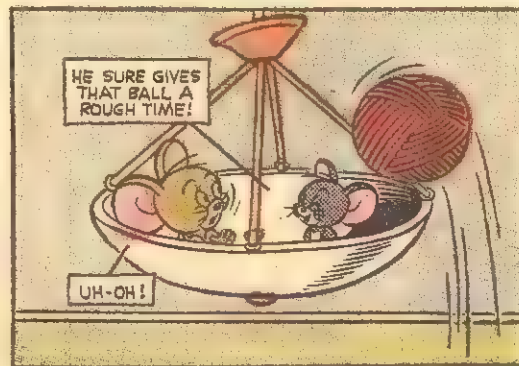
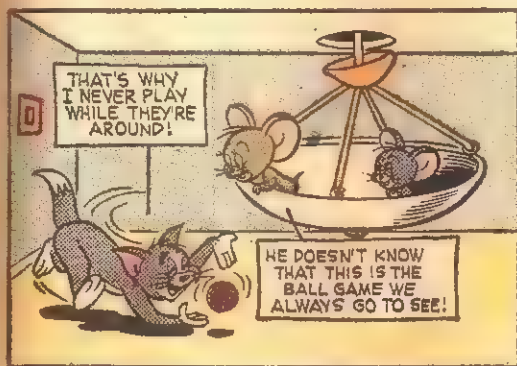
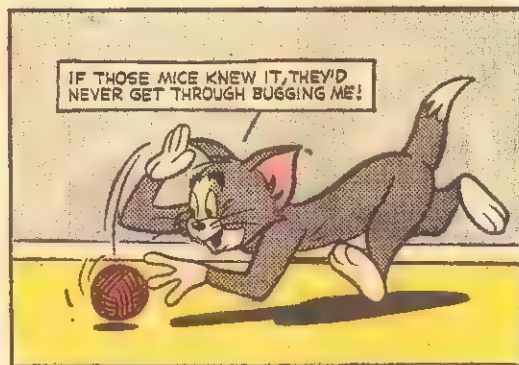
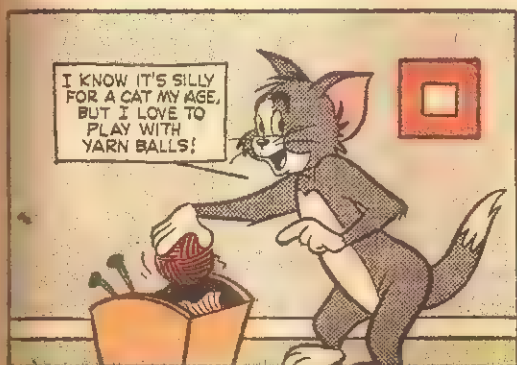
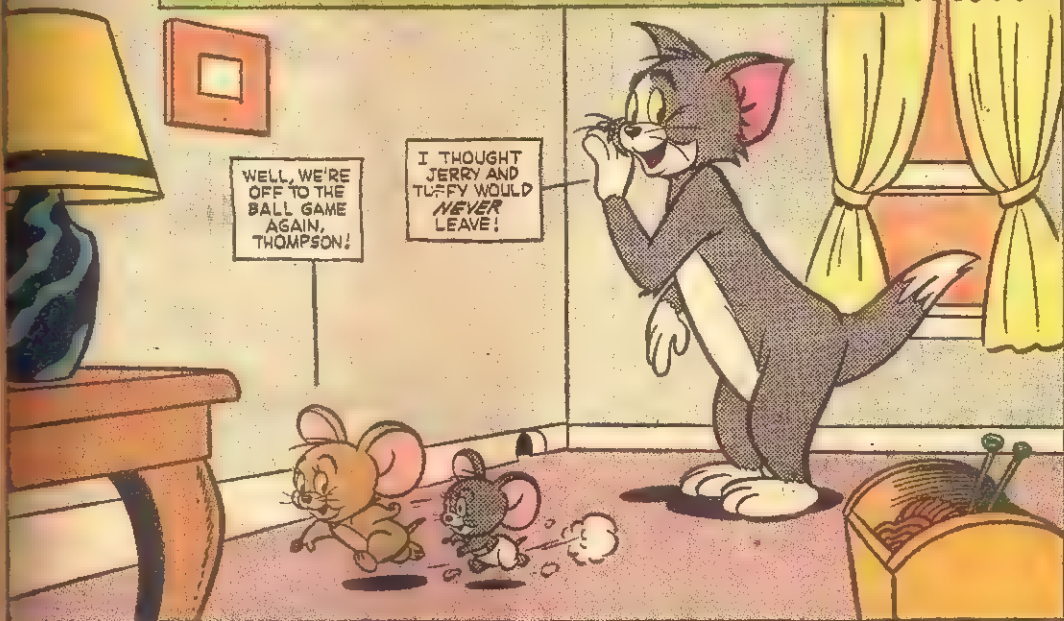


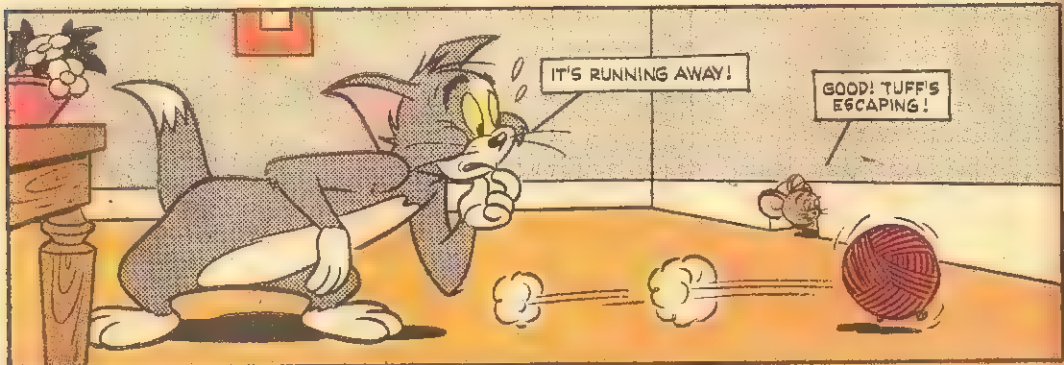
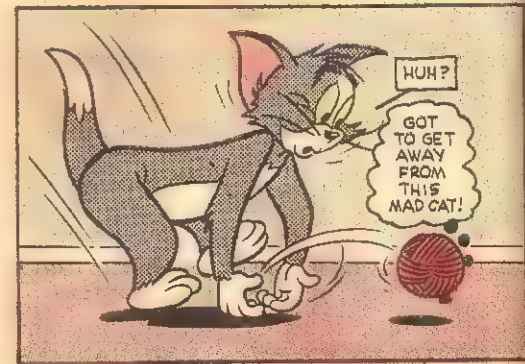
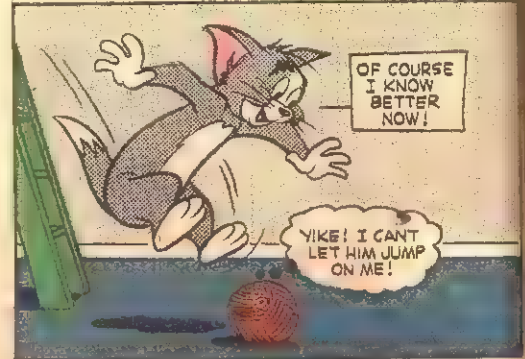
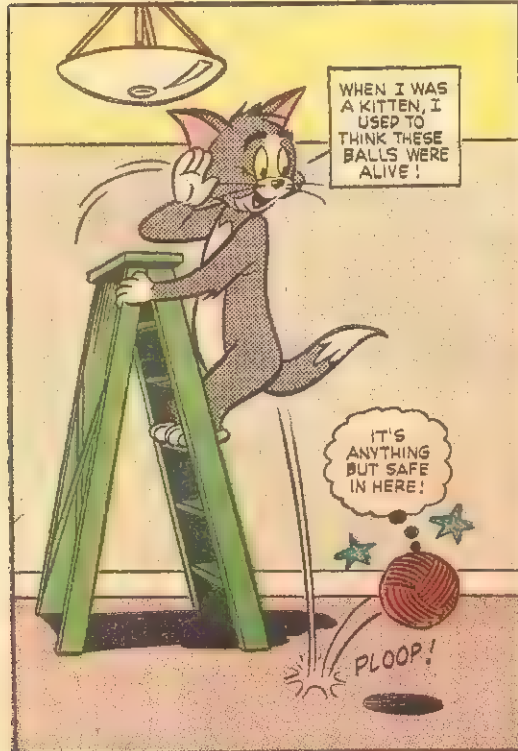
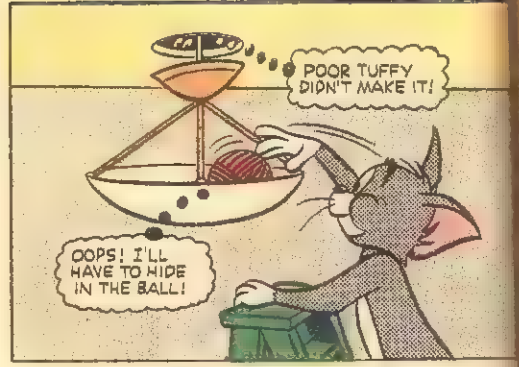
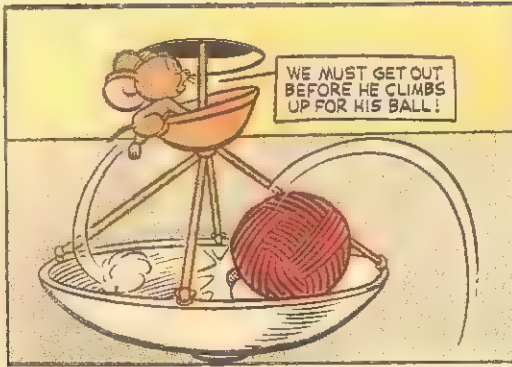


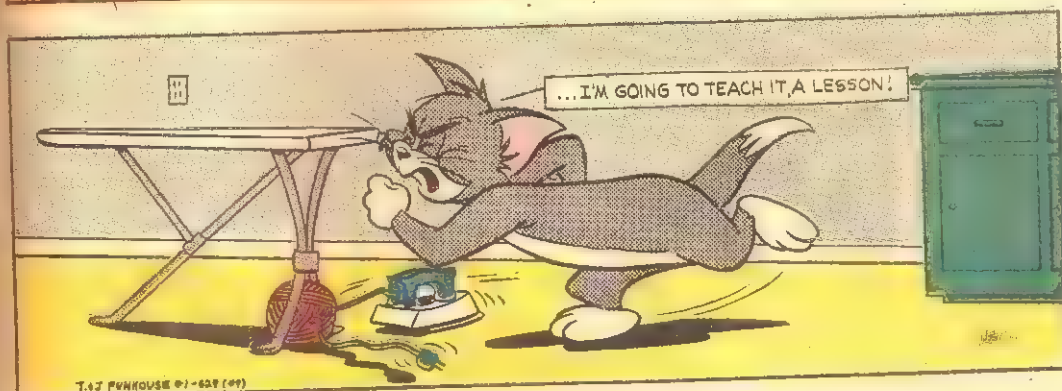
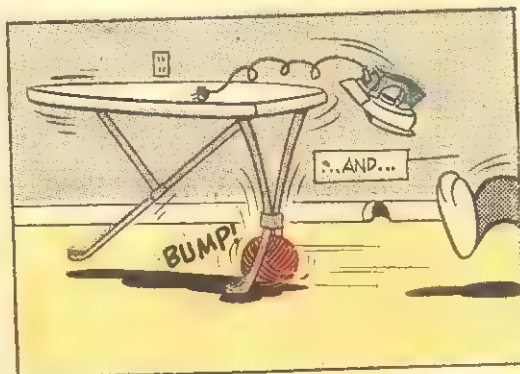
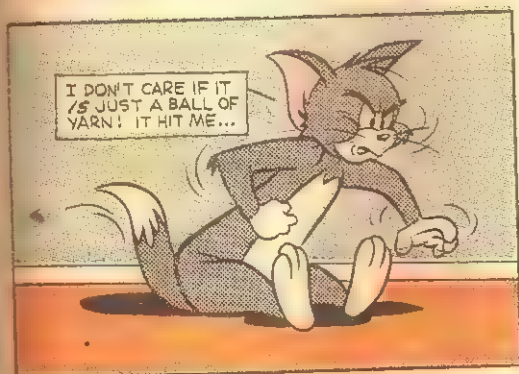
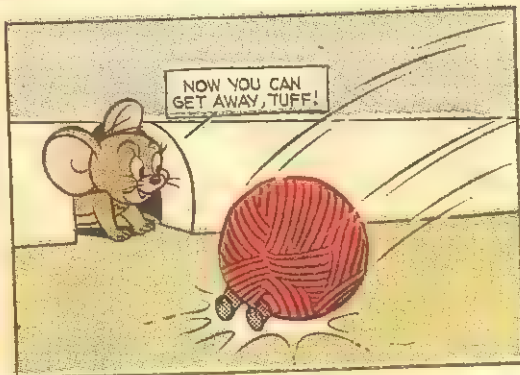
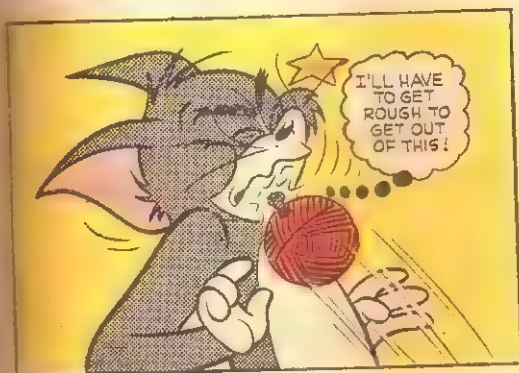
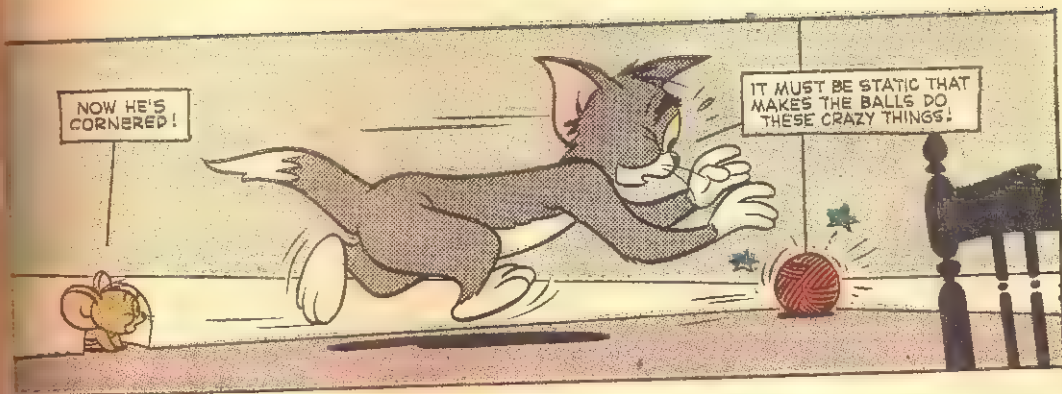


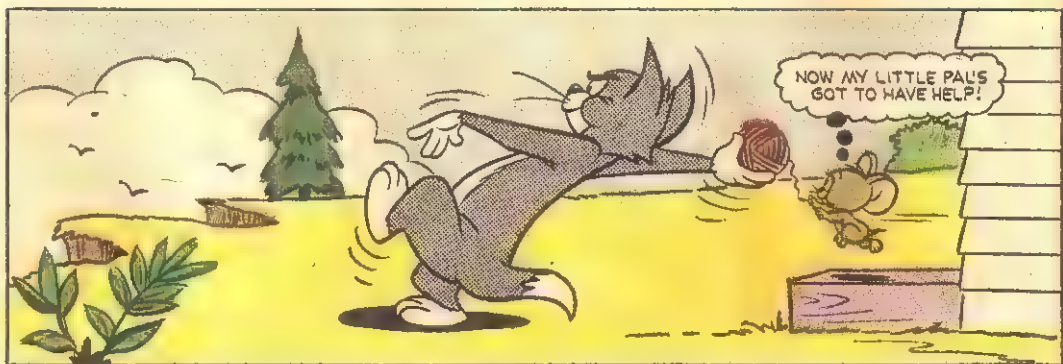
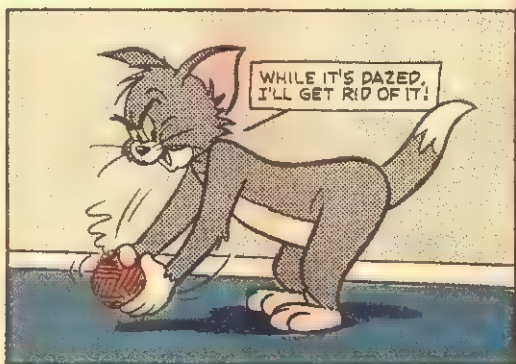
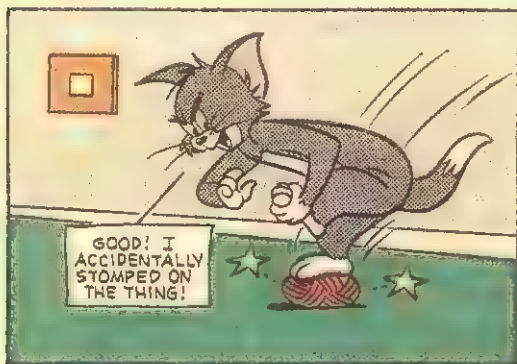
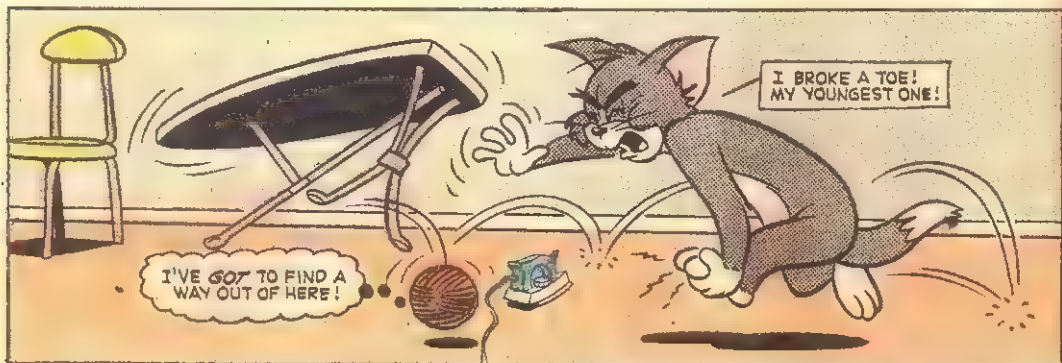
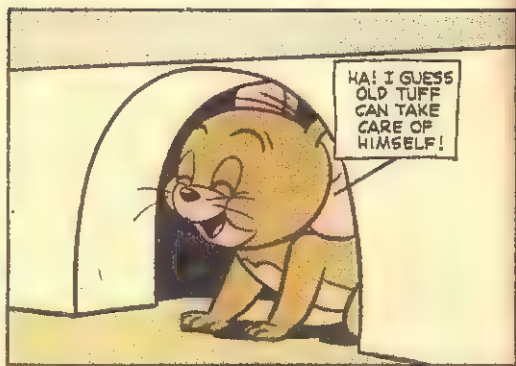
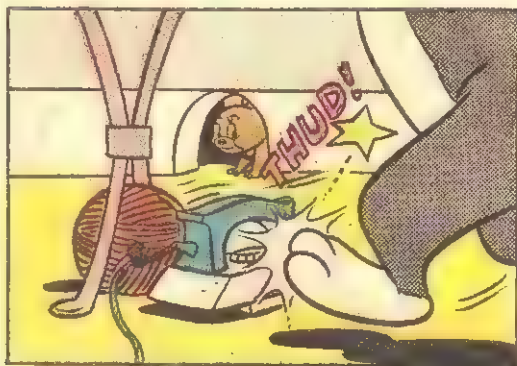


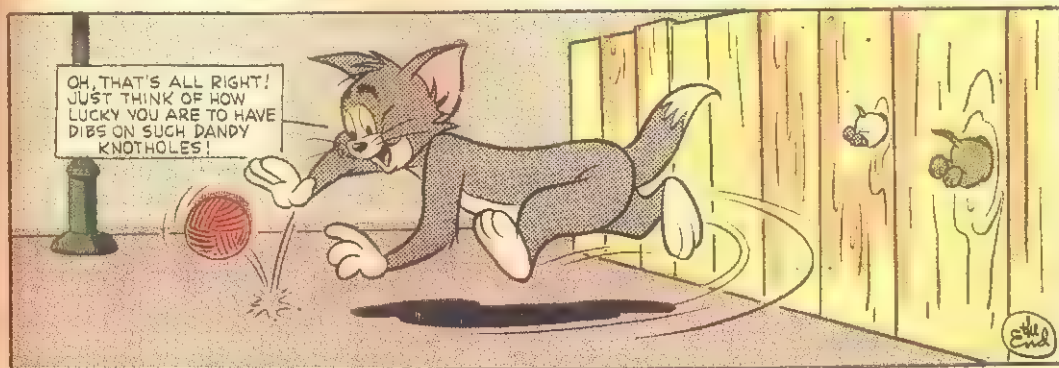
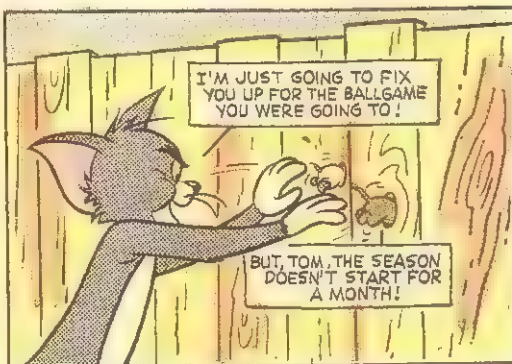
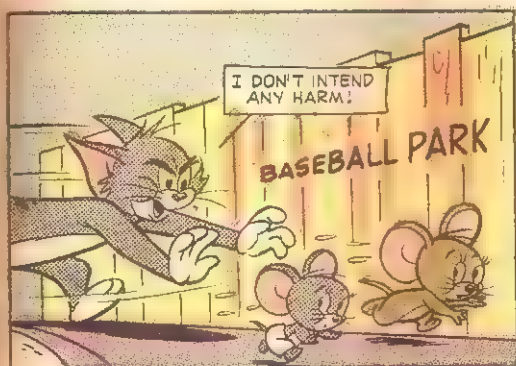
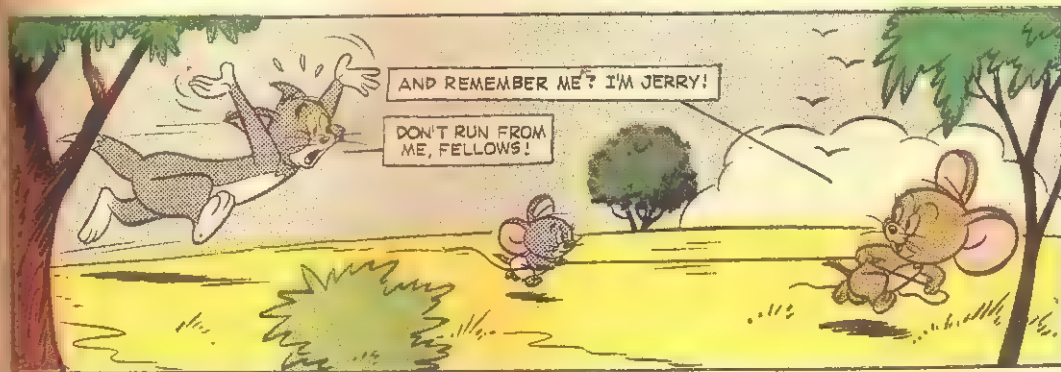
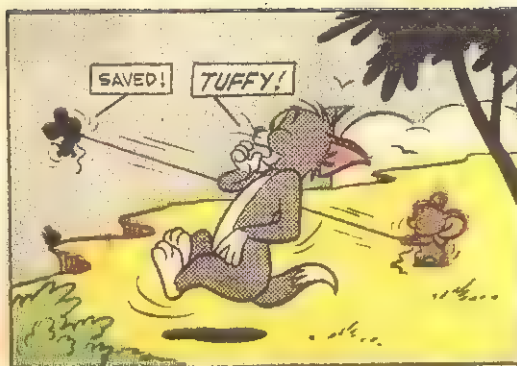
TOM AND JERRY HIDE 'N' SEEK



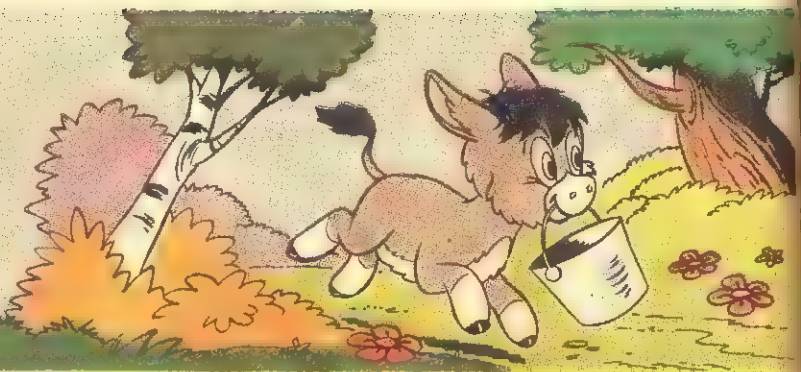








BENNY BURRO'S SPECIAL SONG



One morning, Benny Burro set off with a pail to pick some berries for a pie from a bush he had found hidden in the woods. As he went, he sang to himself,

"A-burro-ing we will go,
A-burro-ing we will go,
Haw, haw, and a hody-ho,
A-burro-ing we will go!"

Benny Burro had made up this little ditty himself, and it delighted him. For who else, he thought, could use his very own name in a verse this way. To sing, "A-coyote-ing we will go," or "A-fox-ing we will go," would make no sense at all. And he smiled in pleased satisfaction.

The thought of a coyote and a fox, however, brought a frown to Benny's brow.

"I'll sure have to watch out for that cagey coyote and that filching fox," he thought. "If they see me with berries, they'll manage somehow to get them away from me. And if they find out I've baked a pie, well..." he sighed, "they won't rest till every last crumb is gone."

Benny was unaware that those two mischief-makers, the fox and the coyote, were lolling nearby as he sang his song.

"Did you hear that?" asked the fox.

"What does it mean?" asked the coyote.

"It means," answered the fox, getting to his feet quietly, "that little Benny Burro is after something—and it must be big!" and the two padded behind Benny.

As Benny approached his secret berry bush, he stopped and looked around, standing very still for some time.

"I wish he'd do something," muttered the fox. "I'm tired of playing statue."

Then, at last, Benny took a few steps and disappeared into a tangle of brush.

"Hurry, but don't be too eager," cautioned the fox. "We'll let him get the treasure and then we'll grab it from him."

"Ah...treasure," said the coyote gleefully. "We'll be rich!"

"Sshh," whispered the fox. "I see him."

"What's he doing?" asked his partner.

"I don't know. He's bobbing around. He's...he's...he's picking berries!"

"Berries!" exclaimed the coyote. "You said he was after a treasure!"

"I did not!" retorted the fox, as Benny looked up in alarm, hearing the voices.

"You did, too!" insisted the coyote heatedly. "You said treasure!"

"Well, how did I know?" shouted the fox, and he poked the coyote in anger.

A moment later, the two rascals were entangled in a fast and furious battle, as Benny watched in amazement. At last, sprawled out in exhaustion, the fox pointed an accusing finger at Benny.

"It's all your fault!" he said angrily.

"Yes," agreed the coyote. "We heard you say you were going a-burrowing—"

"And burros don't burrow unless it's for treasure or something," interrupted the fox.

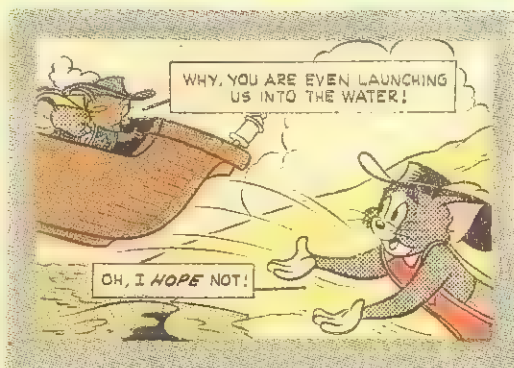
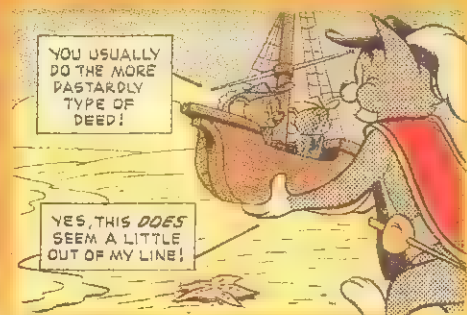
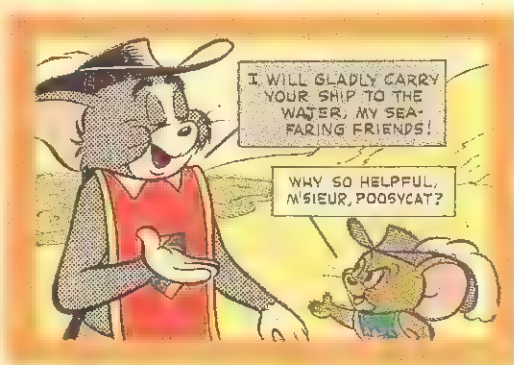
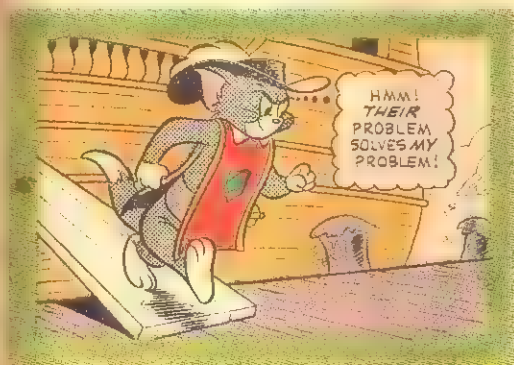
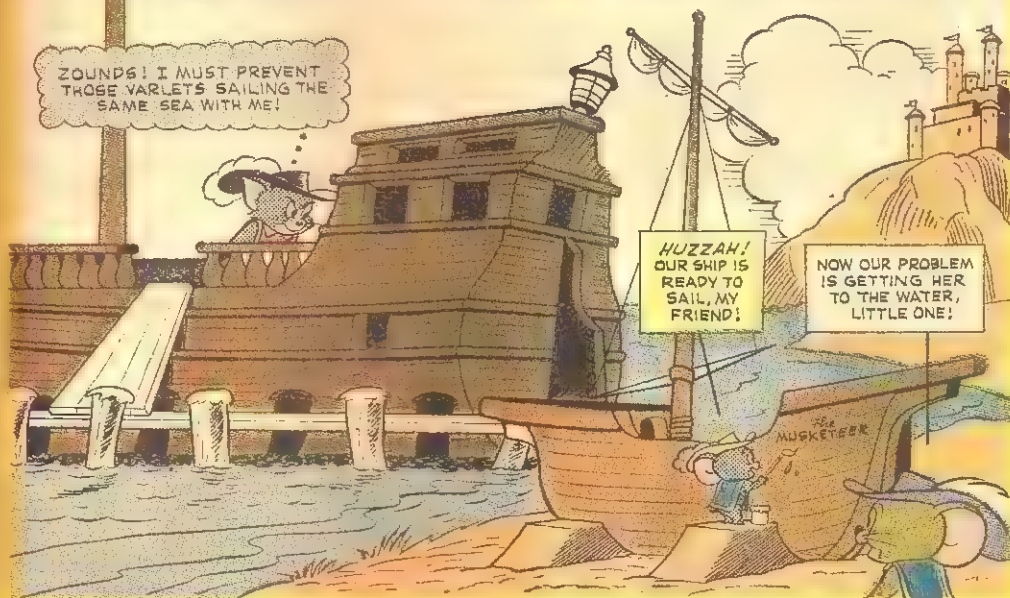
"And all you did was pick berries!" concluded the coyote bitterly.

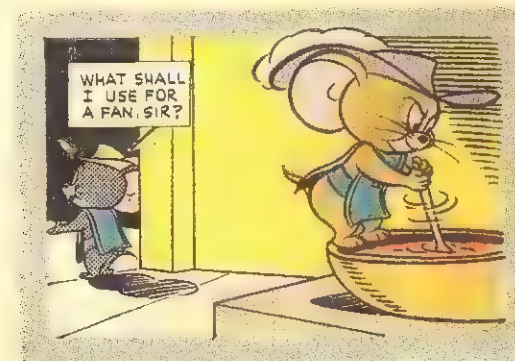
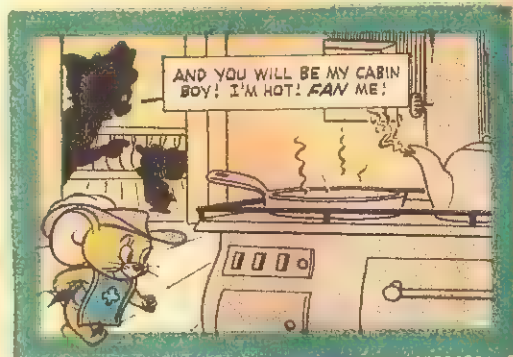
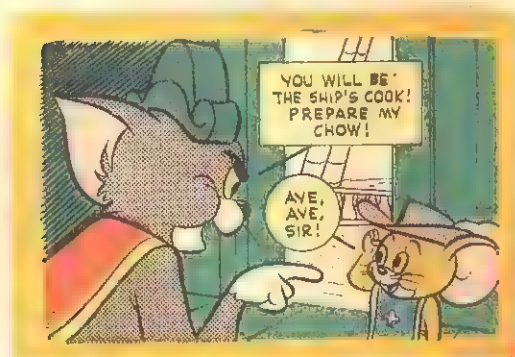
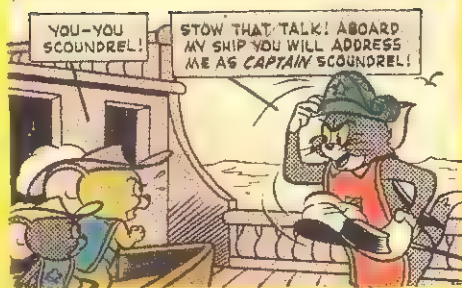
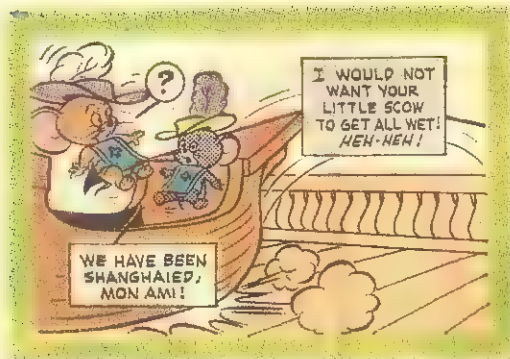
At that, Benny threw back his head.

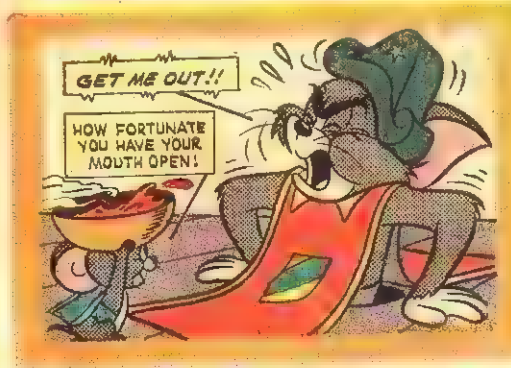
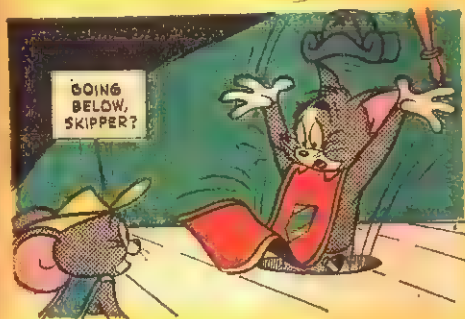
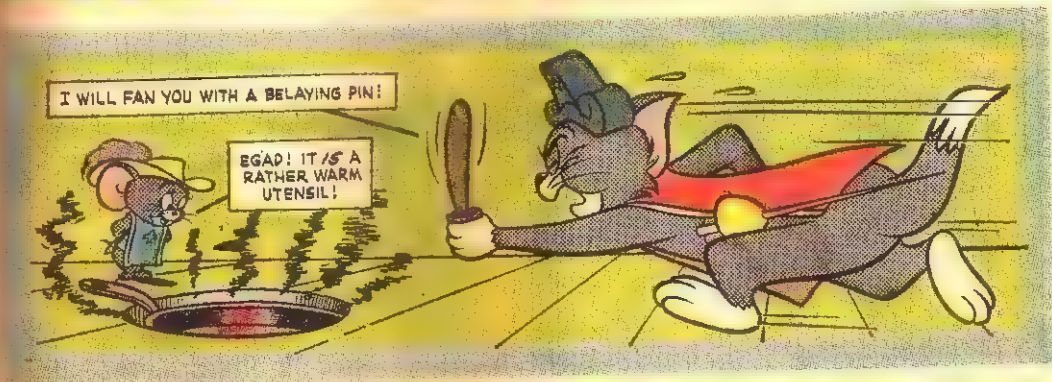
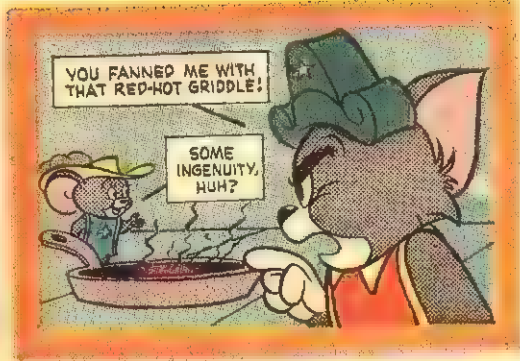
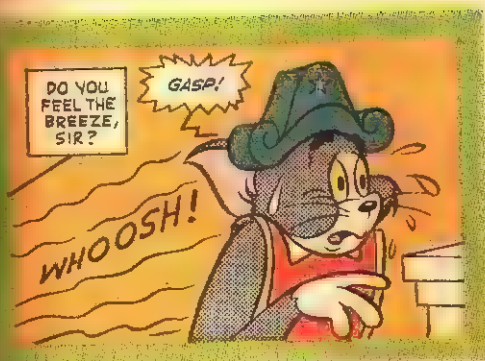
"Haw, haw," he laughed. "My song fooled you, did it?" Then, with his pailful of berries, he stepped over the would-be treasure pirates, who were now too tired to trouble him, and went on his way. And as he sang, "A-burro-ing we will go," he was more delighted than ever with his little ditty. Now it had become his own very special little song...a song that had saved him from two tricky rascals.

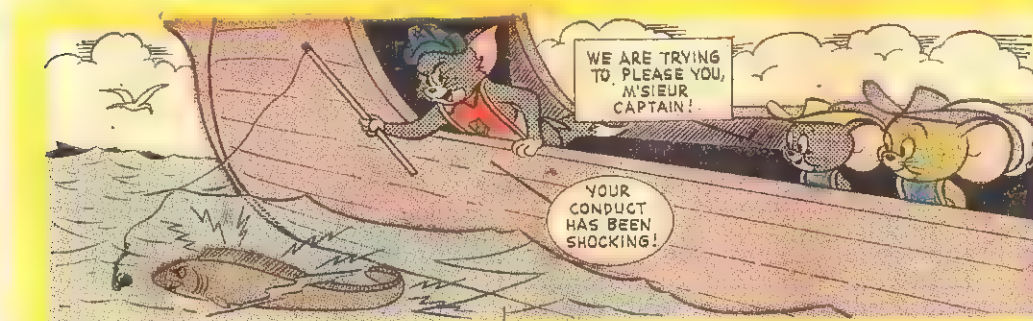
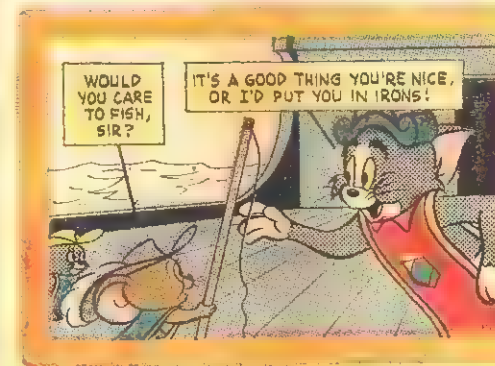
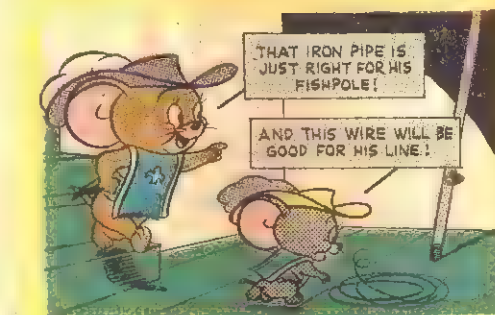
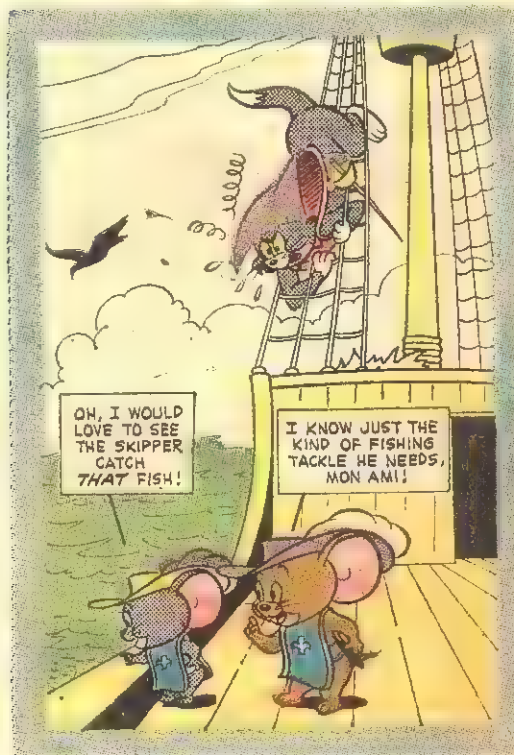
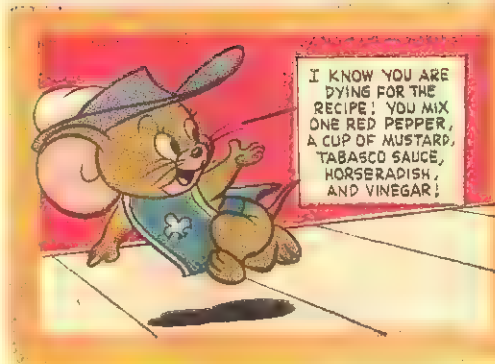
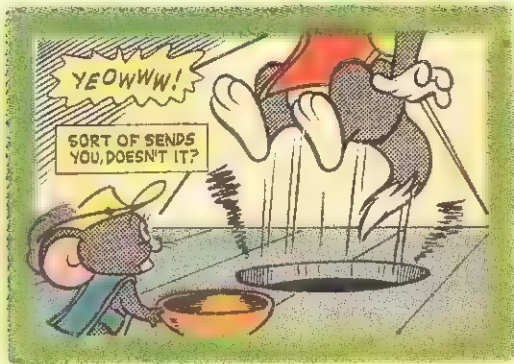
Mouse Musketeers

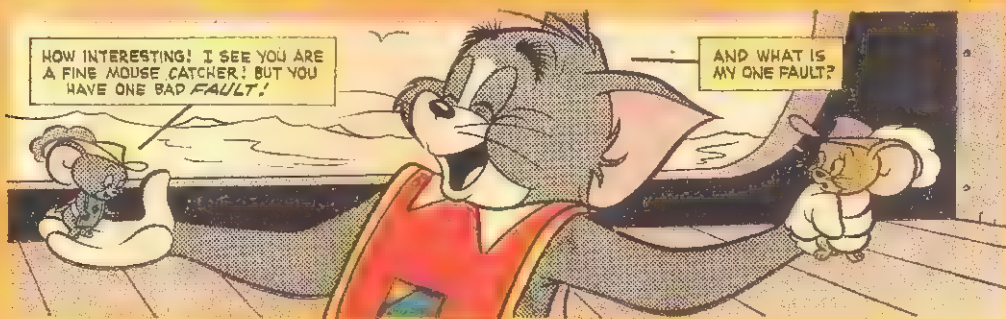
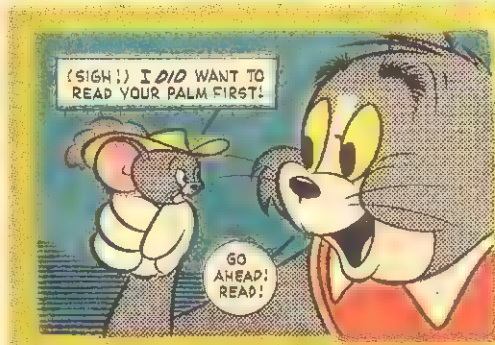
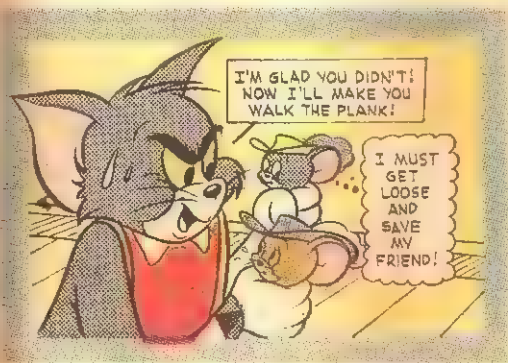
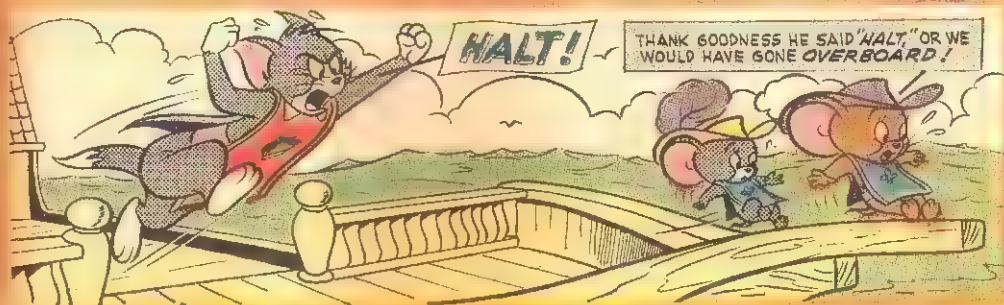
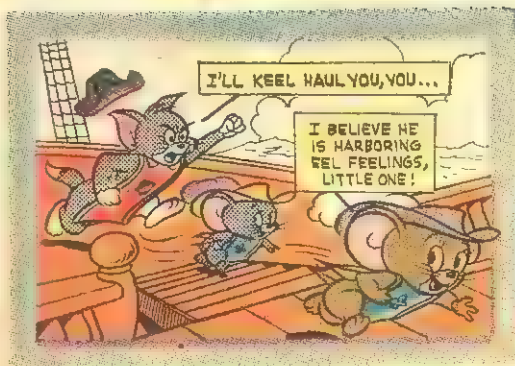
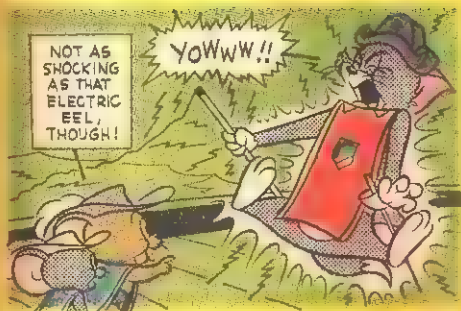
MOUSE MUTINEERS

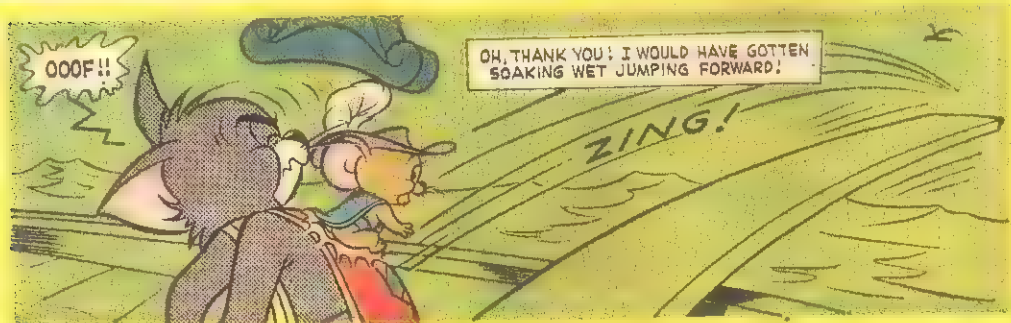
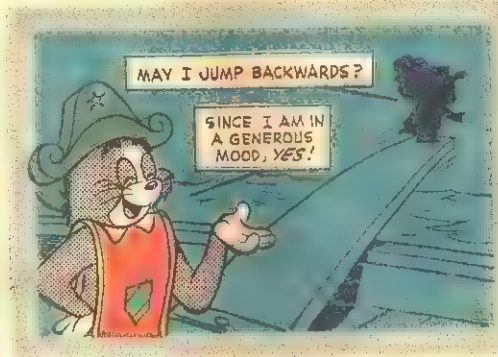
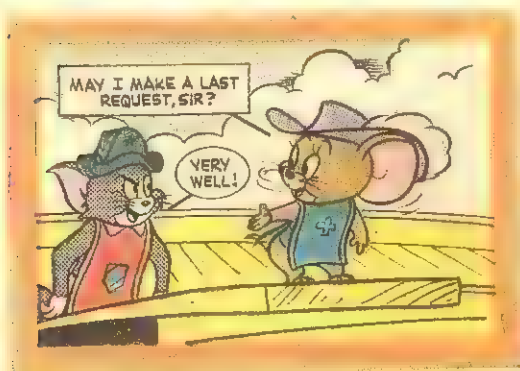
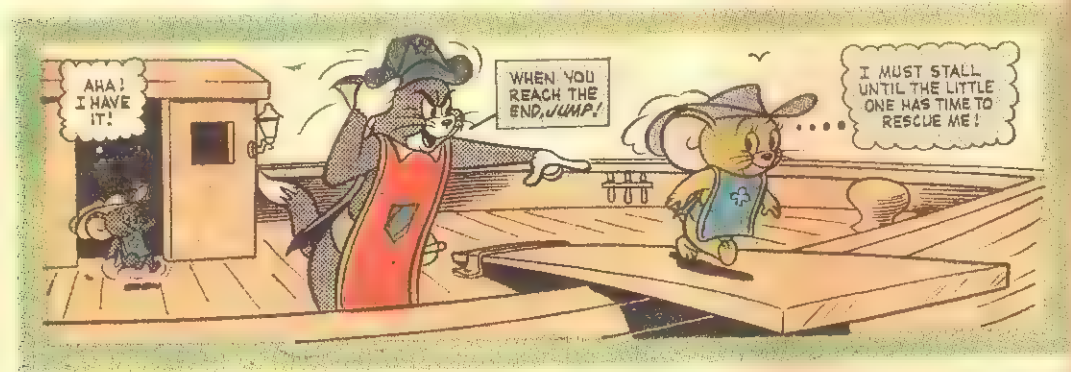
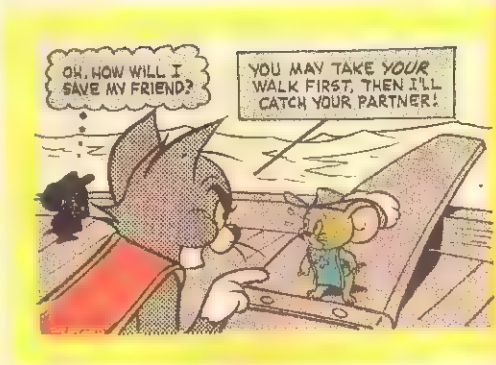


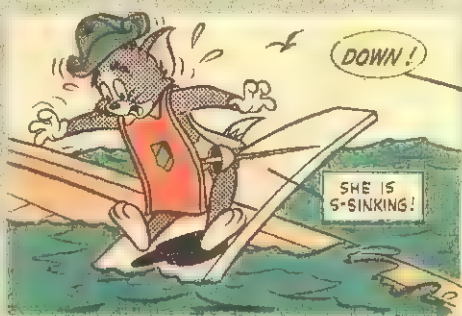
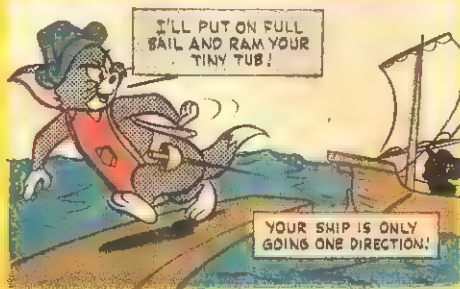
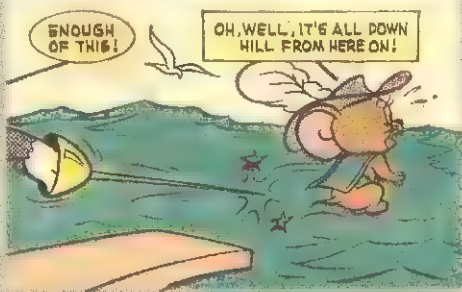
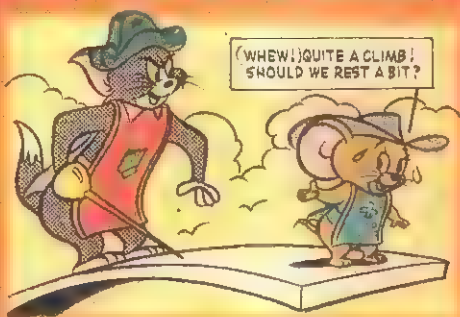
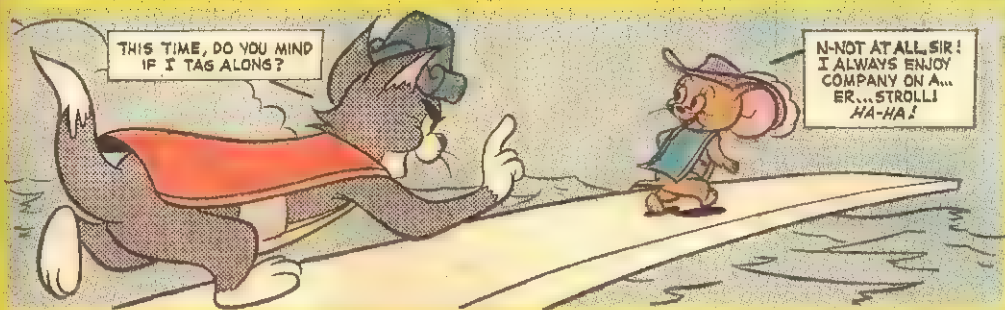


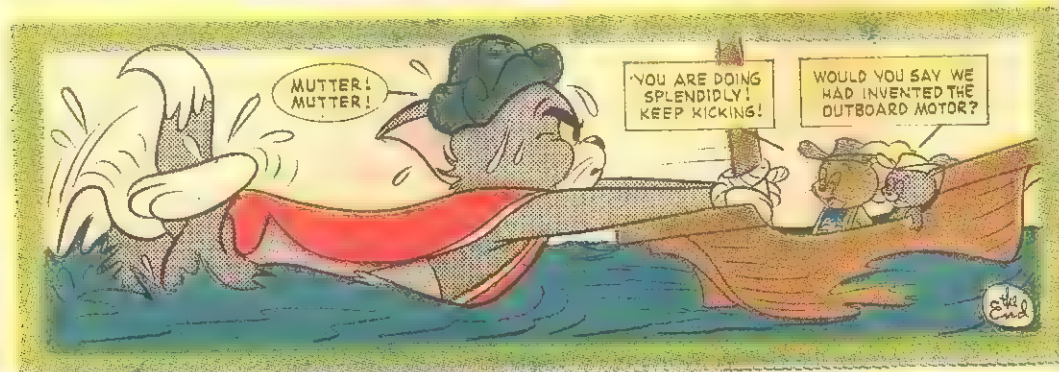
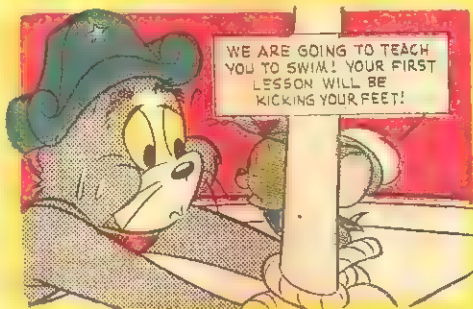
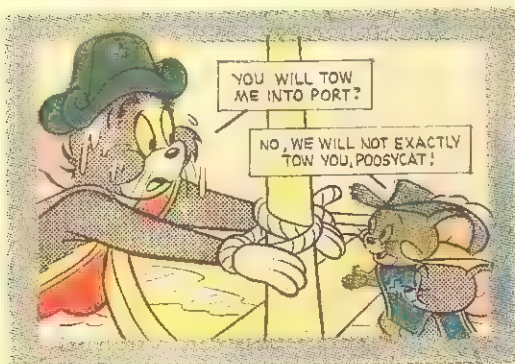
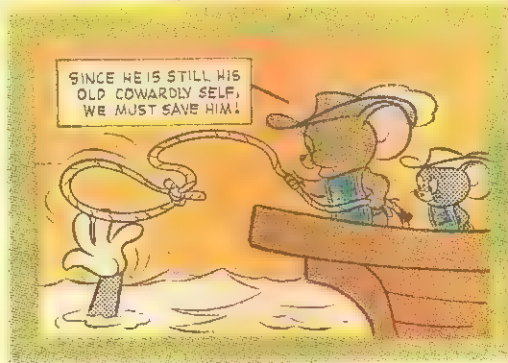
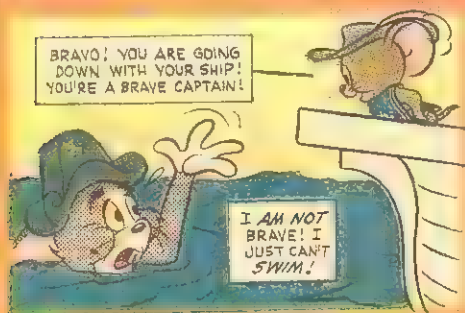
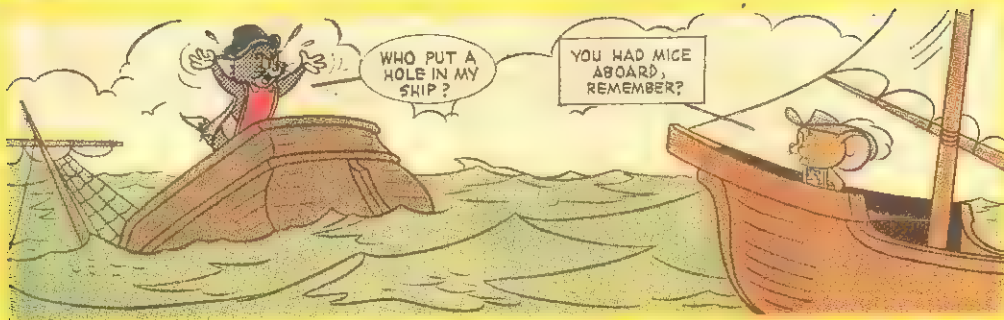




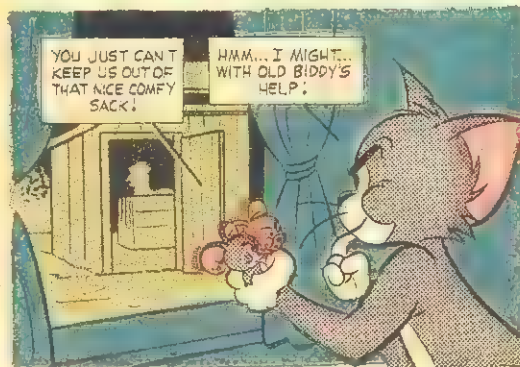
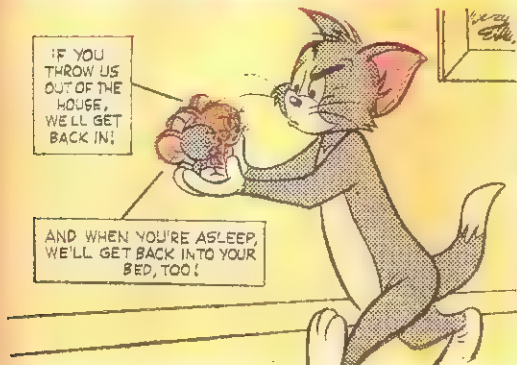
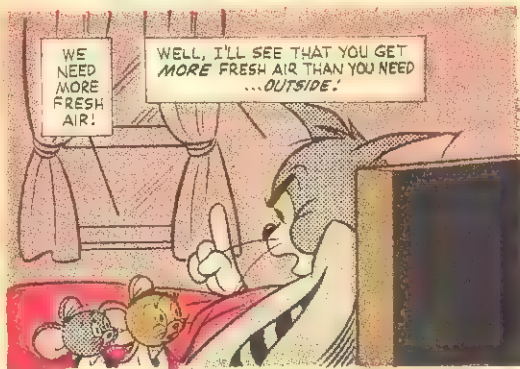
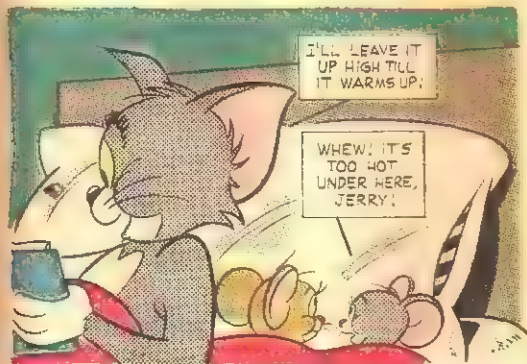


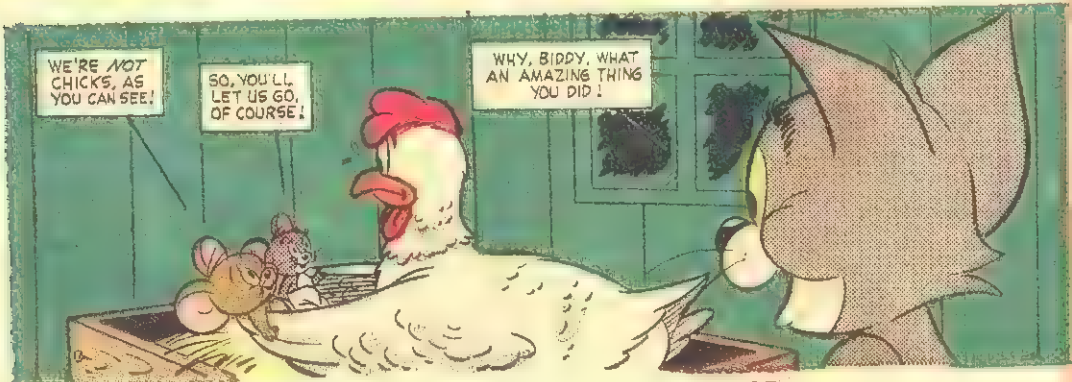
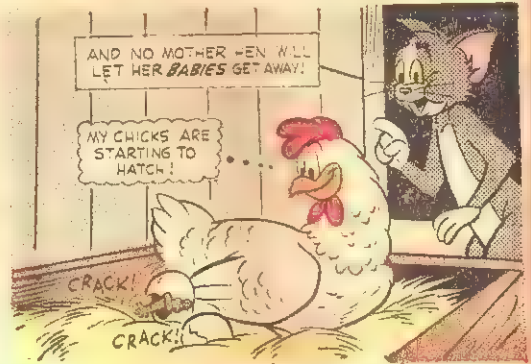
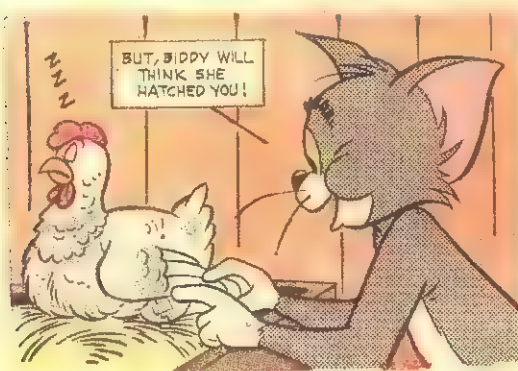
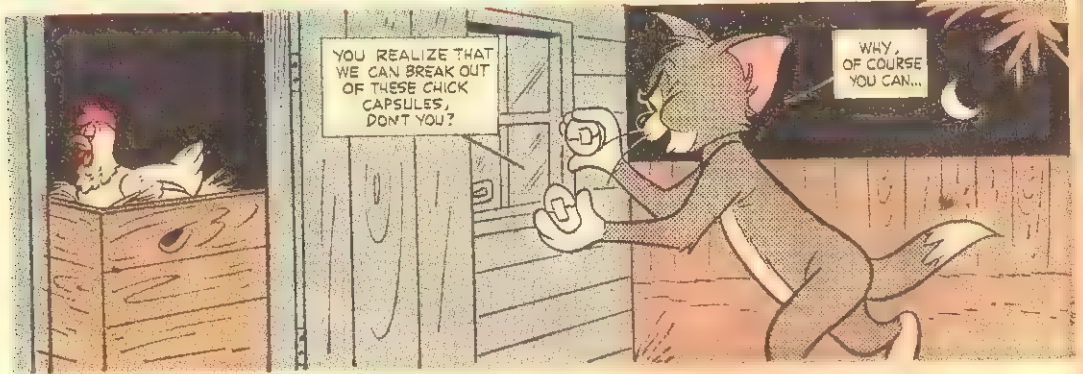
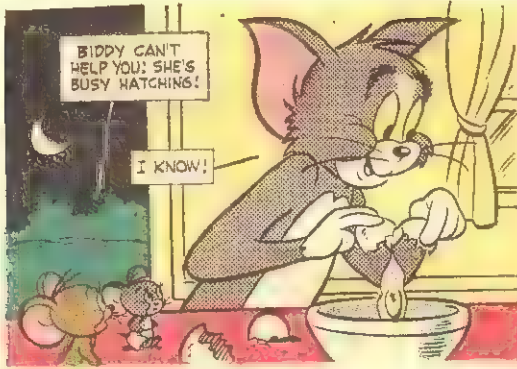


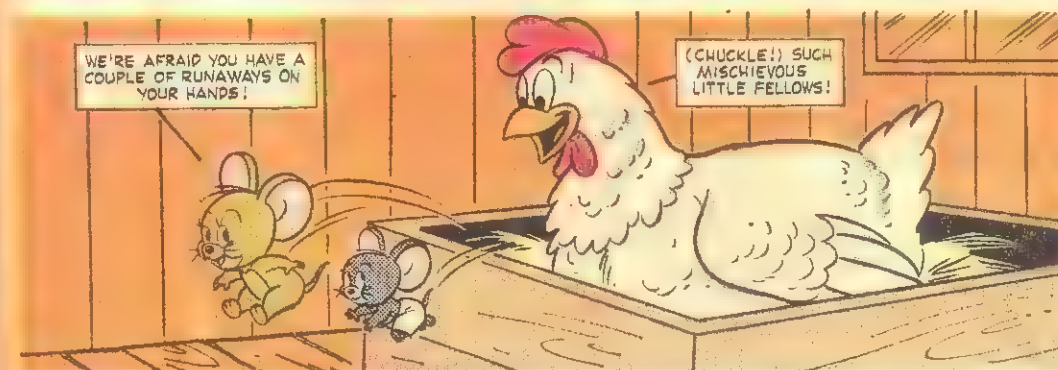
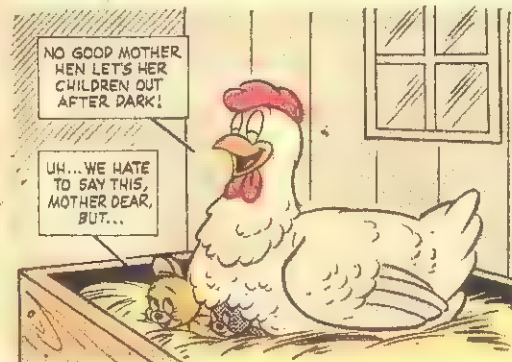
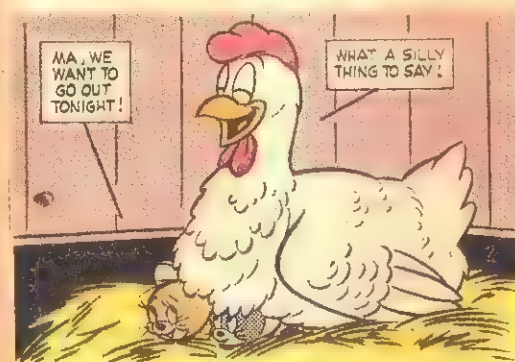
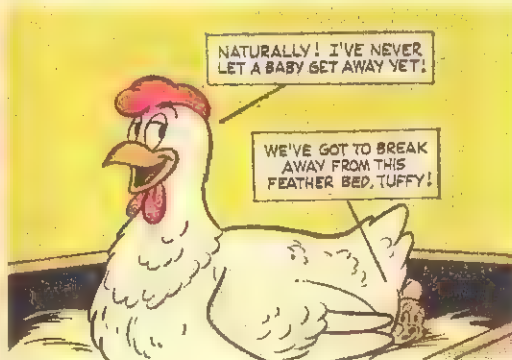
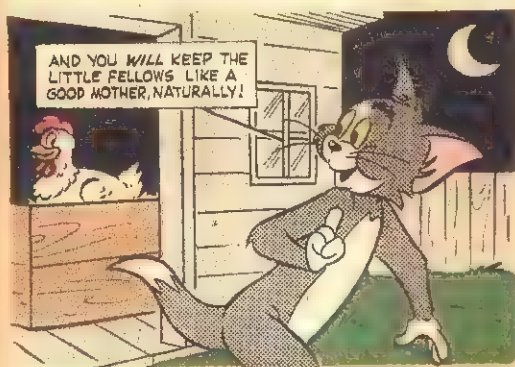
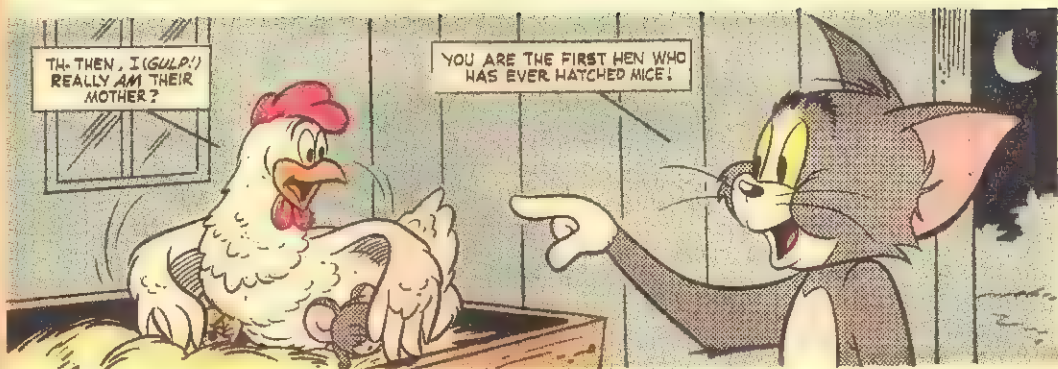


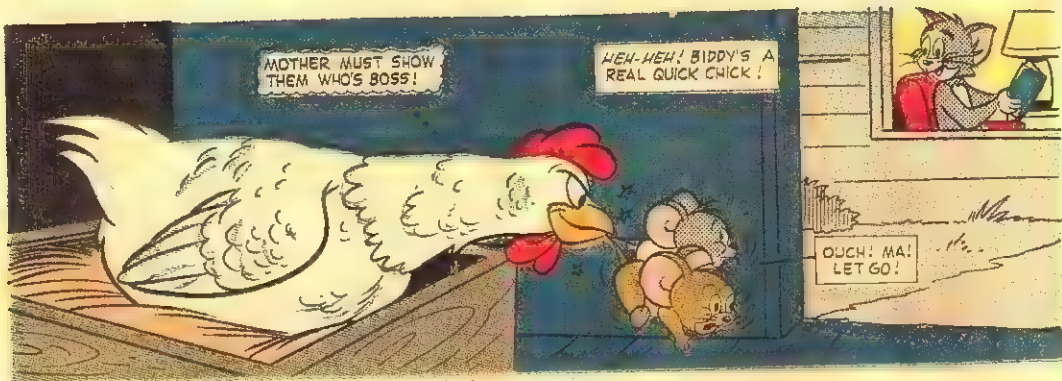


TOM and JERRY TIME TO HATCH





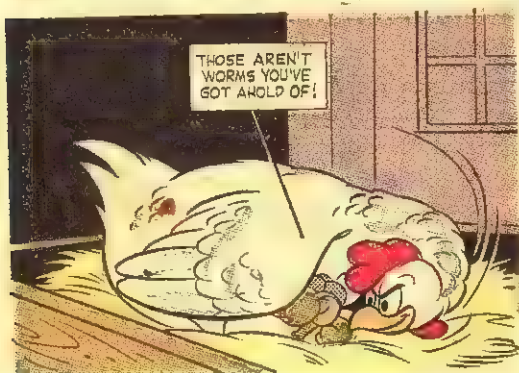




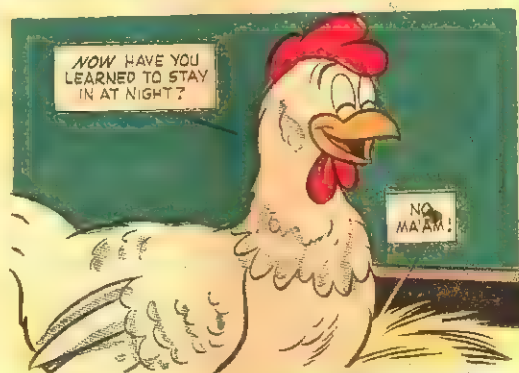
MOTHER MUST SHOW THEM WHO'S BOSS!

HEH-HEH! BIDDY'S A REAL QUICK CHICK!

OUCH! MA! LET GO!

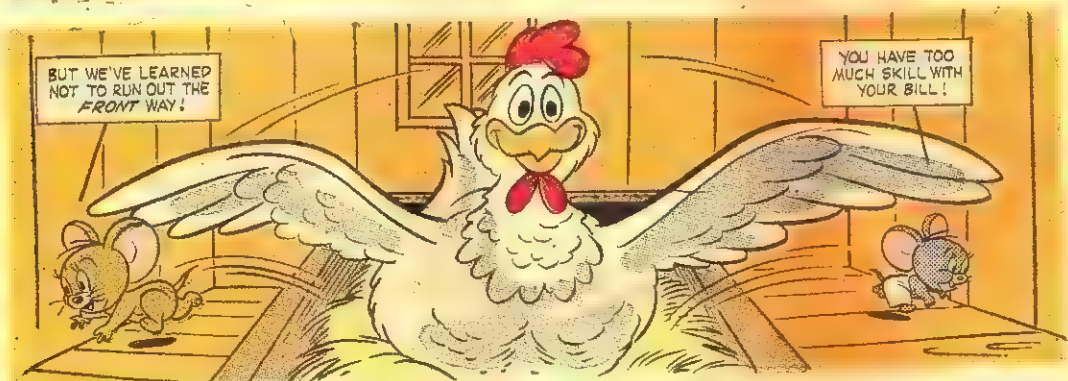


THOSE AREN'T WORMS YOU'VE GOT AROUND OF!



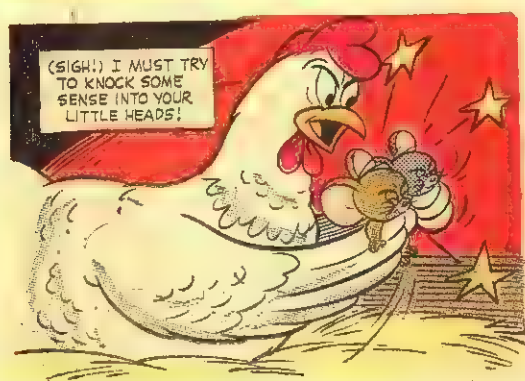
NOW HAVE YOU LEARNED TO STAY IN AT NIGHT?

NO MA'AM!

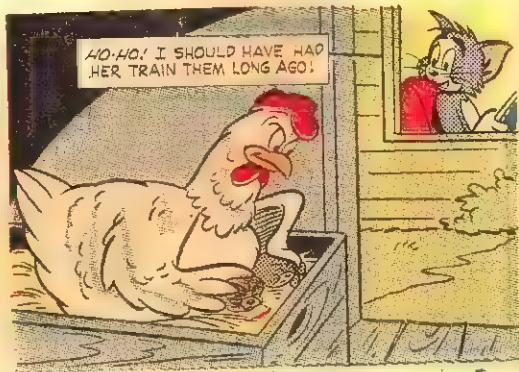


BUT WE'VE LEARNED NOT TO RUN OUT THE FRONT WAY!

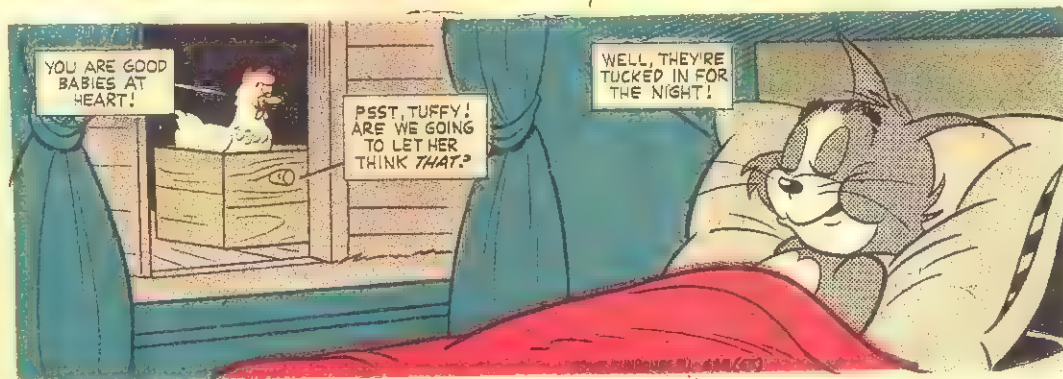
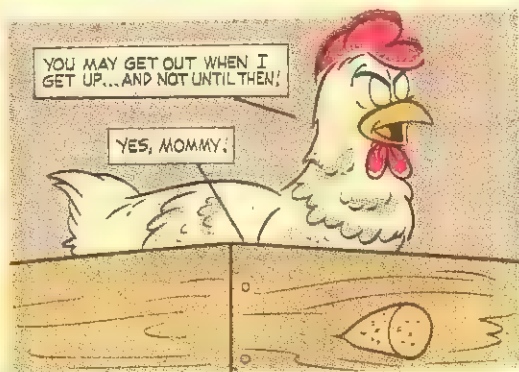
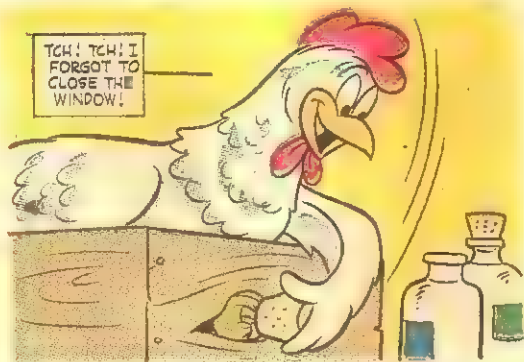
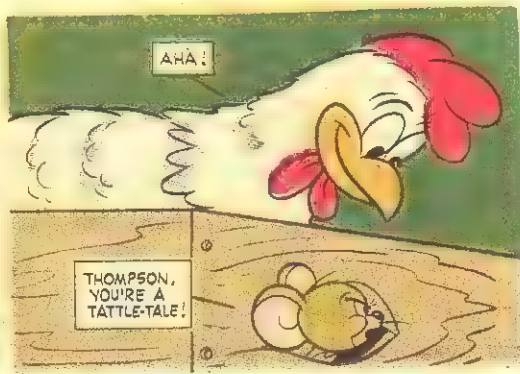
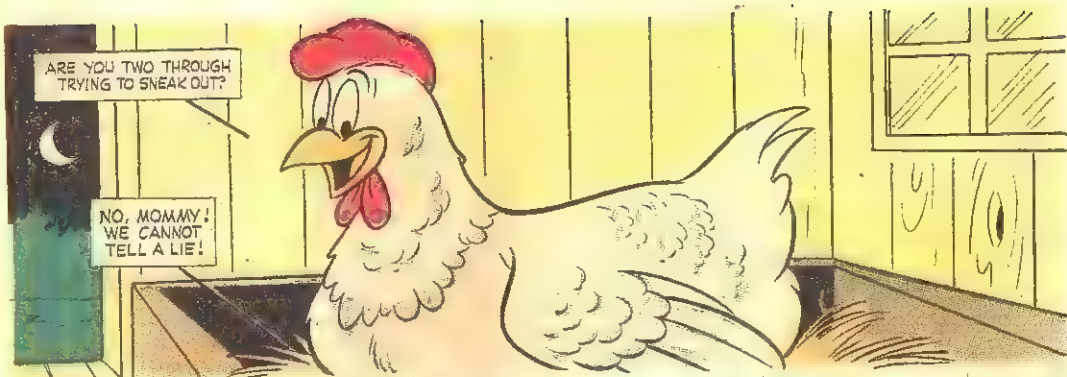
YOU HAVE TOO MUCH SKILL WITH YOUR BILL!

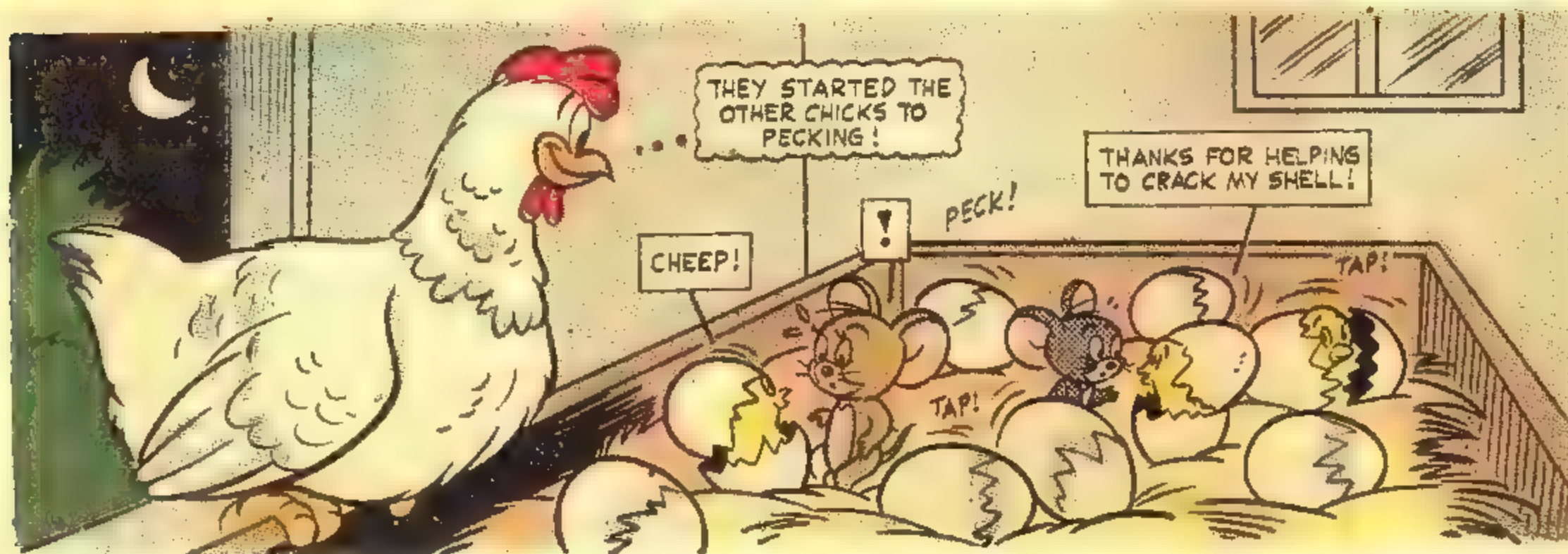
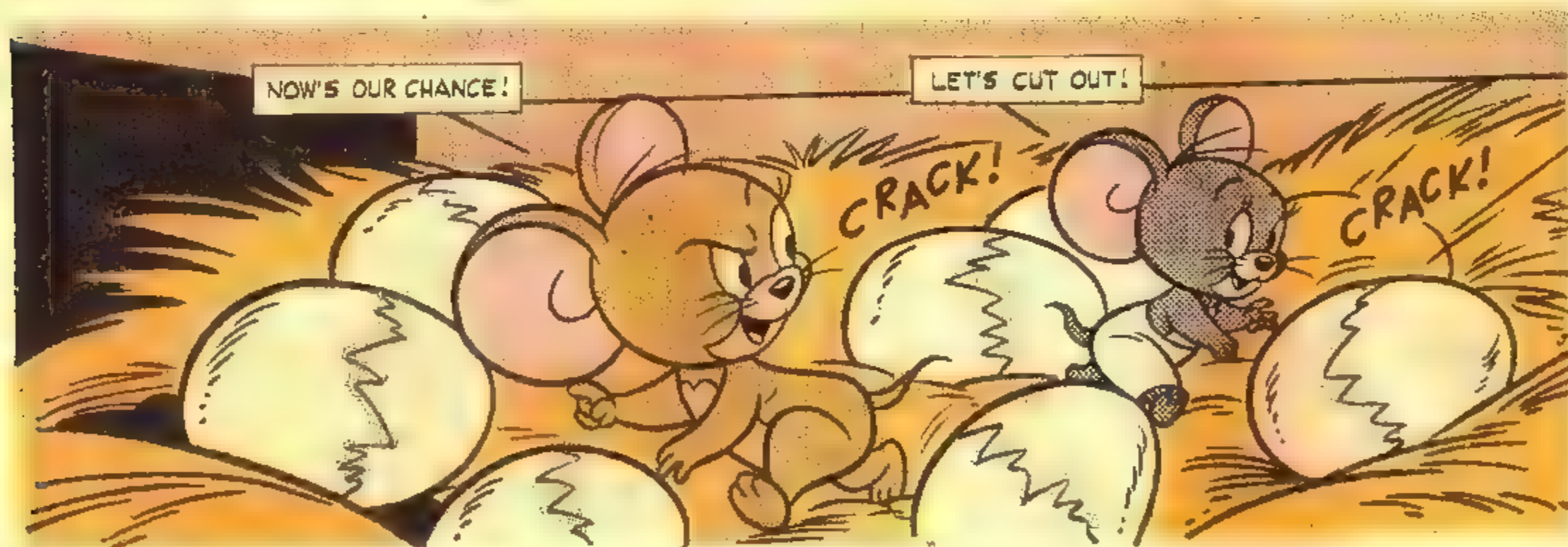
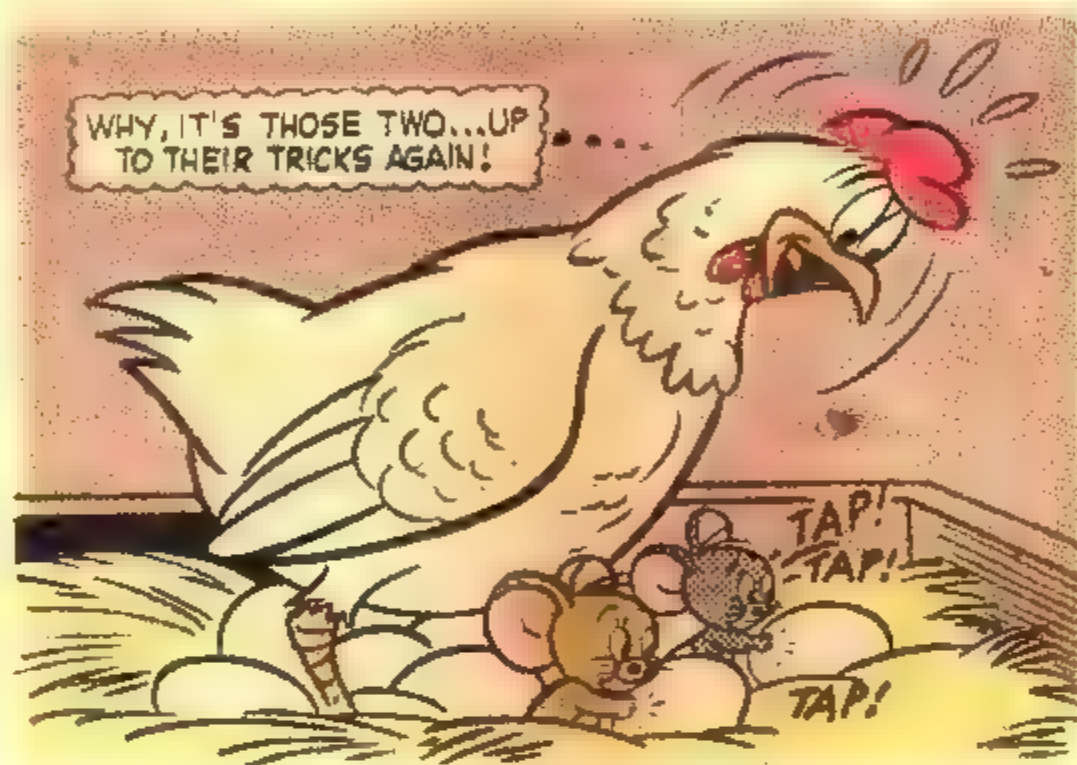
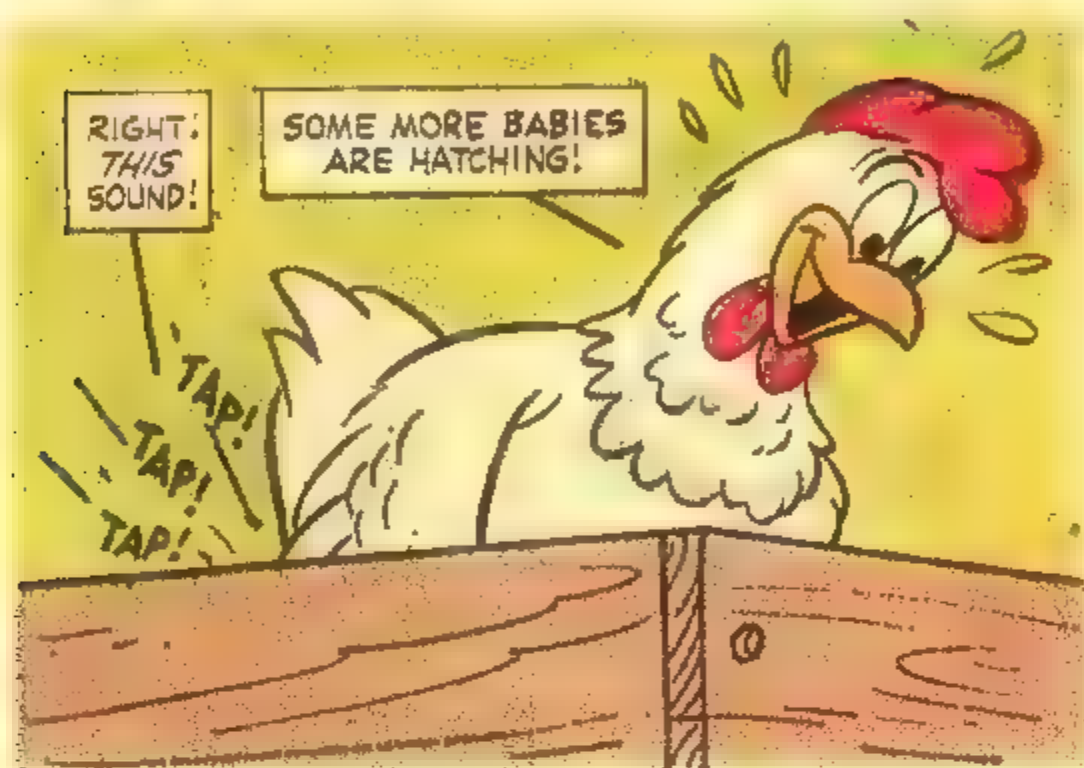
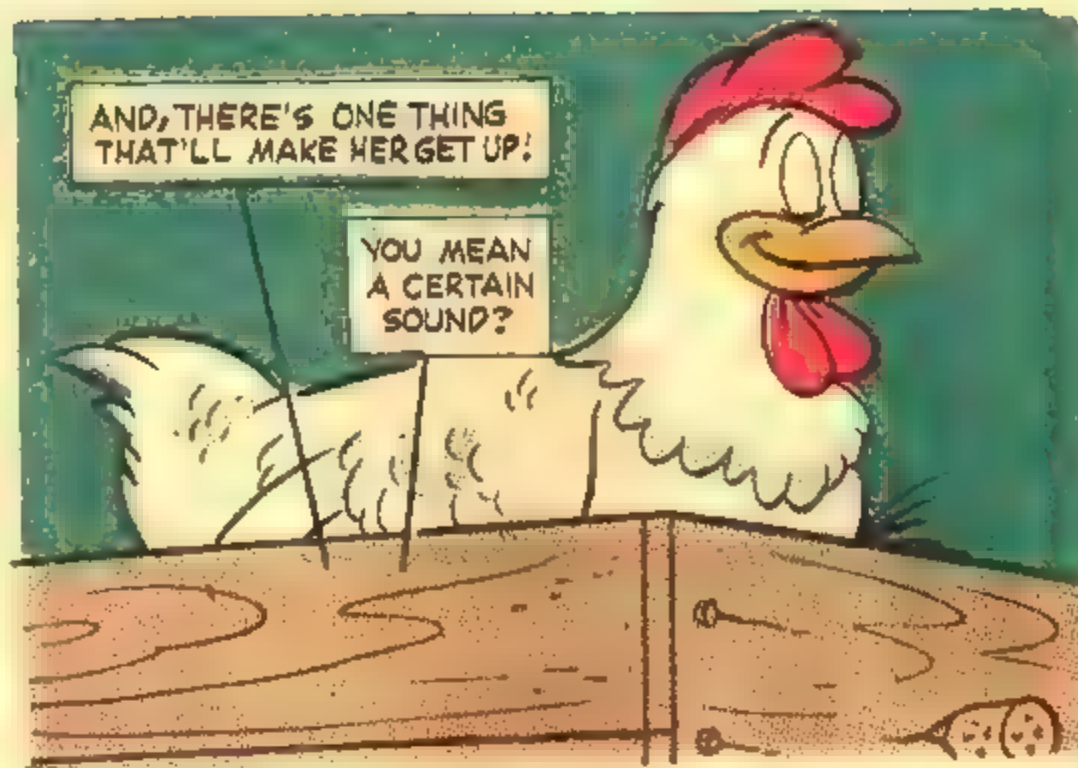
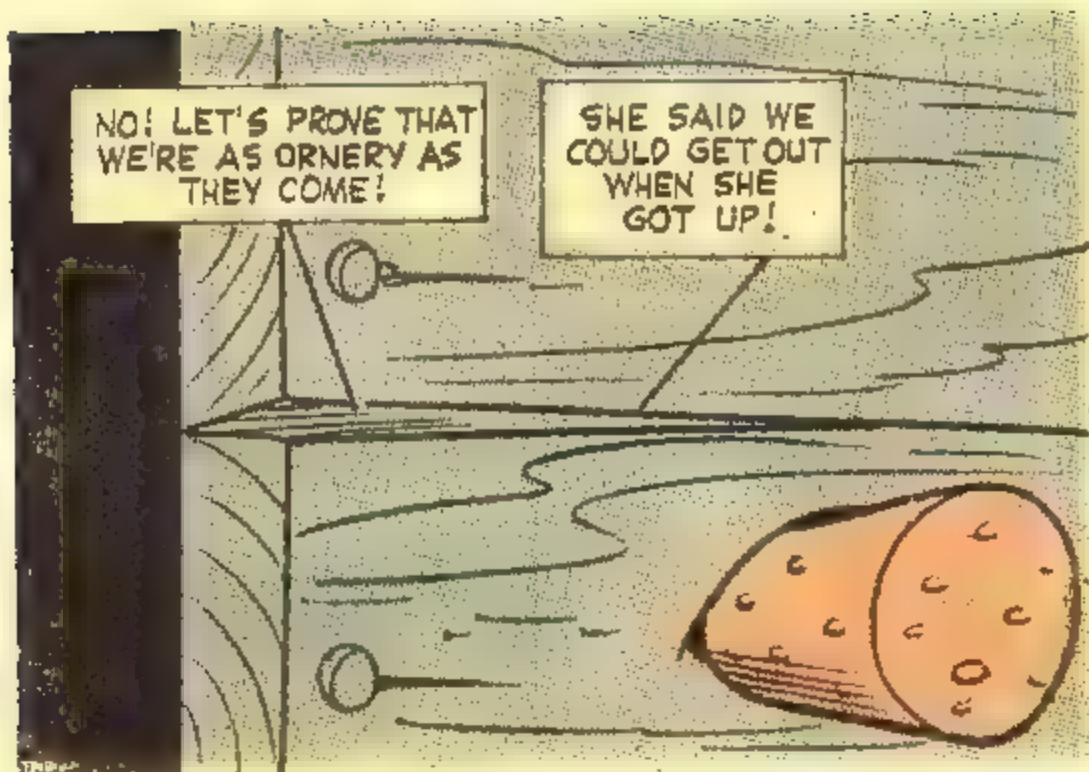


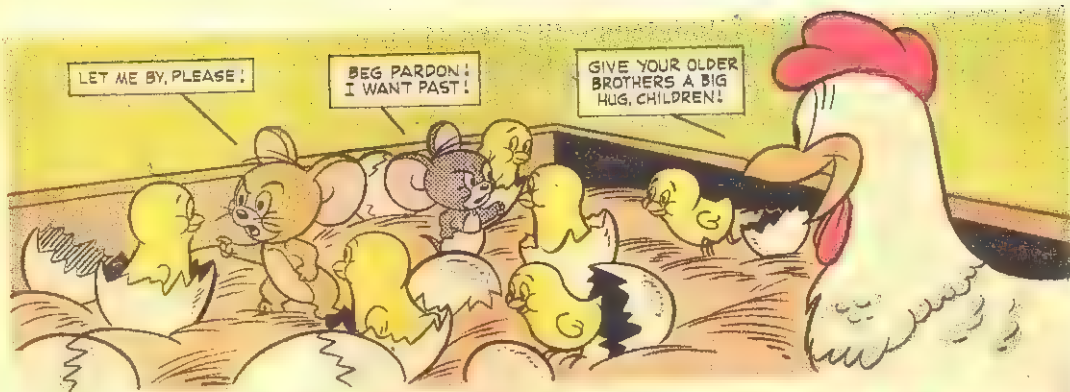
(SIGH!) I MUST TRY TO KNOCK SOME SENSE INTO YOUR LITTLE HEADS!



HO-HO! I SHOULD HAVE HAD HER TRAIN THEM LONG AGO!



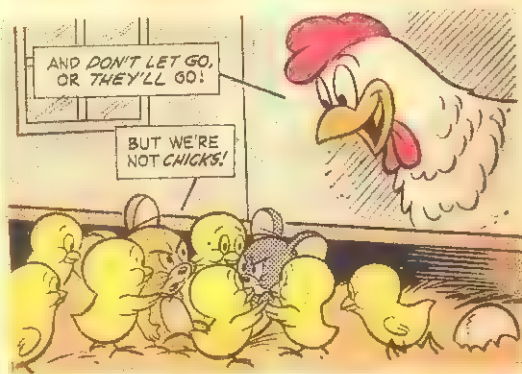




LET ME BY, PLEASE!

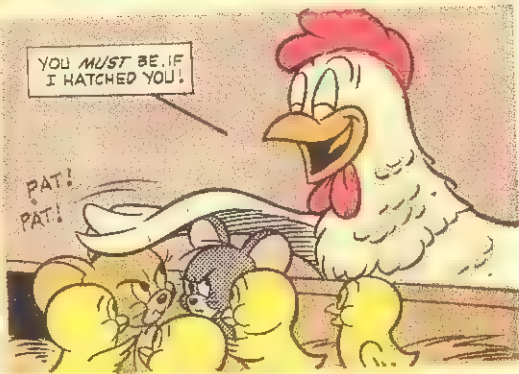
BEG PARDON! I WANT PAST!

GIVE YOUR OLDER BROTHERS A BIG HUG, CHILDREN!



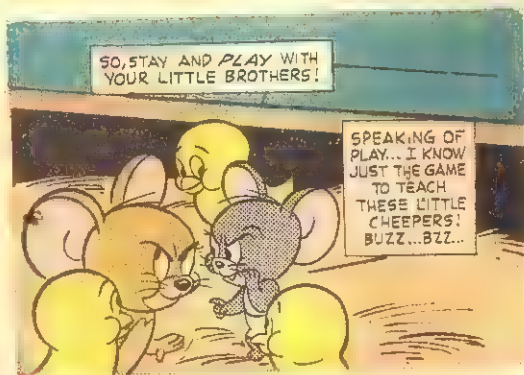
AND DON'T LET GO, OR THEY'LL GO!

BUT WE'RE NOT CHICKS!



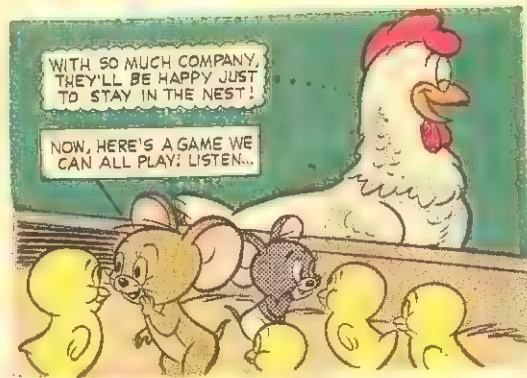
YOU MUST BE, IF I HATCHED YOU!

PAT! PAT!



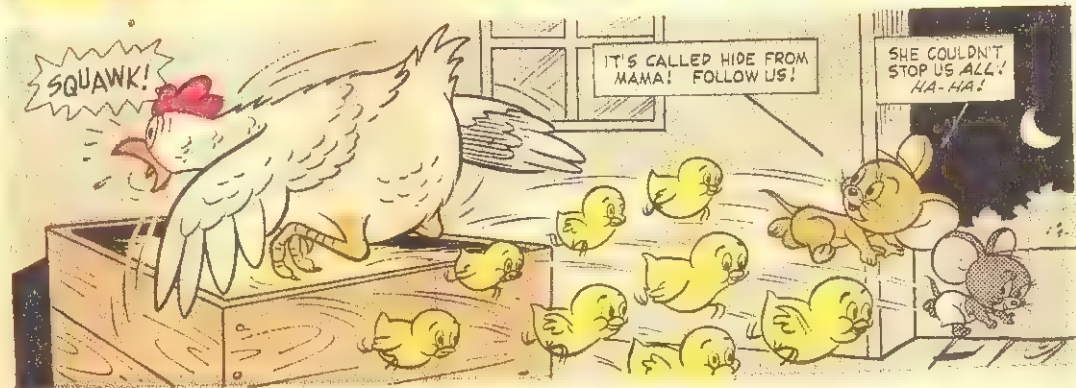
SO, STAY AND PLAY WITH YOUR LITTLE BROTHERS!

SPEAKING OF PLAY... I KNOW JUST THE GAME TO TEACH THESE LITTLE CHEEPERS! BUZZ...BZZ...



WITH SO MUCH COMPANY, THEY'LL BE HAPPY JUST TO STAY IN THE NEST!

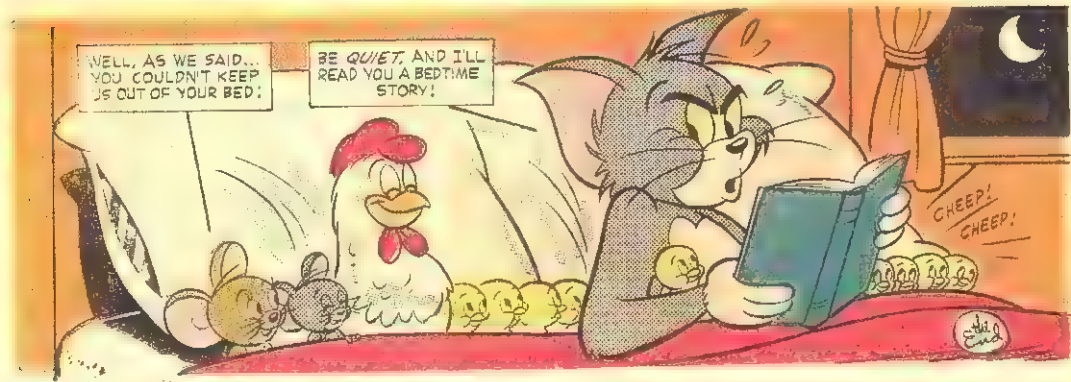
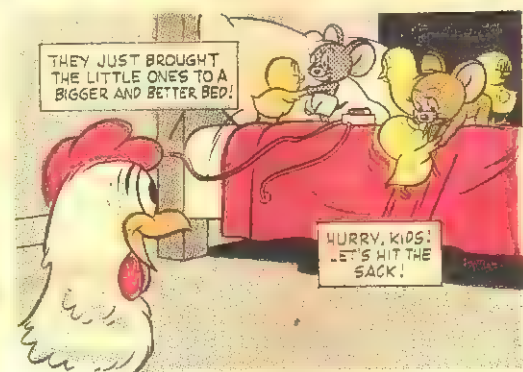
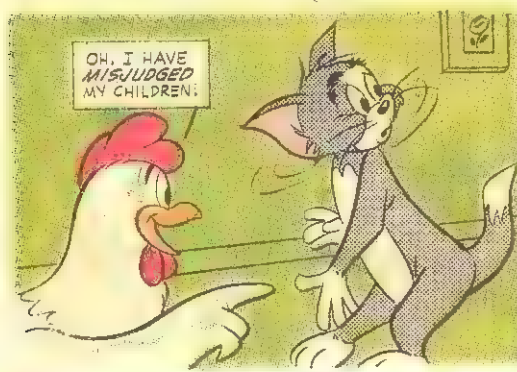
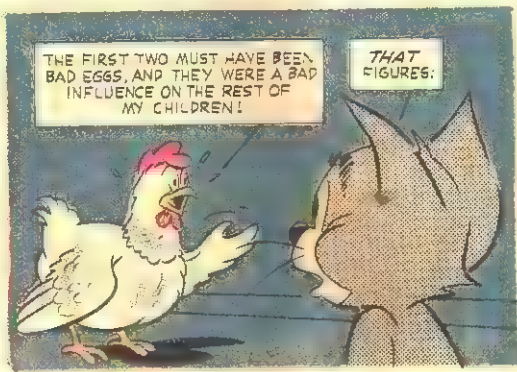
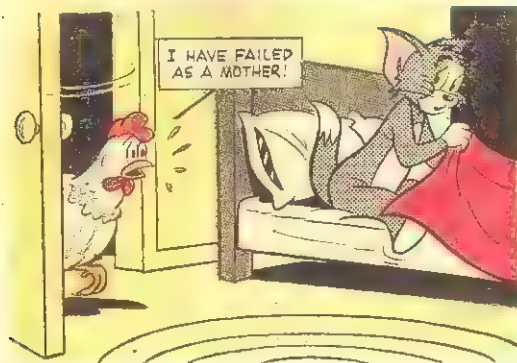
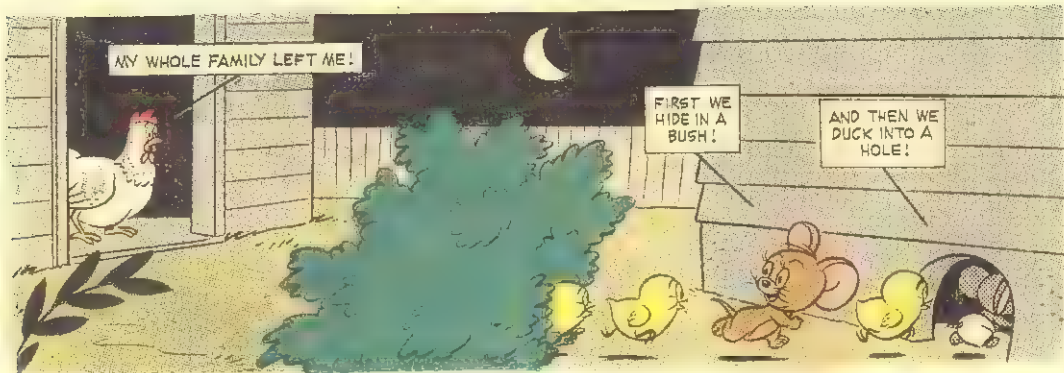
NOW, HERE'S A GAME WE CAN ALL PLAY! LISTEN...



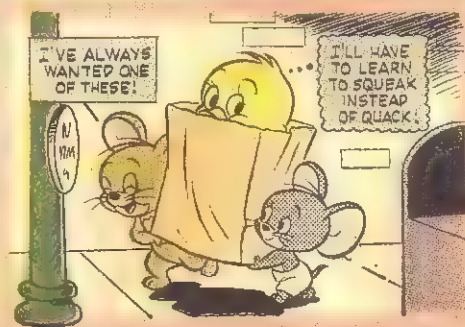
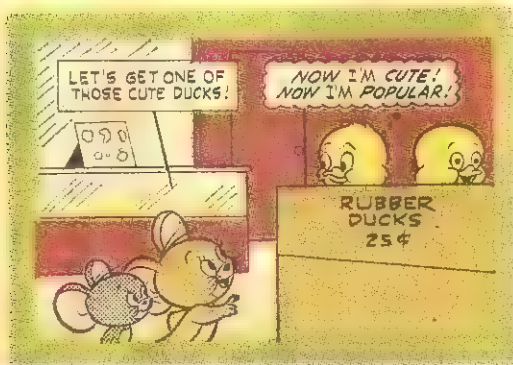
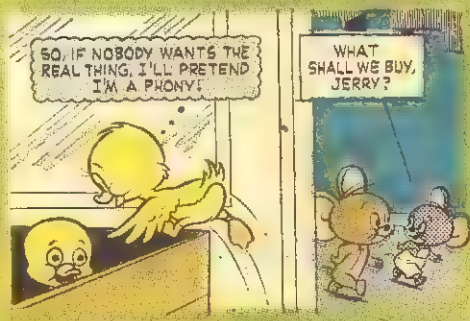
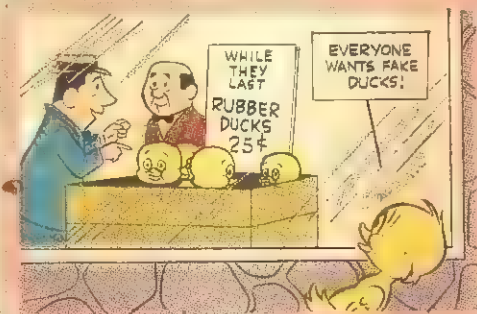
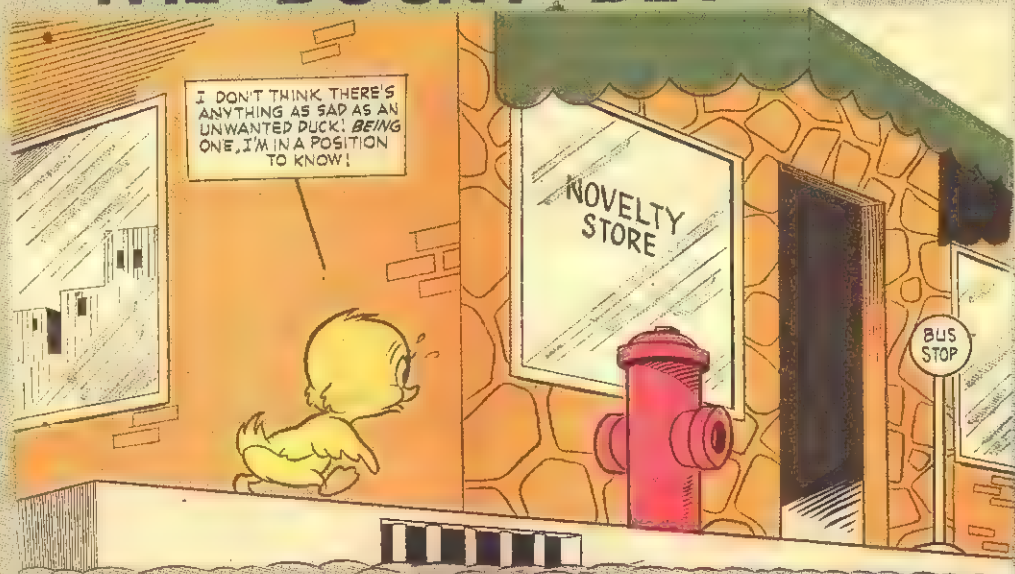
SQUAWK!

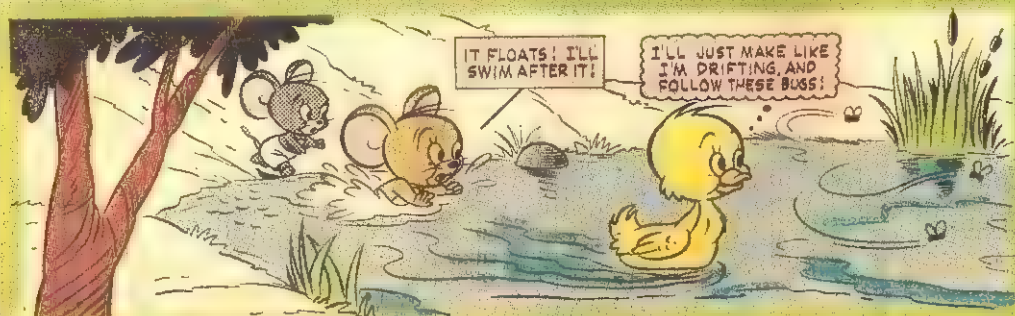
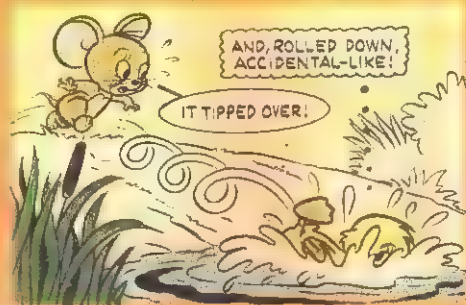
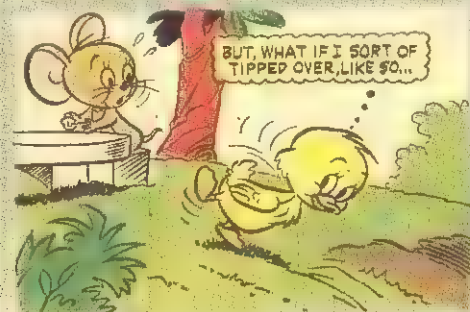
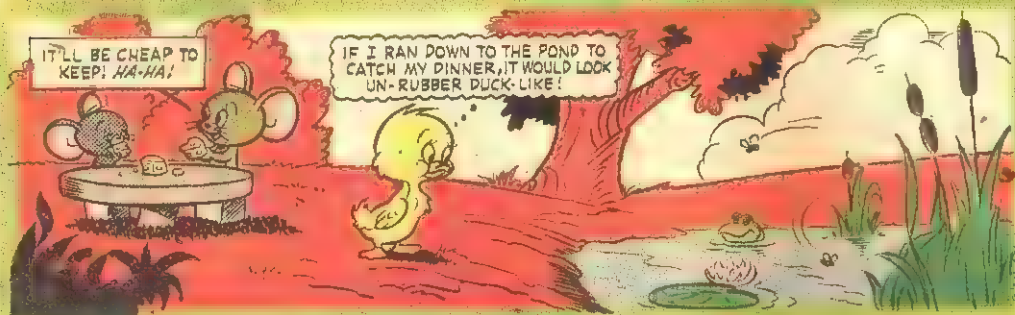
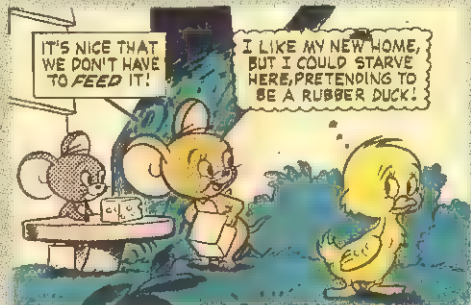
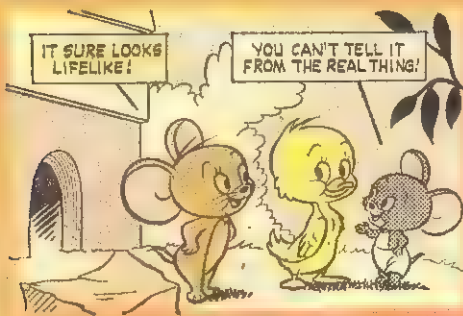
IT'S CALLED HIDE FROM MAMA! FOLLOW US!

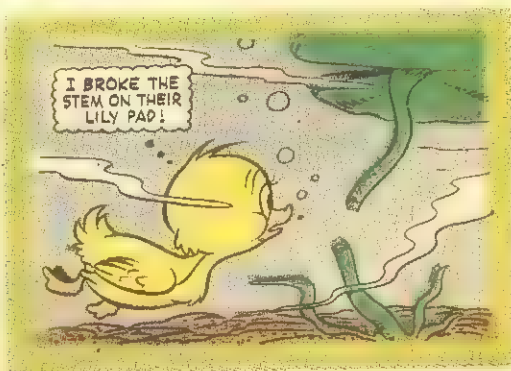
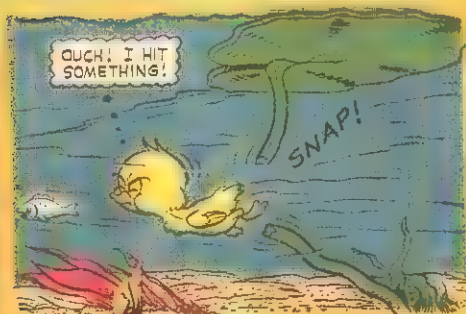
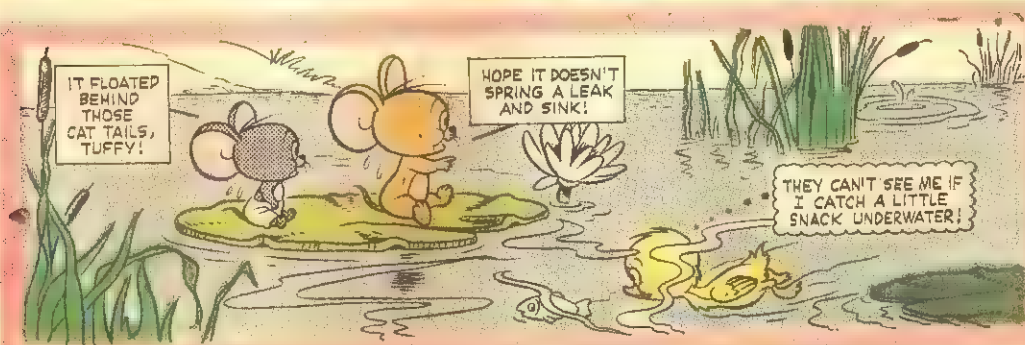
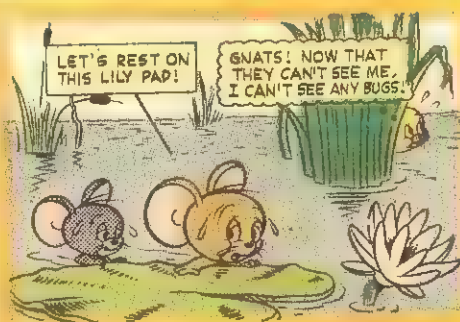
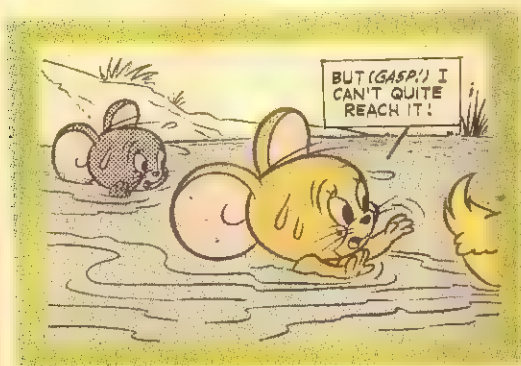
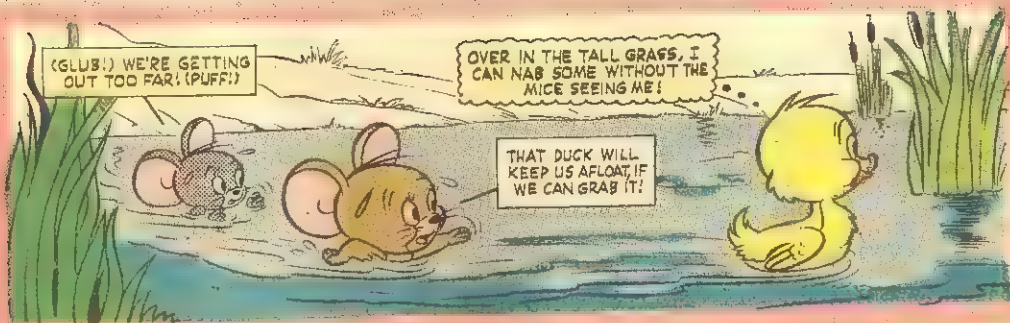
SHE COULDN'T STOP US ALL! HA-HA!

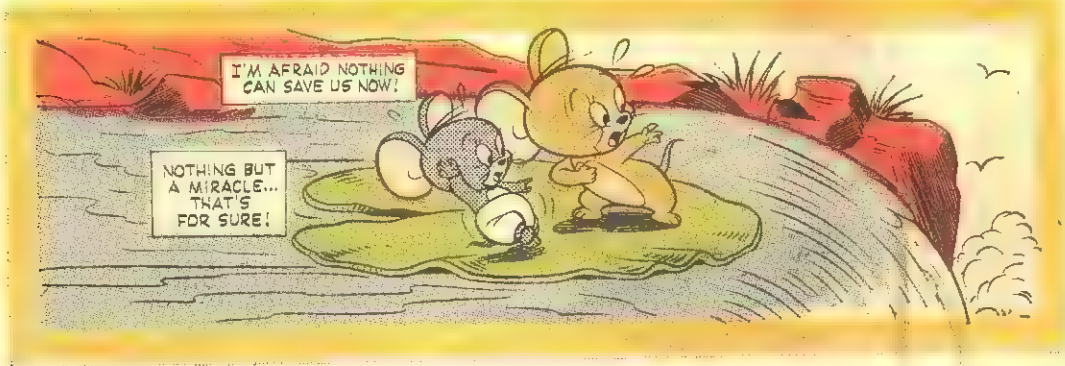
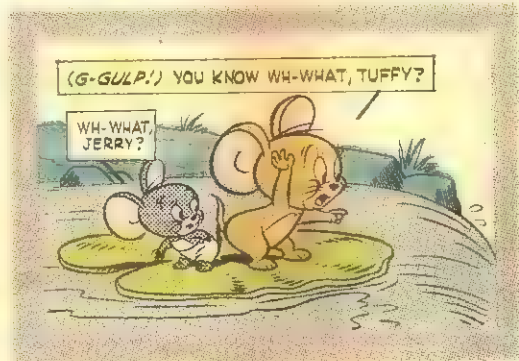
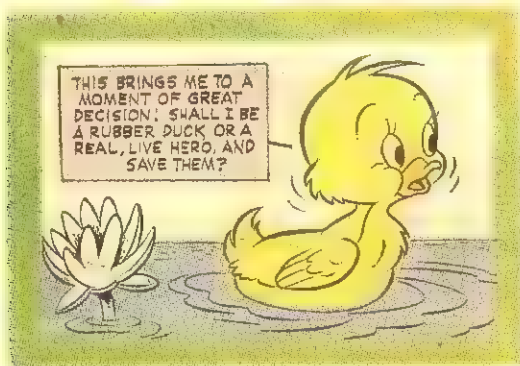
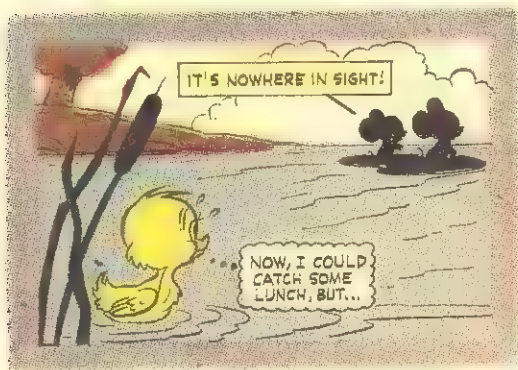
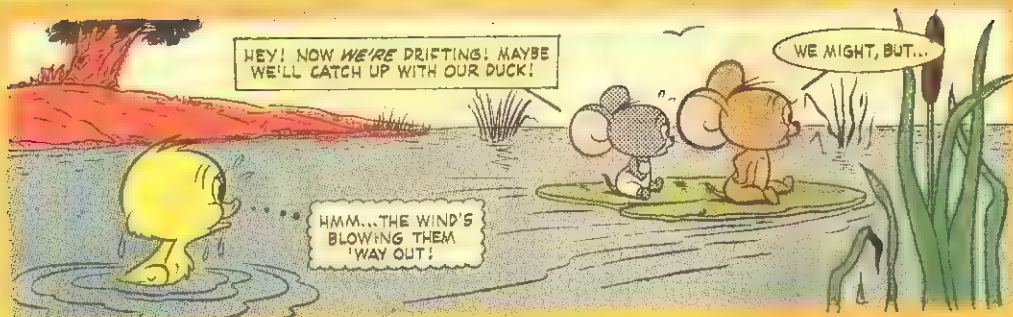


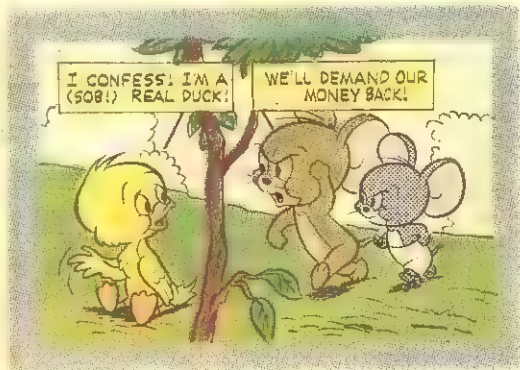
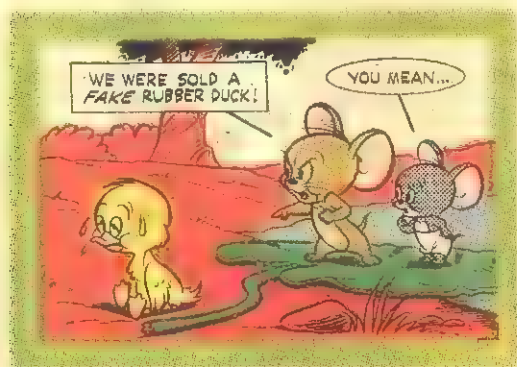
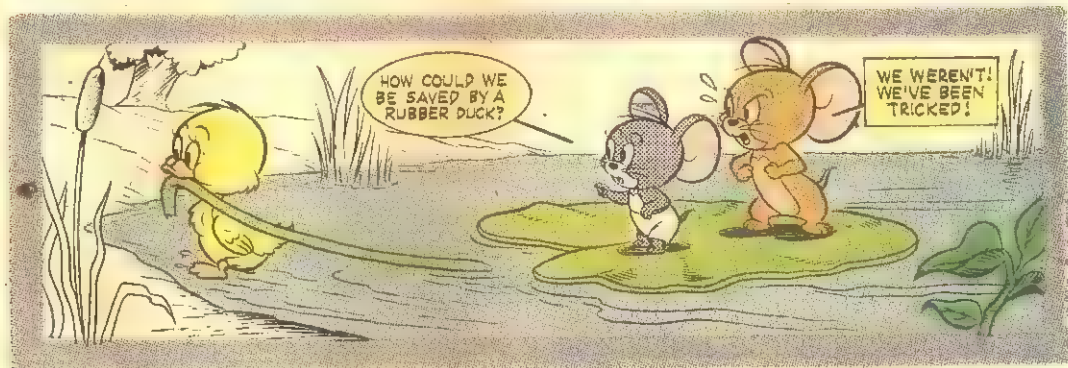
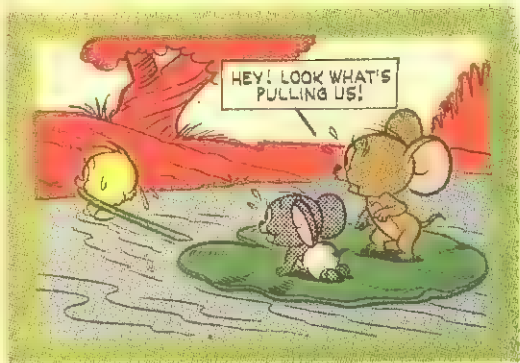
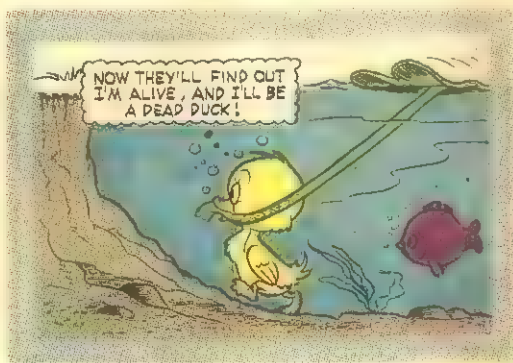
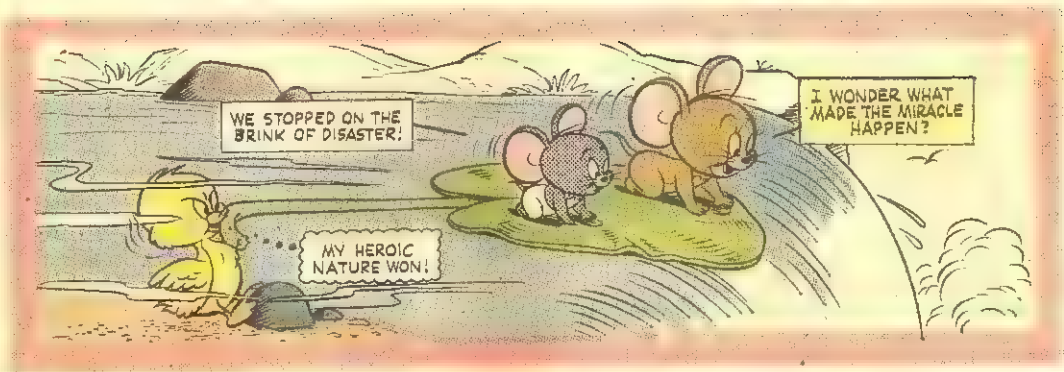
LITTLE QUACKER THE DUCKY DECISION

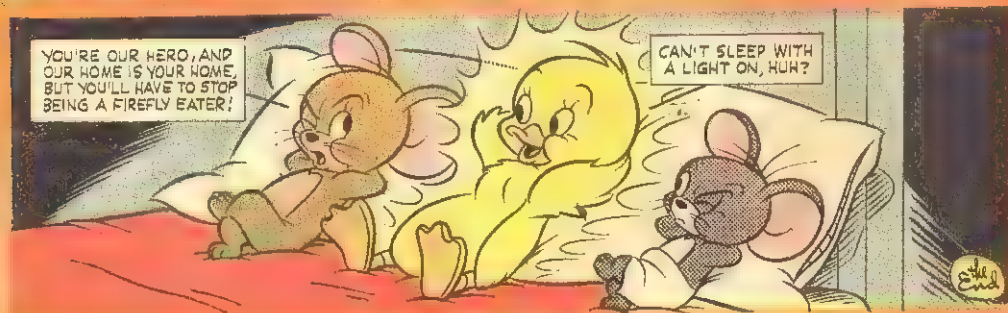
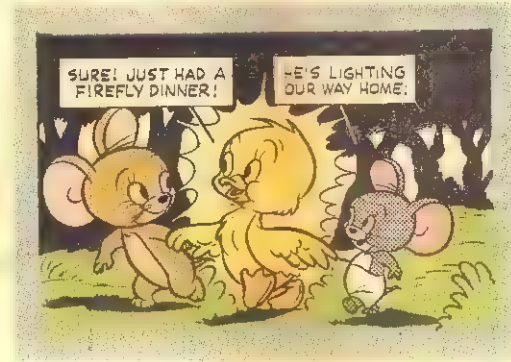
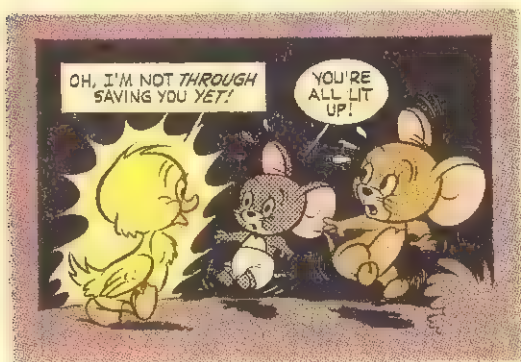
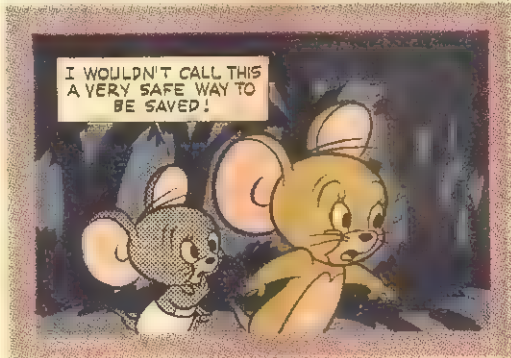
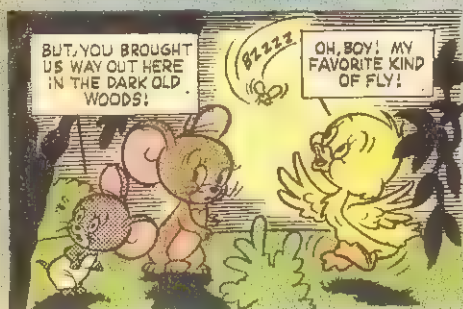












Tom and Jerry A MESS OF MICE

